



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

1831

A POPULAR
HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES
TO THE ACCESSION OF VICTORIA.

BY
FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT,
AUTHOR OF "A POPULAR HISTORY OF FRANCE," "THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION,"
"HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND," ETC.

Translated
BY M. M. RIPLEY.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY THE MOST CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

AMONG WHOM ARE
A. DE NEUVILLE, SIR JOHN GILBERT, P. LEYENDECKER,
G. STAAL, EMILE BAYARD, T. WEBER.

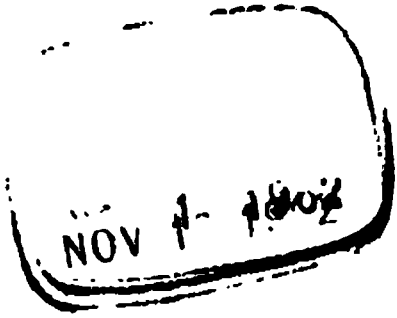
FIVE VOLUMES BOUND IN THREE.

VOLS. III. AND IV.

NEW YORK:
H. A. BOLLES AND COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.

Bx 308.77.30 (3-4)

✓



Copyright by
ESTES AND LAURIAT,
1876.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME III.

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIV. CHARLES I. AND HIS GOVERNMENT. 1625- 1642.	13
XXV. CHARLES I. AND CROMWELL. — CAPTIVITY, TRIAL, AND DEATH OF THE KING. . . .	82
XXVI. THE COMMONWEALTH AND CROMWELL. 1649-1653.	120
XXVII. CROMWELL PROTECTOR. 1653-1658. . . .	164
XXVIII. PROTECTORATE OF RICHARD CROMWELL. . .	196
XXIX. THE RESTORATION OF THE STUARTS. 1659- 1660.	206
XXX. CHARLES II. 1660-1685.	250
XXXI. JAMES II. AND THE REVOLUTION. 1685-1688.	300
XXXII. WILLIAM AND MARY. — ESTABLISHMENT OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT. 1689-1694.	359

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME IV.

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXXIII. WILLIAM. 1694-1702.	13
XXXIV. QUEEN ANNE. — WAR OF THE SPANISH SUC- CESSION. 1702-1714.	49
XXXV. GEORGE I. AND THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION. 1714-1727.	92
XXXVI. GEORGE II. 1727-1760.	137
XXXVII. GEORGE III. — WAR WITH AMERICA. 1760- 1783.	214
XXXVIII. GEORGE III. — WILLIAM PITT AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. 1783-1806. . . .	295
XXXIX. GEORGE III. AND THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON. 1806-1815.	376
XL. GEORGE IV., REGENT AND KING. 1815- 1830.	403
XLI. WILLIAM IV. — PARLIAMENTARY REFORM. 1830-1837.	426

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME III.

	PAGE
Cromwell	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Death of Hampden	34
Portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria	46
Battle of Marston Moor	48
“ Will you go upon your death ? ”	62
Plate given to King Charles by his Subjects	80
Fairfax kissing the King’s Hand	82
Portrait of Lord Fairfax	96
Trial of Charles I.	108
Children of the King	114
Execution of Charles I.	116
Escape of James II.	118
Firing from the House-tops	128
Montrose in Edinburgh	136
Oliver Cromwell	164
Presenting the Address to William	170
Richard Cromwell	196
“ Recant ! recant ! ” they shouted to her	198
Charles II.	206
“ The Lives and Fortunes of the Good People of England ”	208

	PAGE
Hampton Court	208
Portrait of Monk	210
Lambert	214
Lambert confronted by Colonel Morley	216
Effacing the Inscriptions	238
Bentinck, Earl of Portland	248
Charles at the House of Lady Castlemaine	260
Arrest of the King	262
Milton	264
Earl of Clarendon	264
Henrietta of England	268
Duke of Monmouth	268
Lady Russell acting as Secretary to her Husband	294
James II.	300
“ Remember, Sire, I am your brother’s son ”	318
The Soldiers receive the Blessing of the Bishops	340
William and Mary	360
James at the Battle of the Boyne	384
The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough	386
Entrance of William III. into London	388
The Battle of La Hogue	400

VOLUME IV.

Visit of Louis XIV. to the Death-bed of James II.	42
The Mysterious Letter	46
The Pretender welcomed by the Highlanders	54
Marshal Villars at Malplaquet	64
St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke	76

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

ix

PAGE

Robert Clive	76
Anger of the Duchess of Marlborough	84
Queen Anne	86
George I.	92
Signing the Treaty	112
Robert Walpole	126
George II.	137
Lady Walpole's Reception by the Queen	140
Charles Edward	156
"Charles Edward drew his sword"	162
Arrest of Charles Edward	182
George Washington	188
Death of Wolfe	198
George III.	214
The People of Boston throwing the Tea overboard	234
The Battle of Bunker Hill	238
The last Speech of the Earl of Chatham	248
Warren Hastings	284
Sheridan	292
Portrait of Fox	296
Montcalm	302
The Duchess of Devonshire at the Hustings	302
Burke	316
Caroline refused Admittance to Westminster Abbey	316
Massacre at Quiberon	328
Surrender to Nelson at Cape St. Vincent	334
"Nail mine to the mast"	354
William Pitt, Lord Chatham	354
"See what a little place you occupy in the world"	356
Death of Nelson	372
Heroic Defence of Saragossa	388

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
O'Connell harangues the People	388
Waterloo	400
George IV.	406
William IV.	426
Wellington in the Mob	440

A POPULAR
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES

TO THE ACCESSION OF VICTORIA.

VOL. III.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARLES I. AND HIS GOVERNMENT. 1625-1642.

THE instinct of the popular leaders had not deceived them concerning the king's apparent moderation. On the same day, the 3d of January, 1642, Sir Edward Herbert, the Attorney-General of the crown, appeared in the House of Lords, and there, in the name of the king, charged with high-treason Lord Kimbolton, and Messrs. Hampden, Pym, Hollis, Strode, and Haslerig, the latter all members of the House of Commons, for having attempted to destroy the fundamental laws of the kingdom, to deprive the king of his legal power, and to provoke war against him. Such was the substance of the accusations unfolded at length. Sir Edward Herbert demanded at the same time that the House should secure the accused.

Lord Kimbolton rose. "I am ready," he said, "to obey all the orders of the House; but, since my accusation is public, I demand that my justification may be public also." Silence reigned in the hall, nobody seemed disposed to reply. Lord Digby leaned towards Lord Kimbolton. "How deplor-

ably," he said, "the king is advised. It shall go hard if I do not learn whence this comes." He left as if to go in search of news. The advice had emanated from himself.

A message from the Lords immediately notified the Commons. The servants of the five accused members hastened thither at the same time to inform their masters that officers were sealing up their papers. While the Lower House was asking for conference with the Lords, a sergeant-at-arms entered the hall. "I am commanded by the king's Majesty, my master," he said, "to require of Mr. Speaker five gentlemen, members of the House of Commons; and those gentlemen being delivered, I am commanded to arrest them in his Majesty's name, of high treason. Their names are Denzil Hollis, Arthur Haslerig, John Pym, John Hampden, and William Strode." None stirred; the accused men remained in their places. The speaker enjoined the sergeant to withdraw, and a committee unanimously appointed repaired to the palace to say that to so grave a message the House could only reply after a mature examination. Two ministers, Lord Falkland and Sir John Colepepper, formed part of the deputation. They had known nothing of the projects of the king. The Lords joined with the Commons in demanding a guard for the Parliament. "I will reply to-morrow," the king said in his turn.

On the morrow, the House opened its sitting at one o'clock. The five members arrived among the first; they preserved silence, being fully informed of what was going forward; they were surrounded; they were questioned. The agitation was at its height when intelligence was brought that the king, accompanied by a retinue of four hundred courtiers, all armed, had arrived at the House, and that he was coming in person to arrest the accused. The House at once urged the five members to withdraw. Pym, Hollis, Hampden,

and Haslerig went out immediately; it was found necessary to thrust Mr. Strode out by the shoulders. The House was seated and silent. The king approached, accompanied only by his nephew, the Prince Palatine; he entered the hall; all the members rose, bareheaded. The king cast a rapid glance around him; the seats of the five members were empty. "By your leave, Mr. Speaker," he said, "I must borrow your chair a little. Gentlemen, I am sorry for this occasion of coming to you. . . . I expected from you obedience and not a message. . . . I come to know whether any of the accused are here; as long as they shall sit in this house, I cannot hope that it will return into the good path which I sincerely desire it to be in. . . . Mr. Speaker, where are they?" The speaker fell upon his knees. "May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, except as the House, whose servant I am, chooses to command me; I humbly implore your Majesty to forgive me." "Well, since I see all the birds have flown," said the king, "I do expect from you that you do send them to me as soon as they return hither. But I assure you, on the word of a king, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a fair and legal way. I will trouble you no more, but tell you I do expect as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me; otherwise I must take my own course to find them." He left. The House had remained motionless. Cries of "Privilege! privilege!" emanated from some corners of the hall; then an adjournment until the morrow took place. All the members were eager to know what was going on without.

The people were as much agitated as the House, the Cavaliers as energetic as their master. The projected *coup d'état* had been ardently and proudly hoped for, the disappoint-

ment was bitter. The king persisted in his design, but without knowing how to accomplish it. The five members had retired into the city, where the citizens had spontaneously taken up arms. Charles resolved to go into the city on the morrow, and claim the accused men at the hands of the common council.

The gloomy and threatening mob thronged upon his passage. The cry was raised: "Privilege! privilege!" The whole nation had adopted as their own grievance the violated privileges of the House of Commons. The king's language towards the common council was mild and conciliatory. He promised to act in all things according to the law, but he claimed the five members, and he did not obtain them. The aldermen of the city looked as grave as the multitude which thronged in the streets. The king returned to his palace depressed and angry.

The House had adjourned for six days, declaring that after the attack upon its privileges, it could not sit in safety without a guard. But a committee had been established in the City, close to the house inhabited by the five accused members. The latter were consulted upon all the resolutions, and they even came several times and sat on the committee, which was open to all the members of the House. The popular anger increased from hour to hour in the City, and its alliance with the House became closer. The recess was about to expire. The king learned that the five members were to be brought back in triumph to Westminster by the trainbands and the people. He could not endure to see his enemies pass in front of his palace. The queen had for a long time implored him to go away. The nobility of the counties promised aid and security. Away from this city of London, delivered from the Roundheads, far from the Parliament, the king would be free; and what could the Parliament do with-

out the king? It was resolved to go at first to Hampton Court; but orders were given to secure a more remote refuge in case of need. The Earl of Newcastle, faithfully attached to the king, set out for the north, where his influence was predominant, on the 10th of January; and on the eve of the reassembling of Parliament, Charles, accompanied only by his wife, his children, and a few servants, quitted London and that palace of Whitehall which he was never again to enter, except on his way to the scaffold.

It was time for the king to fly from London if he wished to avoid the triumph of Parliament. On the 11th of January, the Thames was covered with boats armed for war, bringing back to Westminster the five members. A shoal of craft, adorned with flags, followed them. Along the shore marched the trainbands of London, bearing at the end of their pikes the last declaration of Parliament. The Commons were sitting at Westminster, awaiting their colleagues, and as soon as the five members had entered the hall, the sheriffs were introduced there, the House wishing to address its thanks to the City. The gates of Westminster were besieged by an enthusiastic and triumphant crowd; in its midst were a retinue of four thousand gentlemen or freeholders of Buckinghamshire, all on horseback, bringing a petition to Parliament against the Papist lords and the bad advisers of the crown. They bore inscribed upon their hats a pledge to live and die with Parliament. The breeze of popular favor filled all sails. The leaders of the Commons knew how to take advantage of it. It was voted, in a few hours, that no member could be arrested without the authorization of the House, and that Parliament would be free to sojourn wherever it should think proper. Skippon, the commander of the trainbands, was appointed to guard the approaches to the Tower, still governed by Sir John Byron,

whose dismissal was demanded by the House. The governor of Portsmouth was forbidden to receive into his own town troops or supplies without the order of Parliament. Sir John Hotham was sent to Hull, an important town and the real key to England in the north. It was declared that the kingdom was threatened and that it should be placed in a state of defence. The Lords refused their consent to this vote, but the Commons had attained their object; the people were apprised of the danger.

The king was warned as well as the people, and he knew that his project of waging war would not take his enemies unawares. Away from London, where at every moment he had suffered humiliations and defeats, he no longer came into contact with any but his servants, faithful and often confident of success. With the influence which they enjoyed in their counties his cavaliers regained their merry arrogance and their valiant ardor. On all sides Charles was urged to declare war, and small isolated enterprises formed a prelude to hostilities. Two hundred Cavaliers, commanded by Lunsford, had already repaired to Kingston, near London, the depot of the warehouses of the county; but Parliament adopted its measures, and Lunsford with his Cavaliers proceeded towards Windsor, where the king had just arrived. He did not design to remain there long; the queen was secretly preparing to depart, carrying off the crown jewels, in order to make purchases of arms and supplies in Holland. Under the pretext of conducting to the Prince of Orange the young Princess Henrietta Maria, whom he had married six months before, she was also to negotiate with the sovereigns of the Continent, from whom some assistance might be hoped for. It was at York that the king proposed to establish his quarters while awaiting the means of acting. The better to veil his designs, the king invited the Houses to make a summary of

their grievances, promising to redress them immediately, and thus put an end to their discussions.

The Upper House received this message with joy. Even among the Lords who belonged to the popular party, many dreaded the struggle which was just commencing, and which they would gladly have seen ended. They immediately proposed for the assent of the Commons a cordial expression of thanks to the king. But the Lower House had no confidence in the royal promises; it demanded that the king should first consent to consign the command of the Tower, the strongholds, and the militia, to men enjoying the confidence of Parliament. The Lords rejected this amendment, but thirty-two votes among them had supported it, and the Commons presented their petition alone. As regards the Tower and the fortresses, the king absolutely refused; in respect to the soldiery, his reply was vague and evasive; he wished to gain time.

The Commons knew that they had no time to lose, and busied themselves with keeping alive the public excitement. This was easily done; from all counties, from all classes, from merchants, artisans, and even women, came numberless petitions, all asking for the reform of the Church, the punishment of the Papists, the repression of the "malevolents." The mob gathered at the gate of Westminster. "The Upper House impedes everything," it was said. "We have never doubted the House of Commons," cried the crowd; "but let them give us the names of those who prevent harmony between the good Lords and the Commons, and we will see to it." Fear began to overcome the timid; the popular Lords more and more sided with the Lower House. "Whoever refuses to join the Commons in the matter of the soldiery is an enemy of the state," said the Earl of Northumberland. A few Lords withdrew, others altered their minds, and the bill upon the soldiery, as well as that for the exclusion of the bishops, was at length

voted by the two Houses. Once more the Commons had triumphed.

Charles had announced to Parliament the approaching departure of the queen, and, to soften the irritation which he dreaded, he had officially abandoned the prosecution of the five members, and appointed as governor of the Tower Sir John Conyers, who had been designated by the Commons; but when the bill for the exclusion of the bishops was presented to him, he was agitated and perplexed. His conscience opposed the acceptance. His best advisers, with the exception of Hyde, urged him to consent to it. The ordinance respecting the soldiery, which the leaders held in reserve, was more important in their eyes, for it completely disarmed the king. He could not refuse everything; the bishops were already vanquished and in prison. . . . The king continued to hesitate; the queen intervened; she did not care at all for the bishops, and feared that the House might oppose her departure. She begged, wept, grew angry, and, as usual, the king yielded, sadly, regretfully, but he authorized commissioners to sign in his name, and set out to accompany his wife as far as Dover, where she was to embark.

The Commons were of the same opinion as Colepepper, and attached more importance to the question of the soldiery than even to that of the bishops. They followed up the king with their messages as far as Dover, and on his return journey, insisting upon a prompt sanction of the ordinance which they sent to him. The king replied vaguely, but ill-humoredly, exasperated by the persistent distrust of the Commons, as much as though his concessions had been made in good faith. On arriving at Greenwich, he there found his son, the Prince of Wales, whom the Marquis of Hertford, his tutor, had brought to him notwithstanding the prohibition of the House. Being reassured as to the fate of his wife and children, he at length

replied to the Parliament, consenting to intrust the soldiery to the commanders who were designated to him, except in the large towns, but preserving the right of dismissing them; having done this, he set out for York.

The Houses received the king's reply as a formal refusal. At Theobalds, and at Newark, meanwhile, fresh messages reached him, haughty at first, then marked by a certain emotion, showing through the firmness of the language. The king was implored to return to London, and to come to an understanding with his people. Upon the brink of an unknown future, dark and troublous, all hesitated and reciprocally endeavored to influence each other. The negotiations came to no issue, and they were carried on without hope of arriving at any; nevertheless, they were carried on. It was the public that was addressed, the whole nation, and not merely the immediate and present adversary. It was in the name of the liberties of Old England, of the traditional rights of the people, invaded by royal tyranny, that the resistance of Parliament had begun; it was now in the name of the traditional rights of the crown attacked by the innovations of Parliament that the royalist party, every day stronger and more ardent, defended their cause. The ardor of men's minds was boundless; the movement universal, strange, irregular. In London, in York, in all the great towns of the kingdom, pamphlets, periodicals, irregular journals multiplied and found wide circulation, and in the midst of this outburst of ideas, this new appeal to public opinion, whilst the minds of men and their actions were in reality governed by the principle of popular sovereignty as opposed to the divine right of kings, statutes, traditions, customs, were constantly invoked as the only legitimate judges in the case. Revolution was everywhere in progress, though no one dared to say it, nor perhaps even to avow it to himself.

The situation became day by day more violent and more strained. A great number of members of Parliament had left London, many had joined the king at York. The Houses in their turn entered upon the path of tyranny: Lord Herbert and Sir Ralph Hopton having raised their voices in favor of the king, one was placed in the Tower, the other censured and threatened; royalist petitions were suppressed. Cromwell, as yet not very conspicuous in the House, but more than any other involved in the plots of the revolution, brought special ability to bear upon tracing out and denouncing the royalist conspiracies.

An unexpected incident widened irreparably the abyss which was opening between the two parties: the king, on the 23d of April, ordered Sir John Hotham, governor of Hull, to resign the town to him. Already the Duke of York and the Prince Palatine had entered it under the pretext of spending a day there. Already the mayor and some citizens were marching towards the gates, to open them to his Majesty, who had arrived beneath the ramparts. Hotham ordered them to return home, and appeared himself upon the wall, surrounded by his officers. The king summoned him to open the gates. Sir John fell upon his knees, apologizing for his refusal. He had taken an oath to Parliament, he said. "Kill him! kill the traitor!" exclaimed the Cavaliers who surrounded the king; "cast him down!" But the officers of Sir John were more resolute than he. The king was compelled to withdraw, and on the same day he addressed a message to the Parliament, asking justice for such an offence.

Parliament approved of the act of its governor in all respects, saying that the strongholds and arsenals had been formerly confided to the king for the safety of the kingdom, and that the same reason might require the Houses to take possession of them. This was a declaration of war. Thirty-two Lords

and sixty-five members of the Commons, Mr. Hyde among others, set out for York. The Lord Keeper caused the Great Seal to be given over to the king, and himself made his escape on the morrow. Each party was about to make its most strenuous efforts to sustain the struggle. No man foresaw how far it was to go, nor what misfortunes and what crimes were to signalize the civil war which was commencing.

The Parliamentary leaders were as much determined upon war as the king was; preparations were eagerly made on both sides; but all official relations were not yet broken off between the monarch and his subjects. The Houses, however, now negotiated with Charles I. as one power with another. They sent to York, as their resident ambassadors at the court of the king, a committee of rich and important men well known in the northern provinces, commissioned to render an account to Parliament of all that took place under their eyes. The situation was difficult and unpleasant; but the commissioners maintained their ground with a resolution that could not be shaken.

Even at York, in the very presence of the king, the resistance of the country made itself felt. Charles had been desirous of raising a guard, and had applied to the gentry of the neighborhood; they had assembled in great numbers, but when their names were to be inscribed, fifty refused to enroll themselves. At their head was Sir Thomas Fairfax, young as yet, but already a resolute and sincere patriot. The freeholders and farmers claimed the right of discussing county affairs with the gentlemen. The king convoked a great assemblage upon Heyworth Moor; it was numerous and animated; more than forty thousand men had hastened thither; but soon intelligence reached the king that a petition was circulated in the ranks, imploring his Majesty to abandon all thought of war, and to come to an agree-

•

ment with his Parliament. Charles would not receive the petition. He hastened to say a few hesitating words, and was withdrawing precipitately, when young Fairfax, suddenly falling on his knees before the king's horse, deposited the document upon the pommel of his saddle. The king urged his steed violently forward, and ran against the bold petitioner without compelling him to give way.

The partisans of the king arriving from London, after having officially severed connection with Parliament, were painfully struck by the contrast which they observed between the bold efficiency of the Parliamentary government and the ostentatious feebleness which prevailed around the king. Charles was poor. He lacked money, and made appeal to his servants' devotion; but the supplies which reached him were inconsiderable, and the sums which the queen sent him out of the sale of the crown jewels scarcely sufficed for daily wants. Parliament had also appealed to the popular patriotism. A loan had been announced, and the sums received in ten days, the plate, the jewels, offered to the public service, so greatly exceeded all expectation, that poor women who brought their wedding-rings or the gold pins out of their hair, often waited a long time before their offering could be received. Squadrons of cavalry began to be formed.

The majority of Parliament, delivered from the royalist members who had joined the king at York, voted nineteen propositions of reconciliation, which were sent to Charles as a supreme ultimatum. It was the complete subjugation of the crown to Parliament. Even to the education and marriage of the king's children, nothing was henceforth to be decided without the formal approbation of the Houses. Upon reading these propositions the king's countenance flushed deeply. "Should I grant these demands," he said, "I may be waited on bareheaded, I may have my hand kissed, the title of Majesty

may be continued to me, and the king's authority signified by both Houses may still be the style of your commands; I may have swords and maces carried before me, and please myself with the sight of a crown and sceptre (though even these twigs would not long flourish when the trunk upon which they grew was dead), but as to true and real power, I should remain but the outside, but the picture, but the sign of a king." And he broke off the negotiation.

Parliament had only waited for this. Civil war was put to the vote and immediately decided on. The Houses seized upon all the public revenues for their benefit; the counties had orders to hold themselves ready at the first signal. The Earl of Essex was appointed commander of the Parliamentary forces, and the most illustrious men of the popular party, Lord Kimbolton, Lord Brook, Hampden, Hollis, Cromwell, received the command of regiments.

All was ready both in London and in York. The gathering of the partisans of the king or of Parliament, the excursions of the king through the northern counties to encourage his friends or repress their rashness, the gentlemen raising bodies of troops on their estates, the trainbands forming in the name of Parliament, the roads covered with armed travellers, — everything already presented the likeness of war; but both parties hesitated to declare it; ready as they were to risk all to maintain their rights, both trembled before the responsibility of the future. The king at length took his resolve. On the 23d of August he caused the royal standard to be set up at Nottingham. At six o'clock in the evening a small body of eight hundred horse surrounded Charles, who caused his proclamation to be read by a herald. The standard bore the device, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." It was fixed at the summit of a tower. On the morrow the wind had blown it down. When it was desired to plant

it in the ground in the open country, there was nothing to be found but rock, and it was necessary to dig out a hole with daggers, and then to support by hand the tottering standard. All present were smitten with a deep depression. "What dark forebodings!" it was said.

The king awaited at Nottingham the result of his appeal, but the population did not rise. The Parliamentary army was gathering at Northampton. "If they wish to attempt a bold stroke," said Sir Jacob Astley, major-general of the royal troops, "I do not answer for it but the king might be carried off from his bed." Charles was urged to reopen negotiations. He yielded reluctantly, and sent to London four deputies who returned without success. A few days later, the king refused in his turn to receive a petition with which the Parliamentary commissioners accompanying the Earl of Essex were intrusted. This petition implored Charles to return to London, and, in case of his refusal, announced the intention to follow him everywhere, and "by battle or other means, to take away his Majesty, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, his two sons, from their perfidious councillors, and to bring them back to Parliament."

The king was now at Shrewsbury, more confident and better served. He had received numerous reinforcements, and, to equip them, the arms of the militia of several counties had been taken by force; the convoys intended for Ireland had been stopped. The Catholics had sent money; some even had been sent from London. The king had now about twelve thousand men. At the head of his cavalry, his nephew, Prince Rupert, was already making himself dreaded for his daring, and detested for his pillaging and his cruelty. The Earl of Essex appeared disposed to adhere to the terms of the petition of Parliament and limit himself to following the king everywhere. Twenty thousand men marched under the orange banners of

his house; but he had been for three weeks at Worcester without doing anything, when Charles, emboldened by this inaction, took the course of marching upon London, in order to end the war at one stroke; and in turn Essex fell back to defend Parliament.

The excitement was great in London, and fear soon gave way to anger there. Parliament took defensive measures against the king, and redoubled its severity towards the malevolents. All the population devoted themselves to the raising of fortifications. Barricades were built up in the streets. Night and day the assault was expected, when, on the 24th of October, in the morning, the rumor of a great battle was suddenly spread throughout the city. Contradictory and confused rumors were abroad, some announcing the complete victory of the king, others that of Essex. Parliament ordered the shops to be shut, armed the trainbands, and required of each of its members a declaration of firm adhesion to the Parliamentary general as well as to the cause itself. Not until the next day did Lord Wharton and Mr. Strode arrive in London with official news of the battle, which had taken place at Edgehill, in Warwickshire.

It was the Earl of Essex who commenced the struggle. The king was about to give the same order; he had been urged to try the fortune of war. Warwickshire was so hostile to his cause that the farriers fled, to avoid shoeing the horses of his troops. The cavalry of Parliament had been broken by the onslaught of Prince Rupert, who had thereupon pursued the fugitives. Being arrested, however, by Hampden's regiment, who arrived late with the artillery, the prince, compelled to retreat, had found the royal infantry destroyed, the Earl of Lindsay, commander-in-chief, mortally wounded and a prisoner, and the royal standard in the hands of the Parliamentarians. Charles, aided by his nephew, had desired to attempt

a fresh charge; but the soldiers and horses being weary, it was necessary to abandon the idea. Both armies encamped upon the battlefield. In the morning it was asked in the two camps whether the action would be recommenced. The king soon perceived that the step was impossible. A great number of volunteers had already dispersed, a third of the infantry was missing. On the side of the Parliamentarians, the experienced soldiers, formed in wars on the Continent, contested the opinion of Hampden and Hollis, who desired to give battle again. The Earl of Essex fell back upon Warwick, and the king removed his headquarters to Oxford, of all the great towns of the kingdom the one the most devoted to his cause. The two armies both claimed the victory, and celebrated thanksgivings. London and the Parliament found themselves delivered from the attack which they dreaded, but the king had cause to congratulate himself upon the state of his affairs. Many towns of which the Parliamentarians thought themselves assured had opened their gates to the royal troops; thus the king was able to come and establish himself at Reading, while Prince Rupert carried on his pillaging excursions as far as the environs of London. The Houses became uneasy. Essex was directed to fall back upon London. When he arrived the king was at Colebrook, fifteen miles from the city; there were dispatched to him five deputies, who were well received. Upon their advice, Sir Peter Killigrew set out to negotiate for an armistice. But, while negotiating, the king continued to advance. He fell unexpectedly upon the quarters of Hollis, situated at Brentford, seven miles from the capital. Hollis valiantly resisted; the regiments of Hampden and Lord Brook, encamped in the environs, had time to arrive, and sustained alone, for some hours, the brunt of the attack of the royal army. At the first sound of the cannon, Essex left his seat in the House, mounted his horse, gathered all the

force that he could, and set out to succor his troops. The action had ended before he arrived. The king occupied Brentford; but the engagement had been sharp, and he did not appear to be in haste to press forward.

London was equally exasperated and alarmed. It was at the moment when he was manifesting a disposition to negotiate that the king had attempted a surprise. He wished, it was said, to take the city by storm and to deliver it up to pillage. Parliament took advantage of the terror and anger of the people. "Enlist," it was said to the apprentices, "and the time of your service shall reckon in your apprenticeship." The city supplied four thousand men taken from its trainbands and commanded by Skippon. "Come, my brave boys, let us pray heartily and fight heartily, and God will bless us," he said, placing himself at the head of his troops. Two days after the fight at Brentford, Essex reviewed twenty-four thousand men at Turnham Green, about a mile distant from the king's outposts.

The two armies thus confronted each other, but Essex still hesitated to assume the offensive. The Parliamentary officers urged him to advance. "Never," they said, "will the people be found so firmly assured and imperiously compelled to conquer." The general did not rely much upon the people; he preferred to have time to make soldiers of them; he established himself everywhere upon the defensive, and the king retired to Oxford, where he took up his winter-quarters.

Essex was not alone in his feelings of repugnance and hesitation. The popular party no longer advanced with unanimity and decision, as when it was a question of political reforms. Peace had numerous partisans, who became every day more clamorous. Strife was in the midst of Parliament, and this constant effort over itself deprived it of the leisure and energy necessary for actively urging forward the war. The

greater part of the winter passed without a single pitched battle.

The war, however, continued, but it was irregular and spontaneous. Great noblemen and county gentlemen, confederations of towns and counties, raised at their own expense small bodies of troops, sought a commission from the king or Parliament, and warred against each other with ardor, but without violence and without cruelty, like men of common origin, often of the same family, who were not willing to break off forever all friendly relations. Blood was shed and the country already suffered, but the bitterness of antagonistic passions had not yet taken possession of the combatants. In the eastern, central, and south-eastern counties, the most populous and the richest, the Parliamentarians were in the ascendant. The preponderance belonged to the king in the north, in the west, and in the south-west. London was surrounded by counties devoted to Parliament, which formed as it were a formidable belt for it. At Oxford, the king found himself placed in an advanced post.

In the month of February (1643) the queen arrived, animated and confident. She had succeeded in interesting the States of Holland in her cause. The Stadtholder, her son-in-law, had helped her with all his resources. She brought four ships loaded with supplies and troops. Admiral Batten had not succeeded in intercepting the convoy which landed at Burlington. The town, however, was immediately cannonaded. The queen saw the balls fall even in her apartment. She fled into the country and sheltered herself under a bank. Lord Newcastle went to seek her with a body of troops, to conduct her to York. She installed herself there, and a crowd of Catholics soon hastened to enroll themselves under her flag. Henrietta Maria made no haste to rejoin her husband; she liked to reign alone and to maintain with her caressing ardor

the zeal of her partisans. Hamilton and Montrose came from Scotland to confer with her upon the means of attaching that kingdom to the cause of the king. Hamilton hoped to win over the Scottish Parliament. Montrose was desirous of making use of an Irish corps under the orders of the Earl of Antrim, to subjugate and massacre the Presbyterian chiefs, rouse the Highlanders, and take possession of the whole of Scotland. Intrigues with the Parliamentary commanders were carried on as much as conferences with the Royalists. Sir Hugh Cholmondeley promised to surrender Scarborough. Sir John Hotham appeared disposed to open the gates of Hull to the queen. Parliament began to grow uneasy.

The friends of peace took advantage of this moment to propose fresh negotiations. "It has been said in this House," said Sir Benjamin Rudyard, "that we were bound in conscience to finish the shedding of innocent blood; but who shall answer for all the innocent blood which is about to flow if we do not march to peace by the means of a prompt treaty?" His motion, which involved nothing less than the disbanding of the two armies as a preliminary to negotiations, was rejected; but it was agreed to send to Oxford five commissioners intrusted to discuss, for twenty days, at first a suspension of arms, then a treaty. The committee, at the head of which was the Earl of Northumberland, set out from London on the 20th of March.

The king received the commissioners well, and their relations with the court were polite and courteous. The Royalists were magnificently entertained at the residence of the Earl of Northumberland, who had caused his household to follow him; but when the negotiations began, ill-feeling reappeared in full force. Neither the king nor Parliament had made any change in the conditions which had been resolutely rejected before the war. One evening the emissaries of Par-

liament believed they had gained something; on the morrow, the written reply of Charles did not resemble his words of the previous day; his councillors and the emissaries of the queen had induced him to change his mind. Secret and personal intrigues succeeded no better than did official negotiations. The king had promised his wife never to make peace without her approbation, and she angrily wrote to him to dissuade him from it. These manœuvres corresponded with the secret wishes of the king, who did not desire peace. He ended by offering to the negotiators to return to the Houses, if the latter were willing to transport the seat of Parliament to at least twenty miles from London. Upon this message the Houses suddenly recalled their commissioners, and by an order so pressing that they deemed themselves compelled to set out on the same day (April 15th), although it was late, and their travelling-coaches were not ready.

On the same day the Earl of Essex took the field again. Hampden would have preferred that a hasty march should be made upon Oxford and the king besieged there. This the earl refused to do, even when he had taken Reading, a town indispensable, in his judgment, for the safety of Parliament. There was much complaint at his delay and hesitation. The most violent among the leaders of the Commons spoke even of giving him a successor. Hampden, Fairfax, Lord Manchester, Sir William Waller, had obtained successes and rendered great services. Colonel Cromwell, already famous for his bold strokes, as fortunate as they were skilful, had done even more. He was lamenting one day with Hampden the inferiority of the Parliamentary cavalry, constantly defeated in the little engagements which had taken place with the Cavaliers. "What can you expect," said Cromwell; "your troops are most of them old, decayed serving-men and tapsters. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows

will be ever able to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage and resolution in them? I will raise men who have the fear of God before them, and I warrant you they will not be beaten." The levies of volunteers which he had raised, proud and stern fanatics, engaged in the war for conscience' sake, and under Cromwell's orders from confidence in him, already composed, at the opening of the campaign of 1643, a body of a thousand men, the germ and nucleus of the famous "Ironsides."

The bitter speeches against Essex came to no result. Complaints were made, but there was a disinclination to separate from him. The ill-will of the Parliamentary leaders, however, was manifested by the destitution in which the army was left, through the insufficiency of the resources and the irregularity of their pay. A Royalist plot, upon the point of bursting forth in the city, was discovered: two of the conspirators only, Challoner and Tompkins, rich citizens of London, suffered the extreme penalty. Edmund Waller, a member of the House of Commons and already a famous poet, redeemed his life by cowardly revelations. Many important men were compromised, and while Parliament perceived that conspiracy was going on at their very doors, successive disasters overtook their arms and placed their cause in peril.

A great loss — that of Hampden — was the signal for reverses. A trifling encounter of cavalry had taken place on the 18th of June, in the plain of Chalgrave, a few leagues from Oxford. Prince Rupert defeated the Parliamentarians. Hampden was there. "I saw him," said a prisoner, "go away, contrary to his custom, from the field of battle before the end of the action. His head was bent low, his hands rested upon the neck of his horse; without doubt he is wounded." There was much excitement in Oxford, but people scarcely dared rejoice. The king sent one of his physicians,

a country neighbor of Hampden, to see whether he did not want assistance; a thought of conciliation towards this powerful adversary had crossed the mind of Charles. Doctor Giles found Hampden dying: a bullet had shattered his shoulder. He was told, however, who had sent to inquire after him, and with what intention. A violent agitation seized the wounded man. He tried to speak, but death had already frozen his tongue; a few moments later he expired. When he was no longer to be feared, there was rejoicing in Oxford; while in London, and in nearly all the kingdom, the grief was as violent as it was profound.

“Never man had inspired in a people so much confidence. Whoever belonged to the national party, no matter in what degree or for what motives, counted upon Hampden for the success of his wishes. The most moderate believed in his wisdom, the most ardent in his patriotic devotion, the most honest in his uprightness, the most intriguing in his skill. Prudent and reserved, while ready to brave all perils, he who had never yet been wanting suddenly disappointed all hopes. A marvellous good fortune, which forever placed his name in the high position assigned to it by the expectation of his contemporaries, and perhaps saved his virtue as well as his glory from the rocks whereon revolutions impel and shatter their noblest favorites!” *

The people wept; they soon began to tremble. Everywhere the Parliamentary generals were beaten by the Royalist chiefs. The enemies of Essex, in allowing his army to suffer, had reckoned upon the successes of his rivals. Fairfax had been beaten on the 30th of June at Atherton Moor. Sir John Hotham was on the point of surrendering Hull to the queen. Lord Willoughby could no longer defend Lincolnshire against Lord Newcastle. The confederation of the eastern states, the

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

great bulwark of Parliament, seemed about to be broken up. In Cornwall, where the command was in the hands of the best and most faithful servants of the king, the Marquis of Hertford, Sir Bevil Grenville, Sir Ralph Hopton, the peasants hereditarily attached to their lords had followed them to the war, as in France a hundred and fifty years later, the Vendéans were to follow the nobles. Like them they ran upon the batteries, armed only with their staves. Sir William Waller lost two battles there in one week. In every direction the cities opened their gates to the king. Bristol, the second stronghold in the kingdom, surrendered at the first attack. The queen had rejoined the king, bringing three thousand men and some cannon, upon that same plain of Keynton, where, in the preceding year, the two parties had for the first time come to open hostilities. Charles and his wife returned to Oxford in triumph, and Sir William Waller came back to London without troops.

Amid so many disasters Essex had not stirred, imputing his inaction to those very persons who reproached him with it. He caused the Upper House to be advised to sue for peace from the king. "If this proceeding does not bring about a treaty," he said in conclusion, "I think we must beg his Majesty to go away from this scene of slaughter, and then the two armies must settle the dispute in one day." A few days earlier the overtures of Essex might, perhaps, have been well received; but the king had just declared officially that the individuals still assembled at Westminster, after the retirement of so many members, no longer formed two real Houses, that they had lost all legal existence, and no longer had a right to the name of Parliament. He forbade all his subjects to obey this set of traitors and sedition-mongers. Parliament, thus attacked, voted the formation of a committee intrusted to ask assistance of the Scots, and the House of Lords declared

that it would not address any proposal for peace to the king until he should have revoked his proclamation against the legality of the Parliament.

It was not merely votes and declarations that were relied upon. The army of Essex received reinforcements and supplies; the formation of a new army began in earnest in the eastern counties; it was to be placed under the command of Lord Manchester, with Cromwell as lieutenant-general. In Hull, Lord Fairfax succeeded Sir John Hotham, arrested by order of the Commons before he had been able to accomplish his treason. Religious services increased in London. The wives and mothers of the combatants filled the churches; every morning, at beat of drum, a crowd of citizens, men and women, rich and poor, issued forth to work at the fortifications.

The effort was great and general, but it was no more than necessity demanded; for the successes of the king continued, and the desire for peace began to spring up again in the minds of most of the Lords, with the gleam of hope revealed by a fresh proclamation of the king, more skilful and more gentle than the preceding one. On the 5th of August, the Upper House transmitted to the Commons pacific proposals which they had voted on the previous day, declaring in a somewhat haughty tone that it was time to put an end to the country's calamities. The leaders of the Commons grew alarmed. Peace thus sought was defeat. They were not able to prevent the House from taking into consideration the proposals of the Lords, but they called the people to their assistance; a riotous assemblage demanded with loud cries the continuation of hostilities. The vote was doubtful in the Commons; a first scrutiny gave the majority to the partisans of peace. The war party called for a fresh examination; they were at length victorious, but with a majority of seven votes only. On the

morrow, a crowd of women demanding peace, who besieged the gates of Westminster, could only be dispersed by a charge of cavalry; two corpses remained upon the ground.

The triumph of the popular leaders was complete, but it was stained with those frauds and acts of violence with which they had but recently so bitterly reproached the king. Six members of the Upper House quitted London to repair to the court of Charles. Northumberland retired to his castle. The Commons were soon about to find themselves alone; they were astonished and uneasy, for the most impetuous sectaries and the most violent demagogues began to give themselves free play. "If the king will not lend himself to every demand," wrote a pamphleteer, "he must be extirpated, he and his race, and the crown must be intrusted to some one else." Henry Martyn supported the pamphlet, attacked before the House. "Without doubt," he said, "the ruin of a single family is better than that of many." "I demand," exclaimed Sir Nevil Poole, "that Mr. Martyn be summoned to say of what family he speaks." "Of the king and his children," replied Martyn, without hesitating. The most violent spirits in the House had not yet gone to the length of proclaiming their hopes aloud. Martyn was suffered to be placed in the Tower, and he was excluded from Parliament.

The danger, moreover, became too pressing to admit of division among the party. The king had laid siege to Gloucester, the only stronghold which still arrested him in his march upon London, or impeded the free communication of the royal armies. Common-sense gained the victory over party hatreds. The moderate understood that before negotiating it was necessary to conquer; the fanatics recognized the truth, that in order to succeed they must serve and their rivals must command. Essex and his friends everywhere regained their lately disputed authority, and the most fiery of their adversaries

left no means untried to assure them of the confidence of Parliament and the country. The week had scarcely passed when the earl set out at the head of fourteen thousand men, to proceed by forced marches to the relief of Gloucester, which city the king had been closely blockading for a fortnight.

Charles had not found even in his most illustrious servants the intelligence and disinterestedness which had for the moment inspired the leaders of the popular party. Lord Newcastle, victorious in Yorkshire, had refused to rejoin the king under the walls of London. "As long as Hull is not taken," he said, "I cannot leave this part of the country." Hull was in the hands of Fairfax, and the king could not or dared not undertake to attack London unaided. He thought he had secret understandings with the town of Gloucester, and resolved to lay siege to it. A garrison of fifteen hundred men defended the town; the inhabitants also were devoted to Parliament, and replied to the order to surrender: "We hold this town for the service of his Majesty and his posterity. We consider ourselves obliged to obey the orders of his Majesty, as they are transmitted to us by the two Houses of Parliament; consequently, with the help of God, we will guard the said town with all our might." For twenty-six days they had kept their word, when the king learned that the Earl of Essex was approaching.

Every means, both warlike and peaceful, was tried to arrest him. Prince Rupert threw himself with his cavalry in the earl's way; the king made him proposals of peace. Essex did not fight, still pressing on his march, and he replied to Charles: "Parliament has not commissioned me to negotiate, but to deliver Gloucester. I will do it, or I will leave my body under the walls." As he deployed his army on the morrow, the 5th of September, upon the hills of Prestbury, two

leagues from the besieged town, the sight of the royal quarters in flames informed him that he had accomplished his task without striking a blow. Charles had raised the siege of Gloucester.

It was not to avoid a combat that the Cavaliers had abandoned an attempt of which they were weary. Gloucester being revictualled, the Earl of Essex turned back towards London; but on arriving before Newbury, on the 19th of September, he perceived that the enemy had preceded him, and that a battle was inevitable. The action began at daybreak. Valiant was the fighting on both sides: "the Royalists therein felt the hope of redeeming a reverse which had suspended the course of their triumphs; the Parliamentarians, the desire not to lose, when so near the goal, the fruit of a triumph which had put an end to so many reverses." * The London trainbands manifested the most brilliant courage. At nightfall, both parties maintained their positions. Essex, however, had gained ground, and was preparing to resume the action at daybreak; but the enemy withdrew during the night, and the road was free. On the 22d, Essex and his army arrived at Reading, henceforth sheltered from all danger.

The royal army had suffered losses which had cast down the courage of the chiefs and the soldiers. More than twenty officers of distinction had been killed; among others, and first of all, Lord Falkland, the honor of the Royalist party. "Still a patriot, although proscribed in London, still respected by the people, although a royal counsellor at Oxford, nothing called him to the field of battle, but he sought danger with a sad ardor. Deeply afflicted by the evils which he contemplated and those which he foresaw, ill at ease amid a party whose successes and reverses he almost equally dreaded, his temper had become embittered, he had grown taciturn and

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

gloomy. 'Peace! peace!' he often exclaimed amid the conversations of his friends; then he relapsed into his despondency. On the morning of the combat he had attired himself carefully, according to his former custom, for some time abandoned; and as he was urged to remain at home, 'No,' he said, 'too long has all this been breaking my heart; I hope that I shall be out of it before it is night;' and he joined the regiment of Lord Byron as a volunteer. He fell at the beginning of the action, dying before his fall had been noticed. His friends, Hyde especially, preserved an inconsolable remembrance of him. The courtiers learned, without any great emotion, the death of a man who had been a stranger to them. Charles manifested decent regret, and felt himself more at ease in the council."*

Joy reigned supreme in London. While Essex was re-entering the city with his triumphant troops, news was brought that Vane had concluded with the Scots, under the name of "The Solemn League and Covenant," a close alliance, which was sworn to both in Edinburgh and in London. The Presbyterian leaders and people were at the summit of their wishes. Their general had conquered, and their natural allies, the Scots, were coming to their aid. They took advantage of this situation of affairs to exert their religious tyranny: the assemblage of theologians received orders to prepare a scheme of ecclesiastical government, and committees were formed to examine in each county the doctrine and conduct of the clergy. Those who had escaped the persecutions of Laud against the nonconformists, now fell before the Presbyterian inquisitions. Some few even, who had resumed possession of their livings since the fall of Episcopacy, found themselves again prosecuted. More than two thousand clergymen were expelled from their parishes, and the Anabaptists, the

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

Brownists, and the Independents, were thrown into prisons, with their former tyrants. Archbishop Laud, forgotten for three years past in his imprisonment, was summoned to the bar of the Upper House, to reply to the accusation of the Commons, the triumphant Presbyterians bringing the weight of their vengeance and their fears to bear upon adversaries of all parties.

They hastened, for the ground trembled beneath their feet. It was too heavy a task to cope, on the one hand with the Royalists, and on the other with the religious or political Independents, who every day became more numerous and more bold. In religious matters, the Presbyterians admitted neither discussion nor liberty. They looked upon their doctrinal and ecclesiastical system as the only law and the only government permitted and revealed by the word of God. In politics they were moderate. They loved the monarchy, while fighting against the king; they respected the prerogative, while laboring to subjugate the crown; and they obeyed old customs as much as new requirements, without knowing precisely whither they were proceeding by means of all these reforms which they had prosecuted for three years with so much ardor. The leaders themselves came from different sides, and were not all animated by the same desires. Hesitation began to appear among them: Rudyard no longer appeared in Parliament, except at rare intervals. St. John and Pym treated the Independents gently; the Lords quitted Westminster by degrees and withdrew to their estates, or went to rejoin the king. On the morrow of the battle of Newbury, ten lords only sat in the Upper House; they were for the Presbyterians an incumbrance rather than a support; the popular movement became every day more estranged from the high aristocracy, who were separated from the Presbyterians by the religious fanaticism of the latter. Revolution succeeded reform.

The new party had grown in the shadow of the Presbyterian power; but from the first it had set up a very different flag; liberty was the basis of the structure, that liberty yet so misunderstood and so often dishonored by the very persons who demanded it. "Whatever may have been the boldness of their ventures, neither the politicians nor the devotees of the new party were a prey to vague desires, to unlimited pretensions. No precise design regulated their course, no historical or legal act inclosed with its limitations their belief. It was this very belief which they wished at all costs to enfranchise. Proud of its elevation, of its holiness, of its daring, they awarded to it the right of judging all, of ruling all; and, taking it solely for their guide, with indefatigable ardor the philosophers sought truth; the enthusiasts, the Lord; the libertines, success. All could find therein full satisfaction for their views and hopes. The double policy of the Presbyterians did not hinder the progress of those free spirits who claimed to shake off all impediments and remake the world in their own fashion. Hostility increased every day between the new party of the Independents, impelled by the wind of revolution as well as by popular favor, and the old Presbyterian party, triumphant and everywhere in power, but hesitating and uneasy in the very midst of its victories." *

At Oxford, these divisions among the enemy were not unknown, and men of ability would have been ready to profit by them: but in vain were secret negotiations carried on sometimes with the Presbyterians, sometimes with the Independents; the negotiations were neither active nor efficacious, and they displeased the king even while he tolerated them. He had less repugnance in treating with other enemies, odious to England and his people. He negotiated with the Irish rebels, with

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

the ferocious Papists who had put Ireland to fire and sword, now organized by the great council which had been formed at Kilkenny. When Charles heard of the negotiations of the Scotch with Parliament, and saw that a second kingdom was about to slip from his grasp, he hastened to come to terms with the Irish. The Protestant army, commanded by the Earl of Ormond, which had always remained faithful to the royal cause, was disbanded ; its regiments crossed the sea, and joined the army of the king. A truce for a year was concluded with the rebels ; Ireland was abandoned to the Papists. This was a terrible blow struck in England at the traditional respect which many people still preserved towards the king. His duplicity, his tedious falsehoods, the haughty tone of his protests, his decided tendency towards Romanism, all this recurred to the recollection of the people, and his name, hitherto treated with respect amid the most bitter strife of the contending parties, was no longer spared from insult.

Charles was deeply offended at the violence which was manifested towards him. His timid and easily offended dignity was shocked at the idea that people should dare to judge him according to his acts. He sent for Hyde. "I desire to dissolve Parliament," he said. "The act by which I promised only to do so with their own consent is, I am assured, null and void ; for I could not thus abolish the prerogatives of the crown, but rather desire to make use of them. Let a proclamation be prepared which shall declare the Houses dissolved from this time, and expressly forbid them from reassembling, or any one, whosoever he may be, from recognizing or obeying them." Hyde listened, surprised and grieved. "I cannot imagine," he said, "that your Majesty's forbidding them to meet any more at Westminster will prevent one man the more going there ; and, nevertheless,

the kingdom will, without doubt, take violent umbrage at it. It was the first powerful reproach they corrupted the people with against your Majesty, that you intended to dissolve this Parliament, and in the same way repeal all the other acts made by that Parliament, whereof some are very precious to the people. As your Majesty has always disclaimed any such thought, such a proclamation now would confirm all the jealousies and fears so excited, and trouble many of your true subjects. I implore your Majesty to reflect well before further pressing this project."

All the members of the council spoke like Hyde, and the king abandoned his project not without ill-humor. It was necessary, however, to do something. Some one proposed, since the name of Parliament exercised such a dominion over the people, to convoke at Oxford all the members of the two Houses who had quitted Westminster, and thus to oppose to the factious and mutilated Parliament a real and legal Parliament, since the king would form part of it. The proposal displeased the king, who detested the very name of Parliament. The queen was still more opposed to it; but the Royalist party received the measure with ecstasy, and no one dared to withdraw it. The Parliament of the king was convoked at Oxford for the 22d January, 1644.

On the same day, at Westminster, a kind of muster of the Houses took place. Twenty-two lords still sat in the Upper House, and two hundred and eighty members of the Commons responded to their names. A certain number were absent upon the service of the country and by order of Parliament. One of its oldest and most useful leaders had recently been taken from them. "Pym had died on the 8th of December, after a few days' illness. A man of less brilliant renown than Hampden, in the secret councils as well as the public acts of the House he had rendered services

not less important. Firm, patient, and shrewd, skilled in pursuing an enemy, in directing a debate or an intrigue, in fomenting the anger of the people, in engaging or retaining in his cause the great lords who were in a state of indecision, he was, moreover, an indefatigable member of most of the committees, the customary chief mover of decisive measures, always ready to undertake onerous and dreaded duties; indifferent, in short, to labor, to mortifications, to fortune, to glory, and placing in success his sole ambition. The House felt his loss, and rendered the greatest honors to his memory. He was buried at Westminster." *

The new Parliament had attempted to establish relations with Essex. The latter received from the Earl of Forth, commander-in-chief of the army of the king, a packet which he consigned in a sealed cover to the Upper House. After an examination by a committee of the two Houses, the papers were sent to Oxford without any answer. A demand for a safe-conduct for the deputies whom the king desired to send to London was not better received. "My Lord," replied Essex, "when you ask for a safe-conduct in order that these gentlemen may repair, on behalf of the king, to the two Houses of Parliament, I will do, with all my heart, what shall be in my power to contribute to all that is desired by all good men—the re-establishment of an amicable understanding between his Majesty and his faithful and only council, the Parliament."

The king was delighted to find his adversaries so untractable; his hopes lay entirely in war and in no wise in negotiations. The assembly of Oxford, consisting of forty-five lords and a hundred and eighteen members of the Commons, obtained however a slight concession from him. The name of Parliament had not, in the first message rejected by Essex, been applied to the Houses at Westminster. A letter of the king

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

was addressed "to the Lords and Commons of the Parliament assembled at Westminster;" but he spoke of the Lords and Commons assembled at Oxford as of their equals. A trumpeter from Essex brought the reply of the Houses. "The letter of your Majesty," it ran, "gives us, as to peace, the saddest thoughts. The persons now assembled at Oxford, and who, against their duty, have deserted your Parliament, are therein placed in the same rank as the latter, and this Parliament itself, convoked according to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, authorized to continue to sit by a special law sanctioned by your Majesty, finds itself denied even its name. We cannot betray in this manner the honor of the country intrusted to our keeping, and it is our duty to make known to your Majesty that we are firmly resolved to defend and maintain, at the risk of our fortunes and our lives, the just rights and the full powers of Parliament."

The assembly of Oxford did not long resist. Henceforth, without hope of conciliation, and consequently without object, it continued to sit until the 16th of April, still faithful to the king, voting a few loans, and addressing long and bitter reproaches to the Houses of Westminster; but timid, inactive, and careful to manifest in presence of the court its ardent desire for legal order and peace. When their adjournment was at length pronounced, the king rejoiced with the queen at being delivered from this mongrel Parliament, the haunt of cowardly and seditious motions.

Charles counted upon war; but the campaign about to open presented itself to him under grievous aspects. All the small engagements which had taken place during the winter had turned to the advantage of the Parliamentarians. The Earl of Newcastle had been compelled by Fairfax to shut himself up in York. Parliament possessed five armies: those of the Scots, Essex, and Fairfax, were paid at the expense

—

•

•

PORTRAIT OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA.

of the public treasury; those of Manchester and Waller were supported by the eastern and southern counties commissioned to recruit them. Under the name of Committee of the Two Kingdoms, a committee composed of seven lords, fourteen members of the Commons, and four Scottish commissioners, was invested with almost absolute power over the war and the foreign relations. The measures of Parliament were every day becoming more regular and energetic. Weakness and want of discipline, on the contrary, increased in the camp of the king.

Suddenly it became known at Oxford that the army of Essex, strengthened by that of Waller, was advancing to besiege the town. The troops of Fairfax and Manchester and the Scots were to assemble under the walls of York, and besiege that town in common. The two great towns and the two great armies of the Royalists, the king and Lord Newcastle, were thus attacked at once by all the forces of Parliament. Such was the simple and bold plan which the Committee of the Two Kingdoms had adopted.

The queen took alarm. She was in expectation of a child, and she was anxious not to be delivered within a besieged town. The evil effect of her departure was represented to her without success; she became angry, wept, implored, and finally set out for Exeter, determined to proceed to France in case of danger. Her husband never saw her again.

A month later, at the end of May, Oxford was almost completely surrounded. A considerable reinforcement of militiamen coming from London, were to put Essex in a position to complete the investment. The danger was so urgent that one of the faithful councillors of the king proposed to him to surrender to the earl. "It may be," said Charles in indignation, "that I may be found in the hands of the Earl of Essex, but I shall be dead." A week afterwards the army

and Parliament learned that the investment of Oxford had become useless, for the king had escaped.

On the 3d of June, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, and leaving in the town the Duke of York with all his court, the king had issued forth from Oxford. Passing between the two hostile camps, and joining a corps of light troops who awaited him upon the northern side, he had rapidly placed himself out of reach. Seventeen days subsequently, while Waller was pursuing him in Worcestershire, and Essex was advancing towards Lyme, which Prince Maurice kept besieged, Charles, bold and determined for the first time, reappeared in Oxford, and placing himself once more at the head of his troops, vigorously resumed the offensive. On the 29th of June, he defeated in Buckinghamshire, at Cropredybridge, the army of Waller, which had advanced to cut off his road to London. At rest upon this point, he resolved to pursue Essex, who had appeared before the walls of Exeter, and might terrify the queen, who had been delivered of a child two days before. One of the armies which had but recently kept him a prisoner was destroyed; the other, it seemed, would soon share its fate. Mollified by his triumph, the king addressed from Evesham a message to the Houses, in which, without giving to them the name of Parliament, he made pacific protestations and offered to reopen the negotiations; he then pursued his march towards the west.

Before his message arrived in London everything had assumed a different aspect. Fresh actors had entered upon the scene; the battle of Marston Moor, fought by the three armies of Fairfax, Manchester, and the Scots, against Prince Rupert and Lord Newcastle, had annihilated the Royalist party in the north. York could not delay surrendering. Neither the defeats of Waller nor the former triumphs of Essex were thought of any longer.

It was on the evening of the 2d of July, from seven to ten o'clock, at Marston Moor, that the battle had taken place which had brought about these great results. At the approach of Prince Rupert the Parliamentary generals had raised the siege of York, and proceeded towards him to arrest his progress. They had not succeeded; the prince had entered the town without striking a blow. The Parliamentarians retired; but notwithstanding the counsels of Lord Newcastle, Rupert followed them. When the two armies met it was five o'clock in the evening; they spent two hours in sight of each other without engaging. "What position does your Highness intend for me?" asked Newcastle of the prince. "I do not count upon making the attack before to-morrow morning," said Rupert; "you may rest until then." The earl retired and shut himself up in his coach. Scarcely was he settled there, when the firing informed him that the battle had begun; he ran thither, without command, at the head of a few gentlemen volunteers like himself. The most frightful disorder reigned on the plain. The two armies were fighting in a mob, without leaders and without discipline: Parliamentarians and Royalists, horsemen and foot-soldiers, were wandering about the field of battle, seeking their corps, fighting wherever they met the enemy, but without result as well as without general purpose. The right wing of the Parliamentarians wavered under a charge of the Royalists; the Scottish cavalry took to flight. They were pursued, and a rumor of the victory of Prince Rupert spread as far as Oxford, where bonfires were lighted. But, as usual, the Cavaliers had suffered themselves to be carried away by their ardor. When they returned to the field of battle, they found their positions occupied by the enemy. Prince Rupert's cavalry had given way before the squadrons of Cromwell, and the infantry of Manchester had completed his defeat. The Parliamentarians had not pursued

their adversaries, but had hastened to secure the field of battle. The combat which took place between the two victorious corps ended to the advantage of the Ironsides, a name given upon this occasion to Cromwell's soldiers. Three thousand corpses strewed the field. Sixteen hundred Royalists were prisoners.

Rupert and Newcastle re-entered York in the middle of the night. Without seeing each other, they merely exchanged messages. "I have resolved," the prince sent word, "to set out this morning with my cavalry and what I have left of infantry." "I start at once," Newcastle said, "and I am going to cross the sea to retire to the Continent." Both kept their word. York capitulated at the end of a fortnight.

Never had Parliament achieved so brilliant a success, and it was to the Independents that they owed it. The Scots, those allies whom the Presbyterians had brought from so far, had disgracefully fled. *The day of the Lord* was at length coming, thought the enthusiasts. "My Lord," said Cromwell to Lord Manchester, in their camp intercourse, "place yourself decisively with us; say no longer that we must hold ourselves in readiness for peace, or spare the House of Lords, or fear the refusals of Parliament. What have we to do with peace and the nobility? It never will be well with England till you are called plain Mr. Montague. If you will stick firm to honest men, you shall find yourself at the head of an army which shall give law both to king and Parliament."

The audacious counsels of Cromwell were not to be of use to Lord Manchester; but himself and his party were nearing the goal of their hopes, for Essex had recently been vanquished.

More and more occupied in the west, the general-in-chief of the Parliamentary armies had allowed himself to be allured

by easy successes. As he approached Exeter, the queen sent to ask for a safe-conduct, in order to proceed to Bath to recover from her accouchement. "If your Majesty wishes to repair to London," he replied, "not only will I give you a safe-conduct, but I will accompany you myself. It is there that you will receive the best advice and the most efficacious cares for the restoration of your health. For any other place I cannot accede to your desires without consulting Parliament." Essex might be dispirited, and disgusted even with the cause he had embraced; he could not fail in fidelity. Stricken with terror, the queen fled to Falmouth, where she embarked for France.

Upon the advice of several of his officers, Essex had entered Cornwall. The population were hostile to him, and the king was pressing him closely. He asked for reinforcements, and counselled that Waller should effect a diversion upon the rear of the royal army. The Committee of the Two Kingdoms was seriously agitated, ordered public prayers, commanded Waller and Middleton to march to the aid of the general. "Let money and men be sent to me," wrote Waller. "God is my witness that it is not my fault if I do not go more quickly; if the money does not come, I shall go without money." He did not depart. Middleton set himself in movement and stopped at the first obstacle. Essex remained alone.

Abandoned by Parliament, the general was ardently sought after by the Royalists, who were incapable of believing that a man of his rank could earnestly serve any other cause than theirs. The king wrote to him on the 6th of August, at his headquarters at Lestwithiel, a letter full of esteem and promises, urging him to restore peace to his country. It was Lord Beauchamp, nephew of the Earl of Essex, who brought the royal missive to him. "I have but one counsel

to give the king, that is to return to his Parliament." Charles did not persist, but many Cavaliers around him desired peace, and were beginning to shake off the exclusive yoke of the royal will. They resolved to offer to the earl their personal guaranty for the promises of the king. A rough draft of a letter, signed by Lords Wilmot and Percy, commanders of the cavalry and infantry, circulated among the officers. The king concealed his ill-humor. His nephew, Prince Maurice, like the Earl of Brentford, commander-in-chief of the royal army, signed the proposals of negotiation addressed to the hostile general. The king had authorized the proceeding. "My Lords," replied Essex, "you have been careful to express, in the first lines of your letter, in virtue of what authorization it has been addressed to me. I have received from the Parliament which I serve no authority to negotiate, and I could not lend myself to it without a breach of trust. I am, my Lords, your very humble servant, Essex."

It only remained to fight with the redoubled ardor which arises from vexation. The Parliamentary general was hemmed in on all sides by the Royalist forces. Skirmishes took place every day without great result. Provisions were becoming scarce in the army of the Parliament. The Royalists had come so near that they could see all that went on in the camp. Essex resolved to endeavor to reach the port of Fowey. The cavalry, under the orders of Sir William Balfour, spent the night between the two divisions of the royal army; but the infantry became involved in narrow roads, where they advanced slowly; they were pursued by the entire army of the king; they lost their baggage, and began to speak openly of capitulating. Essex could not submit to so great a disgrace; he reached the coast with two officers, threw himself into a boat, and made sail for Plymouth, leaving his army under the orders of Major-general Skippon. The soldiers were

discouraged, the officers discontented: the king caused unexpected terms to be proposed to them; the capitulation was accepted. The artillery, provisions, and arms remained in the hands of the Royalists. The men were sent back to Parliamentary headquarters. They had saved their lives and liberty, but without arms and without a leader they traversed, under Cavalier escort, the counties which they had but recently overrun as conquerors. Their general had fled from this humiliation; he did not endeavor to escape the justice of his country; he wrote to Parliament, on arriving at Plymouth: "It is the most severe blow which our cause has ever sustained. I desire nothing so much as to be put upon my trial; such disasters should not be suppressed."

The English Parliament was worthy to have descended from the old senators contending against Hannibal. Instead of placing Essex upon his trial, they at once set about collecting a new army for him. The imminence of the peril rallied to his party those men who were uncertain; and the leaders of the Independents, able and patient, were in no hurry to throw light upon the causes which had brought about the defeat of the earl. Manchester and Waller received orders to join the army of the Earl of Essex. When the king, confident from his successes in Cornwall, and glad to learn that, at the instigation of Montrose, war had broken out in Scotland, commenced his movements towards London, he encountered by the way imposing forces. The army of Essex was there, but its general was wanting. The earl, disheartened and ill, had remained in London. The assurances of the confidence of Parliament had not sufficed to rouse him from his dejection: battle was given in his absence on the 29th of October, once more before Newbury.

The action was long and desperate. The soldiers of Essex performed on the occasion prodigies of valor to retake the can-

non which they had lost in Cornwall; but victory remained uncertain, and was claimed by both sides. The king abandoned his designs upon London, and withdrew towards Oxford, where he designed to take up his winter-quarters. Cromwell reproached the Earl of Manchester with having attacked feebly, and but poorly followed up his advantages. The struggle became more resolute every day between the Presbyterians and the Independents—between the partisans of peace and those who desired war at any price. Of these latter, Cromwell was becoming the acknowledged leader.

Essex and his friends resolved to make one last effort. They urged the committee of the House, which for six months had worked with the Scottish commissioners, to prepare proposals for peace. In a few days these proposals were presented to the Houses, discussed and adopted. On the 20th of November, nine commissioners set out to present them to the king. They found him at Oxford, and from the first day the insults of the Cavaliers towards the Parliamentarians threatened to bring about personal encounters between the emissaries of Parliament and the partisans of the king. "Have you power to treat?" asked Charles of Lord Denbigh. "No; but we are to receive your Majesty's answer in writing." "Well, then, I will remit it to you," he replied, "as soon as I am able." The commissioners waited for three days. The proposals of Parliament were not conciliatory; they involved a veritable abdication of the royal power. When the commissioners were at length summoned before the king, he consigned a sealed document to them, saying, "This is my answer; take it to those who have sent you." Lord Denbigh in vain endeavored to ascertain what the document contained; the king would not give to the Houses the name of Parliament. "Your duty is to take my answer," he said, "were it only the ballad of Robin Hood." "The matter which has

brought us, sire, is a trifle more serious than a ballad." "I know it; but you told me that you had no power to negotiate. My memory is as good as yours; you were only charged to remit the proposals to me. A post-boy would have done as much in the matter as you." The conversation became more and more bitter. The commissioners set out on their return, without obtaining from the king an admission that his message was addressed to Parliament. He only asked for a safe-conduct for the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Southampton. They proceeded to London, and conferences were resolved upon; these were to take place at Uxbridge. Forty commissioners, twenty-three in the name of Parliament, and seventeen in the name of the king, were to discuss that peace which was every day becoming more the dearest object as well as the only hope of the Presbyterians.

The Independents knew this well, but they also knew the passionate pride and the deceptions of the king, and the fanaticism and haughtiness of the Parliamentarians. While dreading the pacific conferences which might cause the triumph of their rivals, they occupied themselves in preparing war. Cromwell made a great speech condemning the division of power and the slowness of the military operations. "If the army be not put into another method, and the war more vigorously prosecuted, the people can bear the war no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonorable peace. Let us waive a strict inquiry into the causes of these things; let us apply ourselves to the remedy which is most necessary. And I hope we have such true English hearts and zealous affections towards the general weal of our mother-country, as no members of either House will scruple to deny themselves and their own private interest for the public good, nor account it to be a dishonor done to them whatever Parliament shall resolve upon." "There is but one way to end the matter," said Zouch Tate,

an obscure fanatic; "each of us must freely sacrifice himself. I propose that no member of either House shall, during the war, enjoy or execute any office or command, civil or military, and that an ordinance be brought in accordingly."

After the first moment of astonishment, a violent discussion arose. It was in the Houses that lay all the strength of the Presbyterians, until then the real leaders of the revolution. The "Self-denying Ordinance" deprived them of the executive power and created an army hostile to Parliament. They did not deceive themselves as to the pretended disinterestedness which had inspired the proposals of Cromwell and his friends. "There is some talk here of self-denial," they said; "it will be the triumph of personal envy and interest." But this time public opinion was with the Independents. The Presbyterian party was worn out and discredited. Notwithstanding their real strength in the House of Commons, the ordinance was passed and sent up on the 21st of September to the House of Lords.

In adopting the measure presented by Zouch Tate, the Upper House would abandon the remnant of power which it still retained, for nearly all its members were affected. While they were deliberating, the political leaders of the party in the House of Commons increased the concessions to the religious prejudices, as well as to the malignant resentments of the multitude. Long-forgotten prosecutions were resumed. Archbishop Laud, imprisoned for four years, was condemned by a simple ordinance of the two Houses, illegal even according to the traditions of Parliamentary tyranny. He died with pious courage, filled with disdain for his adversaries and with uneasiness for the future of the king. Sir John Hotham and his son, accused of having plotted to deliver to the king the town of Hull; Lord Macguire, who had fomented the Irish insurrection; and Sir Alexander Carew, governor of the island of St. Nicholas,

who had relaxed his zeal in favor of the Royalist conspiracies, expiated their transgressions by capital punishment. At the same time the liturgy of the Church of England, hitherto tacitly tolerated, was definitively abolished. A book entitled *Directions for Public Worship* received instead the sanction of Parliament, which no longer refused anything to the fanatics whose support it desired. The House of Lords did not deceive their hopes. On the 15th of January, 1645, it rejected the Self-denying Ordinance.

A few days later, on the 29th of January, the negotiations at Uxbridge were at length opened. The king had consented to accord to the Houses at Westminster the name of Parliament. "If I had had in my council," he wrote to the queen, "two persons of my own opinion, I should never have yielded." The negotiators wished for peace, with the exception of Vane, St. John, and Prideaux, who formed other projects.

The good intentions of men soon yield to the force of circumstances. Each of the Parliamentary factions had its private interest: both parties were striving to secure power in case peace should be concluded. Theological discussions envenomed the political negotiations. The conferences, begun with mutual courtesy and good-will, soon became bitter and violent, while the excited state of the public mind aggravated the difficulties on both sides. An obscure minister, who came down from London, preached in the parish church of Uxbridge, in presence of a numerous gathering. "No good must be expected from those men," he said, speaking of the Royalists; "they have come from Oxford with their hearts full of blood. They only wish to divert the people until they may be able to cause them some great evil. There is as great a distance between this treaty and peace as between earth and heaven." The people had become convinced that in his heart the king did not wish for peace.

His councillors were as distrustful as the mob. The end of the negotiations was approaching. Some concession from the king which might at length cause the scale to turn was insisted upon. He gave way to entreaties, and promised to propose to Parliament a certain number of leaders of the army, among whom were Cromwell and Fairfax. The friends of peace were encouraged. Lord Southampton, who had negotiated the whole affair, was preparing to depart for Uxbridge, in order to announce the favors accorded by his Majesty. When he presented himself at the king's quarters to receive his final instructions, Charles had altered his mind, and withdrew his promise. News of a victory achieved in Scotland by Montrose, over the army commanded by Argyle, had revived all his high hopes. The conferences at Uxbridge were broken up, on the 22d of February, without having brought about any result. The Presbyterian leaders, sorrowful and dejected, returned to Westminster, to find that their adversaries had contrived to make profitable use of the time during their absence. The military reorganization was effected. A single army, mustering twenty-one thousand men, was henceforth to maintain the struggle. On the 15th of February, the command of this army had been intrusted to Fairfax, for whom Cromwell had answered publicly to Parliament, and privately to the parties. The almost constant successes of the young general, besides, spoke for him. He had already been welcomed by the House of Commons, and received the official congratulations of the Speaker.

The Presbyterian leaders in vain attempted to recover from this defeat. Their friends even were becoming weary of the constant effort necessary to support them. The Marquis of Argyle had just arrived from Scotland; bitterly resolved to wipe out the remembrance of his defeat at Inverlochy, he made use of his influence to turn aside the Scottish com-

missioners from a longer opposition. "We must yield to necessity," he said; "this division places everything on sufferance." The vote which had given Fairfax the real power, had preserved Essex in his command, as well as Manchester and Waller. The earl resolved to tender his resignation. He rose, on the 1st of April, in the Upper House, with a written paper in his hand, for he could not make an off-hand speech. "My Lords," he said, "having received this great charge, in obedience to the commands of both Houses, and taken their sword into my hand, I can with confidence say that I have for this now almost three years faithfully served you, and I hope without loss of honor to myself, or prejudice to the public. I see by the now coming up of these ordinances that it is the desire of the House of Commons that my commission may be vacated. I return my commission into those hands that gave it me, wishing it may prove as good an expedient to the present distempers as some will have it believed. My Lords, I know that jealousies cannot be avoided, yet wisdom and charity should put such restraints thereto as not to allow it to become destructive. I hope that this advice from me is not unseasonable, wishing myself and my friends may, among others, participate the benefit thereof. This proceeding from my affection to the Parliament, the prosperity whereof I shall ever wish from my heart, what return soever it may bring me, I being no single example in that kind of that fortune I now undergo."

Manchester and Waller followed the example of Essex. The Upper House, relieved from a fidelity which was burdensome, hastened to adopt the scheme of remodelling the army, and on the morrow a second Self-denying Ordinance, slightly different from the first, though tending towards the same result, was passed by the two Houses. The authority was

now definitively displaced. It passed from the hands of Parliament into those of the army.

Fairfax encountered little difficulty on the part of the officers and soldiers called upon to serve under his orders. Essex loyally advised his friends; Cromwell hastened to preach submission to the battalions of the Ironsides. As he had fully resolved, he was not long separated from them. Towards the end of April, Fairfax was about to open the campaign, when Cromwell arrived at Windsor to kiss the general's hand, he said, and to tender his resignation to him. "I have just," Fairfax said, "received from the Committee of the Two Kingdoms, orders enjoining you to proceed immediately, with a few squadrons, to the road from Oxford to Worcester, to intercept communications between Prince Rupert and the king." Cromwell immediately set out. Three brilliant skirmishes and the capture of the town of Blechingdon signalized his march. Parliament voted that Cromwell should retain his command for forty days longer. Three other members of the House of Commons, distinguished officers, received the same instructions, doubtless in order that Cromwell should not appear to be alone excepted from the operation of the law.

Meanwhile the king, having issued forth from Oxford, had joined Prince Rupert, and was advancing rapidly towards the north. The siege of Chester was raised at his approach, and he directed his course towards the confederated counties of the east. A few days later he took possession of Leicester. Fairfax, who was besieging Oxford by order of the Committee of the Two Kingdoms, had made no movement to hinder the course of his successes. The Presbyterians were already triumphant. "This then is the fruit of this reorganization which was so much vaunted," they said; "the king in one day takes our best towns, and your general remains motionless

before Oxford, waiting, doubtless, for the women of the court to take alarm and open the gates to him." They did not speak of the inaction of the Scotch, who had fallen back upon their frontiers instead of marching to meet the king. Fairfax received orders to raise the siege of Oxford, to seek the king, and give battle to him at all costs. In his turn, he wrote to the Houses to request the prolongation of Cromwell's service. Sixteen colonels signed the letter. On the 12th of June, in the environs of Northampton, some Parliamentary horsemen, sent to reconnoitre, suddenly came up with a detachment of the army of the king.

Charles was advancing, in fact, to relieve Oxford. The successes of Montrose in Scotland strengthened his confidence. "Since the rebellion," he wrote to the queen, "my affairs have never been in so good a state." He made no haste, but enjoyed the amusement of hunting upon his way, allowing full liberty to his cavaliers, who were even more confident than their master. He was expecting troops which were to arrive from Wales and the western counties. When he was informed of the approach of the Parliamentarians, he fell back towards Leicester. Meanwhile the hostile squadrons annoyed his rear-guard. Cromwell had joined the army. The king resolved to give battle without awaiting his reinforcements.

The encounter took place on the morrow, the 14th of June, upon the table-land of Naseby, northwest of Northampton. At daybreak, the army of the king, posted in an advantageous position, awaited the Parliamentarians. The latter did not attack. Prince Rupert, always impatient, dashed forward with his cavalry. He soon encountered the advanced guard of the enemy. Fearing that they would withdraw, the prince continued his advance, sending word for the army to support the movement. About ten o'clock the Royalists

arrived, somewhat distressed by the rapidity of their march. The action commenced at once, and was fierce and general. The two armies were of about equal strength. The Cavaliers, intoxicated with the anticipation of victory, had taken for their rallying-cry the words, "God and Queen Mary." The Parliamentarians cried aloud, "God our strength." Prince Rupert broke the squadrons of Ireton, who later became Cromwell's son-in-law, and immediately pursued the fugitives: but Cromwell, master of himself and his men as at Marston Moor, had dispersed the cavalry commanded by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and charging two of his officers to prevent them from rallying, he himself returned with a portion of his troops to the field of battle. There the infantry of both sides were engaged: Skippon was seriously wounded, but remained resolutely at the head of his soldiers. The helmet of Fairfax was destroyed by a blow from a sword, and he went on fighting bareheaded. Meanwhile the Cavaliers held their ground, and a corps of royal infantry remained immovable notwithstanding the reiterated attacks of Doyley, the colonel of the guards of Fairfax. "Take them in front, I will take them in the rear," said the general; "we shall meet again in the midst of them." They did so, in effect, at the moment when Cromwell, with his victorious squadrons, arrived to support them. At the sight of this new and dangerous enemy, the king, in great distress, placed himself in person at the head of his regiment of guards. These were all that remained to him, and he was preparing to charge the Ironsides, when the Earl of Carnarworth, a Scotchman, who galloped beside him, abruptly seized the bridle of his horse, exclaiming, "Will you go upon your death?" and compelled him to turn to the right. The Cavaliers followed the movement without understanding the reason for it. In an instant the regiment had turned its back to

"WILL YOU GO UPON YOUR DEATH?"

the enemy. All broke ranks, some to seek safety in flight, others to restrain the fugitives. The king, surrounded by a few officers, in vain cried, "Halt! halt!" Prince Rupert returned. A small corps was re-formed around the king, but the soldiers were weary and dismayed. Charles, sword in hand, with eager eyes and despair in his face, twice dashed forward, exclaiming with all his energy, "Gentlemen, one charge more, and we recover the day." None followed him. The infantry were routed or prisoners. The only safety lay in flight. The king fell back towards Leicester with about two thousand cavalry. His artillery, his supplies, his baggage, his standards, and all the papers in his cabinet, together with five thousand prisoners, remained in the hands of the Parliamentarians.

No loss could have been more damaging to the cause of the king than that of his secret correspondence. After Fairfax had modestly informed the Houses of this unexpected success, and Cromwell had joined to the news a few devout reflections and some of his politic counsels, the king's papers were opened, notwithstanding the scruples of Fairfax. Proof was therein found that he had never desired peace; that no concession was, in his eyes, definitive, no promise binding; that in his heart he always relied upon force, and always laid claim to absolute power. Finally that, in spite of his reiterated denials, he had applied to the King of France, the Duke of Lorraine — to all the princes of the Continent, in fact — to introduce foreign troops into the kingdom. A protestation was even found, inscribed upon the registers of the council of Oxford, against that name of Parliament which he had consented to accord to the Houses for the purposes of the conferences at Uxbridge. Falsehood was everywhere written by the very hand of the king. After the public assemblage at the Guildhall, where an immense crowd was

present at the reading of the papers, Parliament caused them to be published. The king did not dispute their authenticity.

Exasperation was general, and the warlike ardor revived on all hands. In order to make peace it would be necessary to put confidence in the king; it was now known what his word was worth. Fairfax advanced towards the western counties, once the most devoted to the royal cause; but the great noblemen or the popular and disinterested gentlemen, the Marquis of Hertford, Sir Bevil Grenvil, Sir Ralph Hopton, were dead, or had been removed by court conspiracies which the weakness of the king had favored. The young Prince of Wales, fifteen years of age, accompanied by Hyde, Colepepper, and Lord Capel, commanded as general-in-chief. The troops were intrusted to Lord Goring and Sir Richard Grenville, one the most dissolute, the other the most avaricious of the Cavaliers. Disorder and extortions had alienated the people. Bodies of peasants were formed under the name of "Clubmen," to resist pillage. When Fairfax appeared in the west, the Royalists ceased devastating the country, and the Clubmen turned against Fairfax and his soldiers; but the Parliamentary general permitted no license. He treated the peasants with kindness and entered into negotiations with them, meanwhile actively prosecuting the war. On the 10th of July Goring was surprised and defeated at Langport, in Somersetshire, and the troops which remained with him were dispersed. Sir Richard Grenville, being no longer able to plunder, resigned to the Prince of Wales his commission, complaining with effrontery of the burdens which the war had imposed upon him; and the Cavaliers remaining faithful withdrew into the towns which Fairfax was preparing to besiege.

Meanwhile the king appeared to have forgotten for a moment his misfortunes and anxieties. Wandering about, after

the disaster of Naseby, he had finally arrived in Wales, where he hoped to recruit some infantry, while Prince Rupert set out for Bristol; and here Charles accepted the splendid hospitality of the Marquis of Worcester, the leader of the Catholic party and the richest of the great noblemen of England. For a fortnight the fugitive king found once more, in Raglan Castle, all the homage and pleasures of a court, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of that royalty of which he had so long tasted only the bitterness and the mortifications.

The successes of his adversaries did not leave the king long in repose. To the news of reverses in the west was added that of the success of the Scottish army which had taken Carlisle and was advancing towards the south, to lay siege to Hereford. Charles desired to march to the aid of Goring; but he was arrested at every step by the bad condition of his troops. He had fallen back upon Cardiff, when the Duke of Richmond brought him a letter written by Prince Rupert, and intended to be shown to the king. The prince was of opinion that all was lost, and counselled peace at any price. This time the king's honor was touched, and he regained all his energy. He wrote immediately to his nephew: "If I had any other quarrel but the defence of my religion, crown, and friends, you had full reason for your advice. Speaking either as a mere soldier or statesman, I confess there is probability of my ruin. As a Christian, however, I must tell you that God will not suffer rebels to prosper or His cause to be overthrown. Of this I warn my friends without evasion. Henceforth whoever remains with me must expect to die for a good cause; or, worse still, to live while sustaining it as miserable as insolent rebels can render him. In God's name let us not flatter ourselves with these conceits; and believe me, the very imagination that

you are desirous of a treaty will lose me so much the sooner." A few days later the king, quitting Wales, passed, without being perceived, the Scottish army, already encamped before Hereford, and arrived by forced marches in Yorkshire. There he called together at Doncaster his faithful Cavaliers, to proceed with him to join Montrose, still faithful and still victorious.

The Cavaliers hastened at the summons. The king in a few days found himself at the head of a body of three thousand men. They were preparing to join Montrose, and only awaited their instructions, when it was learned that David Lesley, at the head of the Scottish cavalry, was approaching Doncaster. The Royalists took alarm. Many retired, and when the news of recent and brilliant successes of Montrose reached the king, he had no longer sufficient forces to attempt a venture. He was urged not to risk his own safety, and re-entered Oxford, on the 29th of August, not knowing what to do with the few troops which he had left.

The victories of Montrose, however, revived the dejected monarch. Edinburgh and Glasgow were in the hands of the conqueror. He had set free all the Royalists whom the Scottish Parliament had kept in prison, and timid men hastened to place themselves under his standard. The Scots had recalled David Lesley with his cavalry. They needed all their strength to protect their own country.

The king attempted to take advantage of the enfeeblement of the Scottish army. He advanced towards Hereford; but the besiegers did not await him and fell back towards the north. He was urged to pursue them, but refused to do so, being already wearied by this effort so little in accord with his tastes and habits. Prince Rupert held Bristol, which town Fairfax was besieging, and promised to hold out for four months. The king did not trouble himself about

this matter, and repaired to take rest at Raglan, the residence of Lord Worcester, with whom he had constant communication. Scarcely had he arrived when he learned that Bristol was occupied by Fairfax. Prince Rupert had surrendered the town at the first assault, almost without resistance, when nothing had failed him — neither provisions nor soldiers. Charles was dismayed. It was his ruin in the west, and the most bitter disappointment in respect to his nephew. His courtiers, especially Lord Digby, who detested Rupert, envenomed his anger. He wrote to the prince an angry letter, which concluded with these words: "My conclusion is to desire you to seek your subsistence, until it shall please God to determine of my conditions, somewhere beyond seas; to which end I send you herewith a pass, and I pray God to make you sensible of your present position and give you means to recover what you have lost, for I shall have no greater joy in a victory than a just occasion without blushing to assure you of my being your loving uncle and most faithful friend, — C. R."

Prince Rupert had taken refuge in Oxford. He did not depart, despite the king's injunctions. He averred that he had been calumniated, and asked to make an explanation to his uncle. But Lord Digby had taken care to prevent the interview. Charles had just set out for the north. He proposed to relieve Chester, which was again besieged, and was now the only port in which the assistance expected from Ireland could arrive. He was in sight of the town with five thousand men, Welsh foot-soldiers or cavalry from the north, when he was attacked in the rear by a Parliamentary corps, commanded by Major-General Poyntz. A detachment from the little army which was investing Chester, attacked the advanced guard at the same time. The king, caught between two fires, after a desperate resistance, saw his best officers

fall around him, and was compelled to return to Wales, abandoning Chester to its fate, and kept back once more, as though by an insurmountable barrier, from that army of Montrose which constituted his only hope.

The army of Montrose no longer existed. For ten days the marquis had been, like the king, a fugitive seeking shelter, and endeavoring to collect his soldiers. On the 30th of September he had been beaten at Philip-Haugh by David Lesley. His army had dissolved at the first reverse. Brilliant and rash, in base minds he excited envy, while in the timid he inspired no sense of security. A reverse sufficed to dissipate all his successes, and on the morrow of his defeat the conqueror of Scotland was only an audacious outlaw.

This last blow overwhelmed the king, who no longer knew where to rest his hopes. Urged by Lord Digby, he retired to Newark, while the courtier, determined to avoid an interview with Prince Rupert, who had set out to rejoin the king, placed himself at the head of the fifteen hundred horse which Charles still possessed. Under pretext of bringing succor to Montrose, he started for the north.

Prince Rupert's explanations did not satisfy the king, notwithstanding the favorable declaration of the council of war. The insolence of the Cavaliers who accompanied his nephew offended the king's dignity. A quarrel began. "Begone, begone!" exclaimed Charles angrily, "and do not appear again before me." In their turn losing patience, Rupert, his brother Maurice, and their partisans quitted Newark in the middle of the night. The king was no longer safe there. Lord Digby had been defeated at Sherborne, in his march towards the north. There were now on the king's side neither soldiers nor generals. Charles assembled together four or five hundred Cavaliers, the remnants of several regiments, and, on the 3d of November, at eleven o'clock at night, he left the

town, taking the road to Oxford. He re-entered that city on the 6th, after a forced march, thinking himself safe, for he had once more found his council, his court, he could indulge his habits and find some repose.

The relief was not of long duration. The Royalist towns were falling one by one into the power of Fairfax and Cromwell. Fifteen places had surrendered or had been taken by assault within five months. Scarcely had Charles returned to Oxford, when he wrote to the Prince of Wales to hold himself in readiness to proceed to the Continent. At the same time he made overtures of peace to Parliament, demanding a safe-conduct for four negotiators.

Never had Parliament been less inclined towards peace. The hundred and thirty new members, who had replaced in the House of Commons those who had followed the king, had increased the power and daring of the Independents, though all did not belong to their party. Severities towards the Royalists were redoubled; the war everywhere became more harsh, sometimes even barbarous. Fairfax alone still preserved the humanity which distinguished nearly all the leaders at the opening of the war. Misunderstandings broke out even between the Scots and the Houses. The former complained that their army was not paid; the latter, that an army of allies pillaged and devastated, like a hostile force, the counties which it occupied. On all sides the most intense excitement, the deepest hostility, the bitterest and most decisive measures, were leaving little chance that peace would come to arrest or even suspend the rapid course of events.

The king's overtures were rejected, and a safe-conduct for negotiators refused. Charles persisted, but without success, and when he proposed himself to repair to Westminster to negotiate in person with Parliament, his enemies solemnly declared that they at length possessed proof of the falsity of

his words. The king had concluded a treaty of alliance with the Irish Catholics still in revolt. Ten thousand of these savages, under the orders of the Earl of Glamorgan, were soon to land at Chester. They had obtained, as the price of their assistance, the complete abolition of the penal laws against the Catholics, and the freedom of their worship. Ireland, in fact, was delivered up to popery. For two months the Committee of the Two Kingdoms had known of the conspiracy and reserved the publication of it for an important occasion. The day had at length arrived.

The king was struck down by this discovery. For two years he had been personally conducting this negotiation with the Earl of Glamorgan, the eldest son of the Marquis of Worcester. Brave, generous, rash, passionately devoted to his master in danger, and to his oppressed religion, Glamorgan had plotted in every form, proceeding incessantly from England to Ireland, often intrusted with secret missions unknown to the Marquis of Ormond, the king's lieutenant in Ireland, and alone knowing to what point the concessions of the king might reach. The treaty had been concluded since the 20th of August, and Parliament did not know all that Charles had allowed to be promised in his name.

When it was learned in Dublin that the plot was known in London, Ormond easily saw what a blow the affairs of the king had received even among his own party. He immediately caused Glamorgan to be arrested as having exceeded his powers. The earl kept his counsel, and did not produce the secret documents signed "Charles," which he held in his hands. He even said that the king was not bound to ratify what he had thought himself at liberty to promise for him. On his part, Charles hastened to disown the affair in the proclamation which he addressed to the Houses, as well as in his official letters to the Council at Dublin. Glamorgan, he

said, had no other mission than to recruit soldiers and to second the efforts of the Lord Lieutenant; no one believed him, neither Parliament nor the people. Glamorgan, being soon released, resumed his attempts to send an Irish army over to England. In return, the command of Cromwell, already several times renewed, was again prolonged, and the king found himself compelled to resume hostilities as though he had been in a position to sustain them.

The last remnants of the Royalist armies were fighting, but without ardor and without hope. When the Prince of Wales found himself abandoned by his generals, Goring and Grenville, he implored Sir Ralph, now Lord Hopton, to resume the command of the troops in the west. "Your Highness," replied the brave soldier, "I cannot obey you without resigning myself to the sacrifice of my honor, for with the troops which you have intrusted to me how can I preserve it? Their friends alone fear them; their enemies despise them; they are only terrible on the day of pillage; and only determined when they are resolved to fly. However, since your Highness has judged it well to summon me, I am ready to follow you at the risk of losing my honor;" and he resumed the command of seven or eight thousand men who detested him, and to whom his discipline was odious. On the 16th of February he was defeated by Fairfax at Torrington, upon the borders of Cornwall. All the troops that had remained with him dispersed. Fairfax pursued him, while the Prince of Wales, driven into a corner at Land's End, in Cornwall, embarked for the Scilly Isles, being unwilling to leave English soil. Fairfax offered honorable conditions. Hopton, free from all anxiety as to the safety of the prince, was disposed to fight yet longer with the small corps which he had re-formed with great difficulty; but the soldiers insisted that he should capitulate. "Bargain, then,"

said Hopton, "but not for me." He embarked with Lord Capel to join the Prince of Wales. The king now possessed in the southwest only some insignificant garrisons, scattered in a few towns.

Sir Jacob Astley was defeated at Stow, in Gloucestershire, as he was advancing with three thousand men to join the king, who had issued forth with fifteen hundred horse from Oxford to meet him. The rout was complete. The aged Astley resisted for a long while, then fell into the power of the enemy. The soldiers, touched by his white hair and his courage, brought him a drum. He sat down; then addressing the Parliamentary officers, he said, "You have done your work, my masters, and may now go play, unless you choose to fall out among yourselves." The king had no longer any hope save in the dissensions which he might foment among his enemies. He had for a long while been maintaining secret relations with the Independents, especially with Vane. He wrote to the latter himself after Astley's disaster: "Be assured that everything shall come to pass according to my promise. By all that is dearest to a man, I implore you to hasten your good offices, for otherwise it will be too late, and I shall perish before gathering the fruit. Trust to me. I will fully reward your services. I have said all. If in four days I should not have an answer I shall be compelled to find some other expedient. May God direct you! I have done my duty." He at the same time addressed a message to the Houses, offering to disband his troops, to open all his towns, and to take up his residence again at Whitehall.

Great was the emotion at Westminster; all knew that, the king once at Whitehall, it would no longer be against him that the city mob would break out, and all were equally determined not to fall into his power. All necessary precautions were adopted to prevent Charles from appearing

unexpectedly in the capital. Violent measures were taken against those who should negotiate secretly, or who should maintain any relations with him. Vane left the letter of the king unanswered.

Meanwhile Fairfax advanced, and Oxford was about to be invested. The king made an offer to Colonel Rainsborough, who had already arrived before the town, to surrender to him on condition that he should conduct him at once to Parliament. The colonel refused. Charles was about to fall as a prisoner of war into the hands of his enemies. One resource only remained to him. For two months M. de Montreuil, the French ambassador, had been laboring to procure him an opportunity of taking refuge in the camp of the Scots. He thought himself secure of the personal safety of the king in the midst of an army which looked upon Charles as its legitimate sovereign. The queen, still in France, also kept up relations with the Scottish military leaders. She urged her husband to put trust in them. He still hesitated, but he issued forth from Oxford, on the 27th of April, at midnight, accompanied only by his valet-de-chambre, Ashburnham, and a clergyman, Dr. Hudson, well versed in all the roads.

For a moment, when at Harrow-on-the-Hill, in sight of London, the king stopped. Should he take a bold step and suddenly appear in the midst of the city? It was too venturesome a stroke for his timid and sensitive dignity. He turned away, directing his course towards the north, still desiring to join Montrose. Hudson, who had gone forward to reconnoitre, came back to say that M. de Montreuil still answered for the Scots. The king at length made up his mind, though from weariness rather than from choice. On the morning of the 5th of May he arrived at Kelham, the headquarters of the Scottish commander.

The Earl of Leven and his officers at first affected sur-

prise, but they received the king with great respect. They however hastened to apprise both the English and Scottish parliaments; and, in the evening, when the king wished to give the watchword to the sentinels placed at his door, "I am the older soldier, Sire," Leven said; "your Majesty had better leave that office to me."

It was soon known in London that the king had quitted Oxford, but nothing indicated the direction of his flight. On the 6th of May it was at length learned that he had confided his person to the Scots, who had raised their camp and were marching in great haste towards the border. They did not stop until they reached Newcastle. From there the king could negotiate with the Presbyterians of the two kingdoms.

This was what the Independents dreaded above all. For a year past everything had prospered with them. They were masters of the army, and all daring spirits, the energetic and ambitious, had placed themselves under their banner. Their influence continued to increase on all hands. At the moment of reaching the summit of power they were ruined if the king should ally himself with the Presbyterians against them.

They adopted every means to ward off this blow, without scrupling to offend the Scots, whom they desired to separate from the Presbyterian party in England. The Commons voted that the Scottish army was no longer necessary; that a hundred thousand pounds should be paid them in advance on account of their claims, and they should be advised to return to Scotland. Insults were lavished upon those allies, of whom it was now desired to be rid at all costs.

The Scots and their illustrious guest facilitated the task of their enemies. They were not angry, but they hesitated; they felt their way carefully, they were afraid to take a step. The king still endeavored to deceive his rebellious subjects.

"I do not despair," he had written to Lord Digby before his departure from Oxford, "of inducing the Presbyterians or the Independents to join with me to exterminate each other, and then I shall become once more king in reality." On their side, the Presbyterians, passionately attached to the Covenant, would not hear of any arrangement which did not secure the triumph of their Church. While promising the king to negotiate for peace, they gave further tokens of fidelity towards their brethren, the English, and caused the execution of the most illustrious companions of Montrose, who had been prisoners of war since the battle of Philip-Haugh. The Marquis of Ormond published a letter of the king, asserting that he only repaired to the camp of the Scots upon their promise to support, in case of need, him and his just rights. The Scots immediately gave the lie to this almost exact interpretation of their words. The Cavaliers were no longer allowed access to their master, and Presbyterian ministers were invited to instruct the monarch in the true doctrine of Christ.

Charles offered no resistance even to the theological discussions; but the learned preacher, Henderson, who had undertaken his conversion, could not flatter himself that he had shaken the king's fidelity to the Anglican Church. Charles was expecting proposals from the House, to whom he caused to be surrendered all the towns which still held out for him. But he hoped for aid from Ireland, and he wrote to Glamorgan, who was still the sole depositary of his secret designs: "If you could raise a large sum of money by pawning my kingdoms, I am content you should do it; and if I recover them I will fully repay that money. And tell the nuncio that if once I can come into his and your hands, which ought to be extremely wished for by you both as well for the sake

of England as Ireland, since all the rest as I see despise me, I will do it."

At length the proposals of Parliament arrived: they were more harsh and humiliating than those which the king had hitherto rejected. He was required to adopt the Covenant, to abolish the Church of England, to relinquish to the Houses for twenty years the command of the army, the militia, and the navy; to allow to be excluded from the amnesty seventy-one of his most faithful friends, while all those who had taken arms for him were to be removed from all public functions at the good pleasure of Parliament. On all sides he was urged to accept this disgraceful peace. The queen sent messenger after messenger to him. M. de Bellièvre, the French ambassador, came to Newcastle to advise him to accept it in the name of his court. Several towns in Scotland sent amicable petitions to him. The city of London wished to do likewise: a formal prohibition from the House of Commons only prevented it. Threats were coupled with entreaties. The general assembly of the Scottish Church demanded, if the king should refuse the Covenant, that he should be forbidden to remain on Scottish soil; and the Chancellor of Scotland, Lord Lowsden, made him understand that, deprived of his hereditary kingdom, he might very probably find himself deposed in England.

All was powerless against the king's pride, his religious scruples, and also some secret hope which credulous or intriguing friends still kept alive. After having delayed his reply from day to day, he at length consigned to the commissioners upon the 1st of August, a written message, in which, without absolutely rejecting the proposals, he again demanded that he should be received in London to negotiate with Parliament in person.

The Independents were unable to restrain their joy. "What

is to become of us," said a Presbyterian, "now that the king has refused our proposals?" "What would have become of us if he had accepted them?" replied an Independent. The Scots proposed to withdraw from England; but they required first the settlement of arrears, and their claims were enormous. It was necessary to decide who should have possession of the person of the king. The parties commenced the struggle upon this point.

An understanding was arrived at, however, after bitter words and reciprocal recriminations. The arrears were fixed at four hundred thousand pounds sterling, and the House of Commons finally brought the Lords to accept the vote in the terms it had employed for nearly five months, "that to Parliament alone belonged the right of disposing of the king's person." The Scots resisted feebly, saying that Charles was their sovereign as well as the sovereign of the English. Charles still asked to negotiate in person with Parliament.

The wish was as useless the fifth time as the first. The Houses had just signed the treaty which arranged for the withdrawal of the Scottish army, and how the price should be paid. The king's name was not mentioned in any clause of this negotiation; but, on the 3d of December, 1646, at the moment when the convoy of wagons bearing twenty thousand pound sterling to the Scots entered York, the Houses voted that the king should be conducted to Holmby Castle, in Northamptonshire. On the 12th of January, 1647, nine commissioners — three lords and six members of the Commons — departed from London to take possession respectfully of their sovereign.

The dignity of the king proudly resisted this terrible blow. "I am bought and sold," he said, when he learned that the Parliament of Scotland officially consented to his being consigned into the hands of the English; but he quietly finished

his game of chess, replying to the growing anxiety of his servants that he would make known his will to the commissioners when they should arrive. He awaited them without the confused projects of flight or insurrection, which were being formed around him, having come to any definite result. The people began to have pity for him. One Sunday, at Newcastle, the Scottish minister who preached before him having designated for singing the version of the 52d Psalm beginning, —

“ Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
Thy wicked deeds to praise ? ”

the king suddenly rose and began instead of this the 56th Psalm, commencing, —

“ Have mercy on me, Lord, I pray,
For men would me devour ! ”

The whole congregation joined with him. A last attempt of the Scots in favor of the Covenant having miscarried, the Scottish army delivered both Newcastle and the king into the hands of the English. On the 9th of February, Charles left that town under the escort of a regiment of cavalry, everywhere followed by a numerous crowd which thronged on his way, not hostile but respectful, and asking him to touch the sick afflicted with king's evil. The commissioners became uneasy at this gathering, but their prohibitions were ineffectual. When the king arrived at Holmby, where many gentlemen from the neighborhood had assembled, he openly expressed his gratification at the reception which he had received from his subjects.

Dissensions at Westminster broke out afresh. In possession of the king's person, the Presbyterians, whose influence had once more become paramount in the House, in consequence of the terror which the Independents began to inspire among

moderate men, carried a motion for disbanding the army, except the troops required by the war in Ireland and for garrison duty. Fairfax was to retain command of the reduced forces, but no officer under his orders was to rise above the rank of colonel. All were obliged to conform to the Presbyterian form of government. A loan was voted to pay the arrears due to the soldiers.

Cromwell sat in the House, when this vote dealt a death-blow to the army he had been instrumental in forming, and among whom his authority continued to increase. He remained in London, and burst into protestations of devotion towards Parliament, but the numerous friends who followed his secret inspiration secretly fomented the natural discontent of the army. A petition, modest and friendly in tone, signed only by fourteen officers, was sent in to the Houses. They promised to repair to Ireland at the first order, merely offering their humble advice upon the payment of the troops and the guaranties to which they were entitled. After this petition, which was somewhat ill received, came another, more firm and precise, demanding the prompt settlement of the arrears, the pensions for the widows of the soldiers, and asserting the right of the troops to decline service in Ireland. The petition was read at the head of the regiments, and the officers who refused to sign were assailed with threats.

Parliament became incensed and commanded Fairfax to put an end to all these disorders. The facts were impudently denied. The House sent five commissioners to headquarters, to urge forward the disbandment. Two hundred officers came to meet them. "Who are to command us in Ireland?" asked Lambert, a brilliant soldier, ambitious and skilled in oratory. "Major-General Skippon and Major-General Massey." "They are brave soldiers, but we must have the generals whom we have so often put to the proof." And

all the officers exclaimed at once, "Yes, all of them, Fairfax and Cromwell too." A few days afterwards eight regiments of cavalry refused to repair to Ireland. "A treacherous snare," said the petition brought to the House, "to separate the soldiers from the officers whom they love, and to cover the ambition of a few men who have tasted sovereignty, and in order to remain masters, degenerate into tyrants." The attack was personal. The soldiers who had brought the petitions were sent for. "Where was this letter taken into consideration?" the speaker asked them. "At a meeting of regiments." "Have your officers approved of it?" "Very few know it." "Have you not been Cavaliers?" "We entered the service of Parliament before the battle of Edgehill, and we have never quitted it. We are only the agents of our regiments."

A great uproar arose in the House. Cromwell leaned over towards Ludlow. "Those men," he said, "will have no rest until the army has put them outside by the ears." The instrument was being prepared for the execution. Two councils, one composed of the officers, the other of the representatives of the soldiers, fixed all the proceedings of the army. It was said the army had proposed to the king, if he would place himself at its head, to restore to him his just rights. The Presbyterian leaders took alarm; concessions were made to the soldiers. Cromwell, Ireton, Skippon, Fleetwood, all members of the Commons, were empowered to re-establish a good understanding between Parliament and the army. They repaired to headquarters, where their efforts, certainly not very sincere, brought about no result. The same demands continued to arrive from the army; the immediate disbandment was ordered, and five Presbyterian commissioners set out to see to the execution of the decree. They found the army in a full state of insurrection. In the council of war which Fairfax convoked,

155

THE COMMISSIONERS ORDER THE DISBANDMENT OF THE ARMY.

PLATE GIVEN TO KING CHARLES BY HIS SUBJECTS.

all the officers, with the exception of six, voted that the resolutions of Parliament were not sufficient, and that the army could not separate without more substantial guaranties. Fairfax had become powerless; the power was passing into the hands of the soldiers and the leaders who possessed their confidence. The Presbyterians had now to struggle against a new enemy. If the army joined the king, they were ruined. Their leaders thought of becoming reconciled with the king.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHARLES I. AND CROMWELL. — CAPTIVITY, TRIAL, AND DEATH OF THE KING.

WHILE the Presbyterians were discussing and voting, Cromwell and his friends were acting. On the 4th of June, news arrived in London that on the preceding day the king had been taken away from Holmby by a detachment of seven hundred men, and that the army held him in its power.

It was a cornet named Joyce, in Whalley's regiment, who had performed the feat. Arriving secretly with his detachment of cavalry, he at first introduced himself alone into the castle, then he returned at midnight with his soldiers, desiring to speak with the king. Colonel Graves and the commissioners of Parliament residing with his Majesty refused; they would have closed the iron portcullises, but the new-comers had dismounted and were talking with the garrison. Colonel Graves's men declared that they would not be separated from the rest of the army. At mid-day Joyce was master of the castle. He retired after having stationed sentinels in various parts. In the evening he caused the king to be awakened in order to speak to him. "I will go with you, Mr. Joyce," said Charles, after some conversation, "if your soldiers confirm what you have promised."

On the morrow, at six o'clock in the morning, Joyce's troopers were drawn up in the courtyard. The king appeared upon the steps, and inquired by whose orders he was to be

FAIRFAX KISSING THE KING'S HAND.

removed from Holmby, and asked to see Joyce's commission. "There it is, sir," replied Joyce. "Where?" "There, behind me;" and he pointed to his soldiers. "Never," said the king, smiling, "have I seen such a commission. It is written, I admit, in fair characters, legible without spelling. But know that, to take me away, you will have to use force, if you do not promise me that nothing will be required of me which may wound my conscience and honor." "It is not our manner," said Joyce, "to constrain the conscience of any one, still less that of our king." "Now, gentlemen," said Charles, "for the place you intend to have me to." "To Oxford, if it please your Majesty." "No; the air is not good." "To Cambridge?" "No; I prefer Newmarket; it is an air that has always suited me." "As your Majesty will." And they set off, notwithstanding a last protest from the commissioners of Parliament.

When the news of the capture of the king reached headquarters, it threw Fairfax into an extreme agitation. "I do not like this," he said to Ireton; "who gave such orders?" "I ordered," said Ireton, "that the king should be secured in Holmby, but not that he should be made to depart thence." "It was quite necessary," said Cromwell, who had arrived from London, "otherwise the king would have been taken and brought back to Parliament." Charles received the staff of the army at Childersley, near Cambridge. The majority, Fairfax taking the initiative, kissed his hand with respect. Cromwell and Ireton held aloof. Fairfax protested to the king that he was a stranger to the project of his removal. "I do not believe you," said the king, "unless you hang Joyce." Joyce was sent for. "I have told the king," he said, "that I had no commission from the general. I acted by order of the army. Let it be assembled again; if three-fourths do not approve of the act, I consent to be hanged

at the head of the regiment." Joyce was not hanged. "Sir," said the king to Fairfax on leaving him, "I have as good interest in the army as you." And continuing to complain of the violence which he had suffered, but satisfied in his heart at changing his prison and seeing discord break out among his enemies, he established himself at Newmarket under the care of Colonel Whalley.

Cromwell returned to London. He found the House of Commons a prey to the most violent agitation. Every one imputed to him the audacious stroke of seizing upon the king. He passionately resented the suspicions, taking God, angels, and men to witness that, before that day, Joyce was as much a stranger to him as the light of the sun to the child unborn. All these protestations did not convince the Presbyterians. Hollis and Grimstone sought everywhere for proofs against Cromwell, being determined to demand his arrest. Two officers came to see Grimstone. "Lately," they said to him, "at a meeting of officers it was discussed whether it would not be advisable to purge the army. 'I am sure of the army,' the lieutenant-general said; 'but there is another body which it is more urgent to purge, that is the House of Commons, and the army alone can do it.'" Grimstone took them to Westminster; they repeated their speech before the House. Cromwell rose, then fell upon his knees, bursting into tears, with a vehemence of speech, sobs, and gestures which overcame with emotion and surprise all present; praying the Lord to wreak upon his head all His vengeance if any man in all the kingdom was more faithful than he to the House. Then, rising, he spoke for two hours, being humble and audacious, prolix and impassioned, with so much success that, when he sat down, the paramount influence had passed over to his friends, and that, "if he had wished it," Grimstone himself said, thirty years after-

wards, "the House would have sent us to the Tower, the officers and myself, as calumniators." On that very evening Cromwell secretly quitted London, and, repairing to the army assembled at Triploe Heath, near Cambridge, he openly placed himself at the head of the Independents and the soldiers.

A few days after his arrival the army was marching towards London, and consternation reigned in the Houses which had received the "humble remonstrance" of the soldiers. It was no longer a statement of their own grievances; it was the haughty expression of their wishes regarding the general reform of the state. They demanded, besides, the expulsion of eleven members of the Commons, including Hollis, Stapleton, Maynard, — the enemies, they said, of the army. They advanced, complaining as they came. They were already at St. Alban's, when the Common Council of the city wrote to Fairfax to demand that the army should remain forty miles from London. It was too late, the general replied; they wanted a month's pay. The Houses granted the pay, persisting that the army should turn back. The troops continued their march.

Parliament meanwhile redoubled their concessions. All the reproaches which were addressed, all the requests which were made to them, met with a friendly reception. Remedies were granted for the grievances complained of; the king was invited to reside at Richmond under the sole custody of Parliament. They did all they could to escape the necessity of mutilating their body, by expelling the eleven members designated by the army; but on the 26th of June the headquarters were at Uxbridge. The shops were closed in London, and people spoke openly of the obstinacy and selfishness of the eleven members. At length they offered to retire. Their devotion was accepted with such satisfaction that, on the very day of their retirement, the Commons voted that they

approved of the army in everything, and would provide for its maintenance while commissioners should settle, in co-operation with others representing the soldiers, the affairs of the kingdom. Fairfax consented to withdraw a few miles.

The king was informed that it was no longer desired that he should go to Richmond. "Since my Houses ask me to go to Richmond," he said, "if any one claim to prevent me therefrom it will have to be by force and by seizing the bridle of my horse; and if there be a man who dares attempt it, it will not be my fault if it be his last act." He was informed that the Houses themselves opposed his departure, and that they had yielded in everything to the army. He smiled disdainfully, happy at seeing his first adversaries thus humiliated, and he followed unresistingly the movements of the army. He was carefully guarded, but he enjoyed a liberty which the commissioners of Parliament had not of late allowed him. He had chaplains, a certain number of his friends were admitted into his presence, he was even permitted to see his children, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, with the Princess Elizabeth, and he was allowed to keep them with him for two days. Some few of the leaders of the army, Cromwell and Ireton especially, asked each other whether the favor of the king, restored to his authority by their hands, would not be the best guaranty for their party, and for themselves the surest means of obtaining fortune and power.

The king resolutely forbore from any negotiation with the army, but he was not ignorant of the relations which, with the queen's approval, his valet-de-chambre, Ashburnham, and the former Royalist governor of Exeter, Sir John Berkeley, were maintaining with Cromwell. The latter's negotiations with the army were not without effect: the general council of officers was preparing proposals to remit to the king.

Charles appeared cold and not very eager when Berkeley joyfully brought to him the project intrusted to him by Ireton. Never had anything so moderate been asked of a vanquished monarch. It was required that he should surrender for ten years the appointments to the great offices and the command of the soldiery. The political reforms were numerous, but he was not asked to abolish the Episcopal Church, or to ruin with fines the faithful servants who had fought for him: the exceptions to the amnesty numbered only seven. The king appeared so haughty that Berkeley was confounded. "If they really wished to conclude with me," he said, "they would propose things which I might accept." Then, abruptly ending the interview, he said, "You will soon see them only too happy themselves to accept conditions more equitable."

Berkeley retired, endeavoring to guess the secret of so much confidence, when he learned that a riot had broken out in the City. Westminster was besieged by bands of citizens and apprentices, loudly demanding the return of the king. A petition, consisting of a pledge to do everything in order that the king might return to London with honor and liberty, was instantly covered with a mass of signatures. Everywhere the officers of the army, recently remodelled by the Independents, united themselves with the people. The Presbyterians, defeated both in military operations and in the Houses, felt themselves supported by the popular movement, and resumed the control of the train-bands of London, which had been taken from them. The House of Commons, finding its doors forced open by a furious mob, voted the return of the king. Parliament found itself besieged at once by the people and by the army.

The king and his confidants triumphed, for the insurrection had broken out according to their wish and at their instigation. They were suspected among the army, and the

haughtiness displayed by Ashburnham, who had rejoined his master three days before, redoubled the ill-humor of the representatives of the soldiers, with whom he declined to negotiate. "I have always lived in good company," he said to Berkeley; "I can have nothing in common with these fellows. We must secure the officers, and, through them, we shall have the whole army." The officers themselves began to suspect the double-dealing which Charles was carrying on. "Sire," Ireton said to him, "do you claim to constitute yourself arbitrator between us and the Parliament? It is we who offer to be arbitrators between the Parliament and you." They, however, officially presented their proposals to him. The king listened to them in silence, with an ironical smile, then he rejected them nearly all in few words, and as Ireton was beginning to support them with warmth, Charles abruptly interrupted him: "You cannot be without me," he said; "you will fall to ruin if I do not sustain you." The officers looked in astonishment at Berkeley; the latter approached the king. "Sire," he said to him in a whisper, "your Majesty speaks as if you had some secret strength and power which I do not know of. Since your Majesty hath concealed it from me, I wish you had concealed it from these men too." The king endeavored to soften his words, but the majority of the officers had already adopted their course. It was said everywhere among the army, that there was no possibility of placing reliance on the king. Charles confidently awaited intelligence from London.

News was brought to headquarters by messengers of distinction. More than sixty members of the two Houses, with Lord Manchester and Speaker Lenthall at their head, suddenly made their appearance, coming, they said, to seek the safety and liberty which were denied to them by the fury of the populace. For a week Cromwell and his friends had

been laboring, through the medium of Vane and St. John, to bring about this division in Parliament. They feigned, however, to share in the general surprise. Parliament, the real Parliament, with its legal chiefs and faithful members, was henceforth united with the army and under its protection. Joy shone on every countenance: the Lord was loudly praised.

Berkeley was not so well pleased. He hastened to carry to the king news so fatal to the success of his negotiations, urging him to write to the leaders of the army a letter which would give them reason to hope for a more favorable reception to their proposals. On this condition, Cromwell and Ireton still answered for the inclinations of the army. But the king also had news from London. The members of Parliament remaining in the capital were more numerous than those who had quitted it. They had elected new presiding officers; they had given orders to form regiments; the city was full of ardor, and was preparing to defend itself. The king was formally invited to return to London. The vote proclaimed in the streets might reach him at any moment. "I will wait," said Charles to Berkeley. "There will be time enough to write that letter."

The king waited; then he wrote; but it was not in time. Every day more members of Parliament proceeded to join their colleagues at headquarters. The popular exasperation gave way to fear and uneasiness; compromises were spoken of. Cromwell caused the king to be urged; he still continued to hesitate. Finally, when Ashburnham and Berkeley arrived at headquarters, the bearers of the long-desired letter, the submission of the city had preceded them, and an alliance with the king was no longer of any value to the conquerors. Two days afterwards, on the 6th of August, the army, bringing back the fugitive members in triumph, entered London without one single excess characterizing their march, and Fairfax took

possession of the Tower, of which the Houses had appointed him governor. All the acts passed by Parliament in the absence of the members who had taken refuge with the army were declared null in law, for the troops were encamped around Westminster. Everywhere the army triumphed. Parliament was but a docile and humble instrument in its hands.

It was in the midst of the army itself that fresh difficulties were about to arise. Intoxicated with their triumph, obscure enthusiasts, religious or political fanatics, believed themselves masters, and aspired to alter not only the state, but society itself, and the face of the world. Possessed of a blind but pure ambition, intractable towards any one who appeared to them weak or selfish, they constituted by turns the strength and the danger of the different parties who were all successively compelled to make use of and to deceive them.

Among these fanatics Cromwell had formerly found a few of his most useful agents, but they now began to distrust him. The Lord had delivered into the hands of His servants all their enemies. And yet they continued to live upon good terms with the "delinquents," even with the greatest of them all, who had been permitted to establish himself at Hampton Court, where he was served with idolatrous pomp. His most dangerous councillors were allowed to approach him, and the generals themselves saw him frequently. Rumors were in circulation at the meetings of the soldiers, and Lilburne, indomitable still even in the prison to which the Upper House had consigned him on account of his pamphlets, wrote to Cromwell: "If you despise my warnings as you have hitherto done, know that I will set forth against you all that I have of strength and influence, in order to produce changes in your fortune, which will be very little to your liking."

Cromwell did not remain unmoved by all these indications. He begged the king to permit more reserve to exist in respect

to their relations. "If I am an honest man," he said, "I have said enough to convince his Majesty of the sincerity of my intentions, otherwise nothing would suffice." But with an increase of prudence, the relations of Cromwell with the king did not become less active. The strong, well-balanced mind of the general doubted the success of the Republicans; the plans of these enthusiasts appeared to him chimerical, and disorder was irritating to him. Charles lavished promises, personal now rather than political and general. To Ireton was offered the command of Ireland; to Cromwell, the command of the armies, the Order of the Garter, and the title of Earl of Essex. Silence was not always maintained as to these negotiations, and rumors of them reached the army, which became every day more resentful and defiant. Two great Scottish noblemen, Lord Lauderdale and Lord Lanark, came to Hampton Court, again to urge the king to unite himself finally with the Presbyterians and the Scots, who alone were sincere in the desire of saving him. This, for the duplicity natural to Charles, was a new power. Everything was made known in the council of the agitators. The soldiers separated themselves from their chiefs. Some officers and a few members of the Commons placed themselves at their head. It was reported that a Scottish army was about to march to the king's aid, and that the English Cavaliers were preparing an insurrection. Cromwell became more and more perplexed. All his skill did not suffice to divine the real intentions of the king. He saw the army, the instrument upon which he had counted, upon the point of slipping from his grasp. The day had come for a decision.

It was the king himself who caused the scale to incline towards his ruin. Cromwell had been informed by one of the spies whom he kept at Hampton Court, that a confidential letter from the king to the queen was to be forwarded con-

cealed in a saddle, which a man who was not in the secret would carry upon his head. At the time indicated, Cromwell and Ireton, clad like simple troopers, were at the Blue Boar Inn in Holborn, awaiting the messenger. He appeared; they fell upon him, sword in hand, seized the saddle, broke open the sides, took therefrom the letter, then returned the saddle to the messenger, saying to him in a good-humored way that he was a worthy fellow, and that he might proceed on his way.

The letter was indeed confidential. Charles had written to the queen that the two factions were courting him equally, and that he rather preferred to treat with the Scottish Presbyterians than with the army. "Beside ^{us,}" he said, "rest entirely easy as to whatever concessions I shall make them, for I shall know in due time how to deal with the rogues, who, instead of a silken garter, shall be fitted with a hempen cord." The two generals eyed each other, and, all their suspicions thus confirmed, returned immediately to their quarters at Windsor, henceforth with no more uncertainty in regard to their designs towards the king than in regard to his towards them.

It was time that their policy should cease to be embarrassed and wavering. The wrath of the enthusiasts had burst forth. On the 9th of October, five regiments of cavalry — among them figured that of Cromwell himself — caused to be drawn up by new agitators, under the name of "Situation of the Army," a long declaration of their principles and demands, which was presented to the general. On the 1st of November, a second pamphlet, entitled "Agreement of the People," was addressed to the whole nation in the name of sixteen regiments. In both papers the soldiers accused the officers of treason and the Houses of extortion. The wildest and most anarchical theories were mingled with a few noble ideas. No

more royalty and no more Upper House; the House of Commons elected for two years only: such was the gist of the popular desires which threw the leaders into agitation and uneasiness. The two Houses voted prosecutions against the authors of the pamphlets, but at the same time they decided that the king was obliged to accept all that Parliament should propose. The committee of officers was compelled to promise to the agitators that the question of the preservation of the royal office should be freely discussed at a general meeting of the army, which would then be able collectively to make manifest its sentiments.

When the day fixed upon arrived (November 6th), all discussion was prohibited. The officers and agitators received orders to return to their regiments. Three partial meetings were appointed in the cantonments of the principal corps. Meanwhile the council of officers was to suspend its sittings, to allow the general and Parliament to act alone. Cromwell had decided on his course of action. He had determined not to separate himself from the army, and not to let it be destroyed by disunion and want of discipline. The soldiers clamored to be rid of the king; only he who would yield in this to their will could retain their obedience and wield their strength. Cromwell was resolved to be that man.

From that moment the situation of the king underwent a change. The friends who surrounded him received orders to depart. His most trustworthy servants, Ashburnham and Berkeley, were withdrawn from him. The guards were doubled around him, and from all parts came to him sinister warnings of abduction and assassination.

Charles was oppressed by a growing anxiety. His imagination, sensitive and keen, though sober, was shaken. Projects of flight began to spring up in his mind; but where was he to take refuge? The Scottish commissioners offered to facil-

itate his escape, but the Scots had already once delivered him up to Parliament. Mention was made of the island of Jersey. It was far off, and the king was not inclined to quit English soil. Cromwell meanwhile, in every way possible, caused it to be insinuated that flight was a necessity. The Isle of Wight was proposed, of which the governor, Colonel Hammond, was the nephew of the king's chaplain. This proposal pleased Charles, but he continued to hesitate, notwithstanding anonymous letters which warned him that the danger was urgent, — that a nocturnal council of the agitators had resolved to get rid of him. At length, on the 11th of November, at nine o'clock in the evening, the king left the palace by a secret staircase, with one valet-de-chambre, and crossing the park, reached the forest, where Ashburnham and Berkeley, who had been hurriedly warned, awaited him. The night was dark and the fugitives lost their way. Not till daybreak did they arrive at the little town of Sutton in Hampshire, where a relay was waiting. When they reached Southampton, opposite the Isle of Wight, Ashburnham and Berkeley went across first, in order to sound the governor, while the king took refuge in the neighboring castle of Titchfield, inhabited by the mother of Lord Southampton. The two messengers met the governor on horseback upon the road, and informed him of the motive of their coming. Hammond turned pale; the reins of his horse slipped from his grasp. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have undone me by bringing the king into this island, if you have brought him. If he is not here yet, I implore you do not let him come. . . ." A long conversation ensued; the governor at length appeared to give way. "The king," he said, "shall have no cause to complain of me. I will perform whatever can be expected from a man of honor and honesty. Let us go to him together." They arrived at Titchfield. Ashburnham ascended alone to the king.

After his account, "Ah! John, John," exclaimed Charles, "you have undone me by bringing the governor here. Do you not see that now I cannot stir?" Ashburnham protested the good intentions of Hammond. The king seemed very unhappy, walking hurriedly about the apartment, with an expression of the keenest anguish. "Sire," said Ashburnham, in his turn agitated, "the colonel is here with one man only; nothing is so easy as to secure him." "What?" replied the king; "do you mean to kill him? Would you have it said that I infamously deprived him of the life he hazarded for me? No, no; it is too late to adopt another course. We must resign ourselves to the will of God." And he sent for Hammond and received him with frankness and confidence. It was late in the afternoon when they embarked for the island. A rumor had been spread abroad that the king was coming. The inhabitants came out to meet him. It was affirmed that they were all devoted to him. The anxiety of the unfortunate king subsided on the morrow morning, as he contemplated the magnificent view which presented itself from the windows of Carisbrooke Castle. "After all," he said to Ashburnham, "this governor is an honorable man. I am here protected from agitators. I believe I shall have reason after all to congratulate myself upon my resolve."

The news of the king's flight caused great consternation at Westminster. It was soon known that he had taken refuge in the Isle of Wight. Colonel Hammond hastened to write to the Houses and to the lieutenant-general, protesting his devotion, and asking for instructions. Cromwell gave notice of the event in Parliament with a gayety which astonished even the least suspicious, but whose cause the shrewdest in vain endeavored to divine.

Two days later he repaired with Fairfax to the first of the three appointed meetings of the army. This was near Ware,

in Hertfordshire. Seven regiments only, and those the most moderate, had been convoked for that day. But, upon arriving at the designated place, the generals found nine regiments instead of seven; that of Harrison, cavalry, and that of Robert Lilburne, infantry, had come without orders. Carried away by the most violent excitement, they bore, affixed to their caps, "*Liberty for England*," and from time to time their shouts resounded in the plain, excited by certain officers and a few members of the House of Commons who had placed themselves at the head of the fanatics. Calmly and seriously the generals advanced and caused a remonstrance to be read, reproaching the new negotiators with their culpable conspiracies, the soldiers with their want of discipline and their distrustfulness. Seven regiments greeted the reading with loud acclamations. Fairfax advanced towards the regiment commanded by Harrison. Scarcely had the troopers heard his voice, when they tore from their caps the "*Liberty for England*," vowing to live and die with their general. Cromwell went straight up to Lilburne's regiment, which stood by itself uttering seditious outcries. "Take that paper from your hats," he said to the soldiers, and when they refused, he abruptly entered the ranks and ordered fourteen of the most mutinous to be arrested. Upon the instant a court-martial was formed, and three soldiers were condemned to death. "Let lots be drawn," the council ordered, "and one of them be shot upon the spot." Richard Arnold, a fiery agitator, upon whom the lot fell, was led out and shot in front of his regiment; and the thirteen other prisoners were put in irons. Silence reigned in the plain. All the regiments returned to their quarters without a murmur. The army appeared to be once more in the hands of its leaders.

Cromwell, however, did not deceive himself in respect to his victory. Scarcely recovered from their stupor, officers,

•

PORTRAIT OF LORD FAIRFAX

•

subalterns, and private soldiers came in crowds to declare to the lieutenant-general that no severity could turn them aside from their designs ; that they were determined to rid themselves of the king and to establish a republic ; and that they would divide the army rather than abandon their undertaking. Cromwell was careful not to reduce them to this extremity. Without giving them any positive answer, he let them understand that he also was dissatisfied with the king, that he had possibly allowed himself to be dazzled for a moment by worldly glories, but that he had recognized his error. He dwelt at the same time upon the necessity of discipline in the army. The agitators confessed their transgressions like their general. While the Houses were voting their thanks to Fairfax and Cromwell for the firmness with which they had repressed insubordination, a great gathering and a solemn banquet, at which were present officers, agitators, and preachers, sealed that reconciliation whose price was the destruction of the king.

Meanwhile, Charles, informed of the result of the assembly at Ware, had hastened to dispatch Berkeley to the generals, to remind them of their promises. On arriving, Berkeley felt some uneasiness. The trial of the king was spoken of. He was, however, introduced into the council of the officers, and delivered his letters. "We are the army of the Parliament," said Fairfax, in a severe tone. "We have nothing to reply to the proposals of his Majesty. It is for Parliament to decide." Berkeley, in astonishment, eyed Cromwell and Ireton ; they remained impassive. The king's letters were handed to them ; they gave no answer. "I will do my best to continue to serve the king," Cromwell at last sent word ; "but let him not expect me to undo myself for love of him." Trustworthy counsellors advised the king to flee to the Continent, if it were possible ; a vessel sent by the queen was cruis

ing, it was said, in the vicinity of the island; but a fresh intrigue in the meanwhile had revived the king's hopes. Parliament had just voted four propositions or bills. If the king should accept them, he was to be admitted to negotiate in person with the Houses. These bills were a justification of the war which had brought Charles to imprisonment. On his part they involved a veritable abdication. He was determined not to accept them, but he did not say so, for the proposals of Parliament would be of use to him, he thought, in the secret relations which he had renewed with the Scottish commissioners. "We must wait," he said to Berkeley, on his return; "I wish to conclude with the Scots before quitting the kingdom. If they were to see me out of the hands of the army, they would be much more exacting."

A few days subsequently, Lords Lauderdale, Lowden, and Lanark, having arrived at Carisbrooke at the same time as the Parliamentary commissioners, the treaty with Scotland was concluded, signed, and buried in a garden. The king, about to make his escape from the Isle of Wight and take refuge upon the Scottish border, definitively refused the proposals of Parliament, demanding to negotiate in person without being pledged to accept anything. The commissioners made no effort to induce him to alter his mind: they departed, and a few hours after their departure, as the king was conferring with his confidants upon the means of escape for the following night, the gates of the castle were closed, the guards were doubled, and the servants of the king received orders to quit the island. The wrath and the reproaches of the king were alike powerless to move Hammond. All hope of flight was at an end.

In Parliament Ireton bluntly proposed to settle public affairs without the king. "The king," he said, "has denied safety

and protection to his people; it is for us to settle the kingdom without him." The Presbyterians rose against the measure. "Mr. Speaker," said Cromwell, "the king is a man of great parts, but so false that no one could trust him. While he protests his love of peace, he is engaged in secret treaties with the Scottish commissioners to embroil the nation into a new war. The time has arrived for Parliament to govern and defend the kingdom by their own power and resolution. The men who have defended Parliament from so many dangers with the expense of their blood, will defend them herein with fidelity and courage against all opposition. Teach them not, by neglecting your own and the kingdom's safety, to think themselves betrayed, lest despair teach them to seek their safety by some other means than adhering to you who will not stick to yourselves: and how destructive such a resolution in them will be to you all I tremble to say, and I leave you to judge!" He resumed his seat, his hand upon his sword. The motion was voted without further opposition. After some hesitation, it also passed on the 15th of January, 1648, in the House of Lords. Warwick and Manchester alone protested against the measure.

Violent indignation burst forth in all parts of the kingdom; a multitude of voices, up to this time uncertain, now united to those of the Cavaliers in cursing this detestable treason. Never had so many rumors of Royalist plots, never had so many or such violent pamphlets threatened Westminster. The Presbyterians, vanquished in Parliament as well as in the army, took courage at these tokens of the public wrath. Cromwell, always prudent and sensible, endeavored to unite himself with this party, urging them at least to postpone their quarrels and to face in concert the new perils which it was easy to foresee. They would agree to nothing. Cromwell encountered the same resistance among the Repub-

lican party which had been formed in the House. Ludlow, Vane, Hutchinson, Sydney, Haslerig, loudly declared themselves opposed to the continuance of the monarchy, which was condemned, they said, by the Bible. Ardent in their fanaticism, they troubled themselves little about the external dangers which menaced their cause. Hamilton was in the ascendant in Scotland. The Scottish Parliament had voted the raising of an army of forty thousand men for the defence of the country, it was said; while in the north of England, in the west, in Wales, and even in the counties of Kent and Essex, the Cavaliers openly set up the royal standard, boldly recruiting for the king, with the support, in various places, of almost the entire population. The Presbyterians took advantage of the breeze which was blowing, and obtained a vote of the House of Commons, on the 28th of April, 1641, that they would not change the existing form of government by king, lords, and commons. Notwithstanding the vote which prohibited any address to the king, every member was to be at liberty to propose what the interest of the country should appear to him to require. A few days later, Cromwell, weary of inaction and perplexity, suspected by some for his attempts to bring about an arrangement, by others for the hastiness of his measures, resolved to fight the insurgents in the west, and to seize once more by the sword the ascendancy which was slipping from him. He had scarcely set out for Wales when an insurrection burst forth in all parts, and Fairfax and Lambert also took the field, the former to defend the environs of London, the latter to march towards the north.

The Scots made haste, being forewarned by the heedless ardor of the Cavaliers. Hamilton had been able to gather only fourteen thousand men when he crossed the border on the 8th of July. The news of the invasion caused great excitement at Westminster. Fairfax had promptly reduced the

insurgents of the south, but they had taken refuge in Colchester, and the general was detained before the town by their courageous resistance. Cromwell was likewise besieging Pembroke Castle, the bulwark of the Royalists of the west. Lambert had great difficulty in holding in check the Cavaliers of Langdale and Musgrove in the north; he could not struggle alone against so many enemies. Alarm was taken; it was resolved to press forward the new negotiations opened up with the king. This time the Commons abandoned the three bills which they had wished to make the preliminary condition of any negotiation. Meanwhile, the war committee, sitting at Derby House, in which the Independents had the majority, sent money and reinforcements to Lambert, urging Cromwell to join him, and secretly writing to the latter to fear nothing, to act with vigor, and to count upon his friends, whatever distrust he might formerly have encountered from them.

Cromwell had waited neither for orders nor for promises. Being well informed of the movements of the Scottish army, he had written a month before to Lambert to fall back as soon as it should appear, and to avoid any engagement until he should be able to join him. "Send me some shoes for my poor tired soldiers," he wrote to the committee of Derby House; "they have a long march to make." Pembroke Castle had capitulated, and Cromwell set out for the north with extraordinary rapidity. On the 7th of August, Langdale, who marched with the English Cavaliers in front of the Scottish army, sent word to the Duke of Hamilton that Cromwell was approaching, and that everything indicated upon his part an intention of beginning the attack. "Impossible," replied the duke; "he has not had time to be here. If Cromwell be near, of a certainty it is with a small army; he will be very careful not to attack us;" and

he transferred his headquarters to Preston. But Langdale's Cavaliers were already fighting with the enemy; reinforcements were asked for; the duke promised them, and did not send them. After a desperate resistance, Langdale was compelled to retreat, and Cromwell marched straight upon Hamilton, whom he defeated without difficulty. Three battles and three successive defeats soon cooled the ardor of the Scots. A tumultuous despair took possession of the army; the entire force of infantry surrendered. Hamilton, at the head of the cavalry, altered his course and proceeded towards the north-east, endeavoring to reach Scotland. He was pursued; his troops mutinied; he surrendered, accepting the conditions imposed upon him by Lambert. After a campaign of five days, Cromwell in his turn entered Scotland, determined to wrest from the Royalist Presbyterians all means of action and of success. Scarcely had he arrived when an insurrection took place in his favor, against the influence of the vanquished Hamilton. Argyle and his friends, borne back into power, received Cromwell in Edinburgh with the greatest honors. He left there Lambert and two regiments to protect their government; then he set out for London, where the great game was being played. The negotiations with the king had begun: fifteen Parliamentary commissioners had been sent to treat with Charles in the Isle of Wight.

The king disputed the ground step by step; he was urged to accept everything, and assured that the treaty being once concluded, Satan himself could not dissolve it. "Consider, if you call this a treaty," said Charles, "whether it be not like the fray in the comedy, where the man comes out and says, 'There has been a fray and no fray;' and being asked how that could be, 'Why,' says he, 'there hath been three blows given, and I had them all.' Look, therefore, whether this be not a parallel case. Observe whether I have not

granted absolutely most of your propositions, and with great moderation limited only some few of them: nay, consider whether you have made me any one concession." The concessions of the king were more apparent than real. He wrote to Ormond, "Obey my wife's orders, not mine, until I shall let you know I am free from all restraint; nor trouble yourself about my concessions as to Ireland; they will lead to nothing;" and to Sir William Hopkins, after consigning to the Houses for twenty years the command of the forces, "But for the hope of an early escape never would I have yielded in such a way. My captivity at present would break my heart, for I have done what my escape alone can justify."

The day had in fact arrived when escape alone could save the king. Cromwell was approaching London, and already his influence was felt in the energy of the resolutions. Charles was informed that troops were landing in the island, and that he would be carried off during the night. The guards were numerous; sentinels were stationed in all parts. However, Colonel Cook, an officer devoted to the king, possessed the watchword. He proposed to pass Charles with him; the friends of the king pressed him. His sensitive dignity took alarm. "No," he said; "they have given me their word; I have given them mine; I will not betray it." "But, sire, I presume that by 'they' and 'their' your Majesty means the Parliament; all is now changed; it is the army that desires to cast your Majesty in prison." "No matter, I will not betray my word. Good night. I am going to sleep as long as I can." "Sire, I fear that it will not be long." "As it pleases God." It was one o'clock in the morning. The king sought his couch. At daybreak he was carried off by a detachment of cavalry under the orders of Lieutenant-general Cobbett, and transported to Hurst Castle, where he was lodged in an apartment so dark that at mid-day torches

were required to light it. "They could not name a worse," said the unhappy prisoner, on being informed of his destination.

At this news anger and terror seized upon Parliament. It was proposed to vote that the king's replies were suitable for a basis of peace. The discussion lasted for a long time, and was hot and angry; the royal cause was defended by Prynne, who, twelve years before, had maintained the severest contest against the tyranny of Laud and the court. "I am accused of apostasy, Mr. Speaker," he said. "Here are all the favors that I have ever received of his Majesty or his party. They caused my ears to be cut off in the most barbarous fashion; they placed me three times in the pillory; they caused my works to be burned before my eyes, and by the hand of the executioner; they inflicted upon me two fines, each of five thousand pounds sterling . . .;" and continuing with agitated eloquence the picture of his grievances, he dwelt nevertheless upon the evils which threatened the nation if it should not be reconciled with the king, concluding with these words: "Notwithstanding the threats of the army and whatever may happen, *fiat justitia et ruat cælum*, let us do our duty and leave the event to God." The House accepted the resolution by a hundred and forty votes against a hundred and four. Once more the Independents were defeated.

They had arrived at the point at which legal defeats are met by force. The Republican statesmen, Ludlow and Hutchinson, allied themselves with the army; Fairfax was left ignorant of all that was passing. On the 6th of December, a regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel Pride, and one of cavalry commanded by Colonel Rich, occupied the courtyard and avenues of the palace of Westminster. As the members arrived, Pride, standing at the entrance, referred to

a list which he held in his hand. "You will not enter," he said to those whose names were inscribed upon his document, and he even ordered those who were most obnoxious to be seized. It was found necessary to drag Prynne to the foot of the staircase. Two members only, among those who were designated, succeeded in entering the Hall; these were Mr. Stephens and Colonel Birch. They were induced to come out by false pretexts, and were arrested like the others. The House in vain endeavored to resist; the sergeant-at-arms, whom it sent, was unable to reach the captive members whose exclusion the army caused to be solemnly demanded. The prisoners asked to see Colonel Pride. "I have not time," said the rough soldier; "I have something else to do." Politely put off by Fairfax, they did not see him again. On the 7th, forty more members suffered the fate of their predecessors. When the House, thus mutilated and subjugated, at length voted that it would take into consideration the proposals of the army, the twenty-eight members who had protested against this act of suicide retired of their own accord. Voluntarily, or under coercion, a hundred and forty-three members of the House of Commons had ceased to sit upon its benches. The army and the Republicans at length found themselves in full possession of power. Cromwell proceeded to resume his seat at Westminster. "God be my witness," he repeated everywhere, "that I had not been acquainted with this design, yet since it is done I am glad of it, and will endeavor to maintain it." He established himself at Whitehall, in the very apartments of the king.

On the 17th of December, in the middle of the night, Charles was awakened by the noise of the drawbridge, and the sound of a troop of horsemen entering the court-yard of the castle. Before daybreak he sent his groom of the chamber, Herbert, to ascertain who had arrived. "It is Major

Harrison, sire," the faithful servant announced. The king appeared agitated; he had tears in his eyes. "Your pardon, sire," said Herbert; "I am dismayed at perceiving your Majesty so much troubled and concerned at this news." "I am not afraid," replied Charles; "but do not you know that this is the same who intended to assassinate me, as by letter I was informed during the late treaty? I would not be surprised; this is a place fit for such a purpose. Go again and make further inquiry into his business." Herbert returned to say that Harrison was commissioned to take the king to Windsor. "With all my heart!" said Charles joyfully; "they are becoming more tractable. Windsor is a spot where I have always found pleasure. I shall there be compensated for what I have suffered here." A few days later, the king arrived in Windsor, delighted to return to one of his palaces, to occupy his usual apartment there, with the customary ceremonial. He almost forgot that he was a prisoner.

On the same day, at that very moment, the Commons were voting that the king should be impeached, and appointed a committee to prepare the charge. The stern, enthusiastic Republicans desired a public and solemn trial, which would prove their power and proclaim their right. No one had been more ardent than Cromwell in bringing about this step; but he never forgot his prudent measures. "Should any one have voluntarily proposed," he said, "to bring the king to punishment, I should have regarded him as the greatest traitor; but since Providence and necessity have cast us upon it, I will pray to God for a blessing on your counsels, though I am not prepared to give you any advice on this important occasion." It was voted that the king had rendered himself guilty of high treason by waging war with Parliament. A High Court, composed of a hundred and fifty

commissioners, was immediately constituted to try him. All the important men of the party were to form part of it, save St. John and Vane, who formally declared that they disapproved of the act and would take no part in it. The House of Lords protested. Some feeling of pride appeared to revive in its bosom. "There is no Parliament without the king," maintained Lord Manchester. "The king cannot be a traitor towards the Parliament." The measure was rejected. The Commons declared that, the people being, after God, the origin of all just power, the Commons of England, representing the people, are alone the supreme authority. The High Court, reduced to a hundred and thirty-eight members, received from the Commons orders to assemble without delay, to settle the preparations for the trial.

It met in fact with this object from the 8th to the 19th of January, under the presidency of John Bradshaw, a cousin of Milton and an esteemed lawyer, grave and gentle in his manners, but of a narrow and harsh mind, a sincere and ambitious fanatic. Already division had broken out in the court itself; on no occasion did more than fifty-eight members attend the preparatory sittings. Fairfax was present the first time, but never appeared there again. Others came merely to proclaim their opposition. Algernon Sidney, the son of Lord Leicester, feared the aversion which such an act would inspire in the people towards a republic. "No one will stir," exclaimed Cromwell, annoyed by such forebodings. "I tell you that we will cut his head off with the crown upon it." "Do as you please," replied Sidney; "I cannot prevent you; but, of a surety, I will have no hand in this matter;" and he went out, to return no more. The king was summoned to appear, on the 20th of January, before the court, at Westminster Hall. On the 17th, as if the condemnation had already been pronounced, a committee was

appointed to take an exact inventory of the furniture in all the royal palaces, henceforth to be the property of Parliament.

The king lived at Windsor in a strange security, more cheerful than his servants had seen him for a long while. "I have three cards to play," he said, "and the poorest may enable me to regain all." A significant trifle, however, came to trouble his repose. Up to this time he had been served upon bended knee, with all the forms used at court. Suddenly, upon an order from headquarters, this ceremonial ceased, and the canopy which surmounted the royal chair was taken away. Charles was keenly affected at this. "Is there anything more contemptible than a despised prince?" he said; and he chose henceforth to take his meals in his apartment, in order to escape the contrast between the present and the past, in this same Windsor Castle.

On the 19th of January the king was transferred to London, and lodged in St. James's Palace. "God is everywhere," he said, when attendants came to prepare him for departure, "and everywhere the same in power and goodness." Nevertheless he was visibly affected.

On the morrow, the 20th, towards noon, it was announced to the High Court that the king, borne in a closed sedan-chair between two rows of soldiers, was about to arrive. Cromwell hastened to the window, pale, but nevertheless very animated. "He is come! he is come!" he said; "and now we are doing that great work that the whole nation will be full of; therefore I desire you let us resolve here what answer we shall give the king when he comes before us: for the first question he will ask us will be by what authority and commission we do try him." No one spoke. "In the name of the Commons and Parliament assembled, and of all the good people of England," said Henry Martyn.

The doors opened; the mob rushed into the Hall. "Sergeant," said Bradshaw, "let the prisoner be brought in."

The king appeared in the custody of Colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers. He advanced, cast a long and severe look upon the tribunal, and sat down, without removing his hat, in an arm-chair prepared for him at the bar; then, rising, he looked behind him at the guard placed upon the left, and the crowd of spectators on the right of the Hall; he resumed his seat, fixed his eyes upon the judges, and waited.

Bradshaw immediately arose. "Charles Stuart, King of England," he said, "the Commons of England, assembled in Parliament, being deeply sensible of the calamities that have been brought upon this nation which are fixed upon you as the principal author of them, have resolved to make inquiry for blood. You are about to hear the charges which weigh upon you."

The solicitor-general, Coke, immediately read the indictment, which, imputing to the king all the evils arising first from his tyranny, afterwards from the war, demanded that justice should be done to him as a tyrant, a traitor, and a murderer. The king remained calm, casting quiet glances at his judges. For a moment he rose again, turned his back to the tribunal to look behind him, and sat down again, with an air of mingled indifference and curiosity. At the words "Charles Stuart, tyrant, traitor, and murderer," he smiled, albeit he still preserved silence.

"Sir," said Bradshaw, "you have heard your charge read; the court expects your answer."

THE KING. — "I would know by what power I am called hither. I was, not long ago, in the Isle of Wight, in treaty with both Houses of Parliament, with as much public faith as is possible to be had. We were upon a conclusion of the treaty. I would know by what authority, I mean lawful,

for there are many unlawful authorities in the world, as of thieves and robbers by the highways; but I would, I say, know by what authority I was brought from thence and carried from place to place, and I know not what. When I know by what lawful authority, I shall answer."

BRADSHAW. — "The court requires you, in the name of the people of England, of which you are elected king, to answer them."

THE KING. — "I deny that England was ever an elective kingdom. It has been for these thousand years an hereditary one. Therefore tell me by what authority I am called hither. I will stand as much for the privileges of the House of Commons rightly understood as any man here. I see no House of Lords here that may constitute a Parliament; and the king too should have been. Is this the bringing the king to his Parliament?"

Bradshaw became impatient. The court was adjourned to the following Monday. On retiring, the king touched with his staff the sword resting upon the table. "I do not fear that," he said. As he descended the staircase, a few voices were heard crying "justice! justice!" but a much greater number exclaimed, "God save the king! God save your Majesty!"

The same scene was enacted at the second sitting. "We are not sitting here to reply to your questions," said Bradshaw to the king. "Plead to the charge, guilty or not guilty."

THE KING. — "Show me that jurisdiction where reason is not to be heard."

BRADSHAW. — "Sir, we show it to you here — the Commons of England. Sergeant, take away the prisoner."

The king turned abruptly towards the people. "Remember," said he, "that the King of England is condemned

without being suffered to give his reasons for the liberty and freedom of the subject." An almost general cry arose of "God save the king!"

The same cry resounded incessantly around Westminster, stifling the voices demanding "Justice! execution!" One day, as the king was passing by, coming from the sitting, a soldier exclaimed, "God bless you, sire!" An officer struck him with his cane. "Sir," said the king, who was being brought forth, "the punishment exceeds the offence." The proceedings of Queen Henrietta-Maria, of the Prince of Wales, of the commissioners of Scotland, maintained the public indignation and sympathy which were every day manifested more clearly in favor of Charles. Announcement was made of the early arrival of an embassy extraordinary from the States-general of Holland, to intervene in favor of the king. This was the signal for the catastrophe.

On the 24th and 25th of January, the court heard the depositions of thirty-two witnesses. On the latter day, at the close of the sitting, and almost without discussion, the condemnation of the king as a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy, was voted. Scott, Martyn, Harrison, Ireton, and three others were intrusted to draw up the sentence, which was adopted on the morrow with closed doors.

On the 27th, at mid-day, as the sitting was being opened by a call of the House, the name of Fairfax was uttered. "He has too much wit to be here," said the voice of a woman from the back of a gallery. After a moment's silence and hesitation the proceedings were resumed: sixty-seven members were present. When the king entered the Hall, a violent cry was raised among the soldiers of "Execution! justice! execution!" The crowd, in consternation, remained silent.

"Sir," said the king to Bradshaw before seating himself,

"I shall desire a word; and I hope I shall give no occasion of interruption."

BRADSHAW. — "Sir, you may answer in your time. Hear the court first."

THE KING. — "Sir, I desire — It will be in order to what the court, I believe, the court will say. Sir, a hasty judgment is not so soon recalled."

BRADSHAW. — "Sir, you shall be heard before the judgment be given." The king sat down.

"Gentlemen," said Bradshaw, "it is well known that the prisoner here at the bar has been brought before the court in the name of the people of England —"

"Not half the people!" exclaimed the same voice which had answered to the name of Fairfax. "Where are the people and their consents? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!" The whole assembly shuddered; all looks were turned towards the gallery. "Fire upon her, soldiers!" exclaimed Axtell. Lady Fairfax was recognized.

The tumult increased. The king endeavored to speak. "I desire," he said, when Bradshaw had ended his speech, "that I may have a conference with a committee of Lords and Commons, upon a proposal which is of far more consequence to the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of my subjects than to my own preservation."

A violent agitation spread throughout the court and the assembly. Friends and enemies alike endeavored to guess what the king might have to propose in this conference with the two Houses. Many persons thought that he desired to abdicate in favor of his son. The embarrassment of the court was extreme; the soldiers murmured loudly, lighting their pipes and blowing the smoke into the king's face. The latter desired to speak, the cries of "Justice! execution!" redoubled around him. Agitated at length, and losing his

self-control, he exclaimed, "Hear me! hear me!" The agitation extended to the members of the tribunal. One of them, Colonel Downs, was restrained with great difficulty by his two neighbors. "Have we hearts of stone?" he said; "are we men?" "You will undo us all," he was told. "It matters not," replied Downs; "were I to die for it I must do it." At these words Cromwell, who sat below him, turned round abruptly. "Are you in your senses, colonel?" he said. "Can you not be silent?" "No," replied Downs, "I cannot;" and immediately rising, "My Lord," he said to the President, "my conscience is not sufficiently clear to allow me to deny the request of the prisoner. I ask that the court retire to deliberate upon it." "Since one of the members desires it," Bradshaw gravely replied, "the court must retire;" and they all proceeded to the adjacent hall.

Alone in the presence of all his colleagues, Downs was soon overcome. The court resumed the sitting. Bradshaw declared to the king that it rejected his proposal. "I will add nothing, sir," replied the king, visibly overwhelmed; "I would only desire that what I have said may be recorded." And he listened to the judgment in silence, with a serious gravity which only gave way towards the end. He appeared agitated, and endeavored to speak. The whole court rose to give its assent to the sentence. "Sir," said the king abruptly, "will you hear me, a word?"

BRADSHAW. — "Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence."

THE KING. — "No, sir?"

BRADSHAW. — "No, sir, by your favor. Guard, withdraw the prisoner."

THE KING. — "I may speak after the sentence. By your favor, sir, I may speak after the sentence — By your favor — hold — The sentence, sir — I say, sir — that — I am

not permitted to speak; expect what justice other people will have."

At this moment some soldiers surrounded him, and dragged him violently to the spot where his close chair awaited him. On descending the staircase he was insulted; lighted pipes were thrown under his feet; tobacco-smoke was blown in his face. The same threatening cry still resounded in his ears, "Justice! execution!" With these exclamations, however, the people at times mingled their own: "God save your Majesty! God deliver your Majesty from the hands of your enemies!" As long as he was not shut up in his chair the bearers remained bareheaded, notwithstanding the threats and even the blows of Axtell. Whitehall being reached, the king regained his composure; he shrugged his shoulders at the cries of the soldiers. "Poor men," he said, on getting out of his chair, "for a little money they would do as much against their commanders."

Having entered his apartment, "Herbert," said the king to his faithful servant, "my nephew, the Prince Elector, will endeavor to visit me, and some other lords that love me, which I would take in good part; but my time is short and precious, I am desirous to improve it the best I may in preparation. I hope they will not take it ill that none have access unto me but my children. The best office they can now do is to pray for me;" and he sent for the Bishop of London, Juxon. As the latter, upon approaching him, gave way to his grief, "Let us leave that, my lord," said Charles, "we have no time to spare. Let us think of our great affair. I must resign myself to meet my God. We will not talk of those rogues in whose hands I am. They thirst for my blood, and they will have it, and God's will be done. I thank God I heartily forgive them, and I will talk of them no more!" He remained all day closeted

CHILDREN OF THE KING.

with the bishop, receiving none of those who presented themselves to see him.

On the morrow, the 29th, his children were brought to him. The Princess Elizabeth, who was twelve years of age, burst into tears at the sight of her father. The Duke of Gloucester, who was but eight years old, cried with his sister. The king took them upon his knees, and shared a few jewels between them. He consoled his daughter, appointing some pious reading for her. He enjoined her to tell her brothers that he had pardoned his enemies; and to say to her mother that, to the last moment, he would love her as on the first day. Then, turning towards the little duke, "Sweetheart," he said to him, "now they will cut off thy father's head." The child looked fixedly at him with a very serious air. "Mark, child, what I say! They will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee king; but thou must not be king as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive; for they will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them, and thy head too they will cut off at last. Therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them." "I will be torn in pieces first," replied the child, greatly disturbed. The king embraced him with delight, put him down, kissed his daughter, and blessed them both; then suddenly rising, "Have them taken away," he said to Juxon. The children went away in tears. Charles took them back into his arms, and blessed them once more; then, tearing himself from their caresses, he fell upon his knees and resumed his prayers with the bishop and Herbert, the only witnesses of these sad farewells.

While the king was thus tasting the bitterness of death, his judges met to sign the warrant for the execution. Great difficulty was experienced in assembling the commissioners. Nearly all were agitated and affected. Their signatures were

scarcely legible. Cromwell alone, gay, clamorous, and bold, besmeared with ink the face of Martyn, who was seated beside him, and seized the hand of Colonel Ingoldsby to compel him to sign. The ambassadors of the States-general of Holland, who had arrived five days previously, and had been received by the Houses, saw the preparations for the execution commence before Whitehall; and when, on the morrow, they issued forth, after a visit to General Fairfax, who had promised them to cause a respite to be solicited, they perceived the cavalry which was clearing all the avenues of Whitehall, and among the mob which overflowed into the adjacent street they heard it repeated that all was ready, and that the king would not delay long.

The king had risen early. "I have a great work to do," he said to Herbert, and he began his toilet. The hands of the faithful servant trembled in arranging his hair. "Take, I pray you, the same pains as usual," said the king; "although my head is not to remain long upon my shoulders, I would be as trim to-day as a bridegroom. Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary," he added, "the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear." The bishop had arrived and opened the Gospel. He began the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, the narrative of the Passion of Our Lord. The king asked him if he had made choice of that chapter, being so applicable to his present condition. "It is the proper lesson for the day," said the bishop, touched by the coincidence. The king was at prayers; it was ten o'clock. A low knock was heard at the door: it was Colonel Hacker. He said softly, and almost tremblingly, "It is time to go to Whitehall; your Majesty will have there some further time to rest." "I will come presently," said Charles, and, after a moment's meditation, he descended with the bishop, trav-

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

ersing the Park between the two lines of soldiers drawn up along his passage, with a serene aspect, his eyes bright, his step firm, walking even faster than the guard, and marvelling at their slowness. Arriving at Whitehall, he refused the services of the Independent ministers who desired to pray with him. "No," said Charles; "they have too often prayed against me, and without any reason, to pray with me at my death. If they wish to pray for me, I shall be grateful to them."

He received the communion from the hands of the bishop, and, rising again with alacrity, "Now," he said, "let these rogues come. I have forgiven them from the bottom of my heart. I am ready for all that is about to befall me." He would eat nothing; Juxon insisted. "Your Majesty has fasted for a long time. It is cold; perhaps upon the scaffold, some weakness—" "You are right," said the king. He ate a piece of bread and drank a glass of wine. It was one o'clock; Hacker knocked at the door. Juxon and Herbert fell upon their knees; it was the king who raised them. He traversed the banqueting-hall; behind the line of soldiers were a crowd of men and women, pale, motionless, praying for the king as he passed. The soldiers did not use him roughly. At the extremity of the hall, an opening made on the day previous led to the scaffold, level with it and hung with black. Two men stood near the axe, each in a sailor's attire and masked. The king arrived, with head erect, seeking the eyes of the people, to speak to them; but the troops alone covered the place. None could approach, and it was to Juxon and the colonel of the guard, Tomlinson, that Charles addressed the little speech which he had prepared. It was calm and grave even to coldness, maintaining that he had always been in the right in his conduct as king. While he spoke, some one

touched the axe. He turned abruptly round: "Do not hurt the axe that it may hurt me," he said. His speech was ended; the most profound silence reigned in the open space. The king himself arranged his hair under a silk cap; then, turning towards the bishop, "I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side." "Yes, sire; there is but one stage more; this stage is turbulent and troublesome. It is a short one, but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way. It will carry you from earth to heaven." The king replied, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world." He had taken off his collar of St. George and consigned it to the bishop, saying to him, "Remember." Then he looked at the block. "Be careful that it is set fast," he said to the executioner. "It is fast, sire." "I will offer up a short prayer, and when I put my hands out this way," stretching them out, — "then." He collected his thoughts, said a few words in a low tone of voice, raised his eyes to heaven, and knelt down, placing his head upon the block. The executioner touched his hair to rearrange it under his cap. The king thought that he was about to strike. "Stay for the sign," he said. "Yes, I will, may it please your Majesty." In the space of a moment, the king stretched out his hands, and the head fell at the first blow. "This is the head of a traitor!" exclaimed the executioner, showing it to the people; but a prolonged groan alone answered him, and the cavalry, making their way slowly through the crowd, had difficulty in dispersing the people, who rushed to the foot of the scaffold to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood of the martyred king.

The coffin remained exposed for seven days at Whitehall. Cromwell caused it to be opened, and, taking the head in

BURIAL OF THE KING.

ESCAPE OF JAMES II.

his hands, as though to assure himself that it was really separated from the trunk, "It appeared sound," he said, "and well made for a long life."

On the 8th of February, a few faithful servants accompanied the remains of their master to the tomb. It was at Windsor, in St. George's Chapel, where the body of Henry VIII. reposed, that Charles I. was to be buried. The sky was cloudless; but suddenly, as the coffin crossed the courtyard of the castle, a heavy fall of snow took place, and the pall of black velvet was completely covered with it. The servants of the king saw therein a heavenly sign of the innocence of their unhappy master. Juxon prepared to officiate according to the rites of the Anglican Church. Hacker opposed this. "The liturgy decreed by Parliament is obligatory for the king as for all," he said. Juxon submitted, and the coffin was lowered into the vault without any religious ceremony. Those who were present prayed in their hearts.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COMMONWEALTH AND CROMWELL. 1649-1653.

KING CHARLES I. had not yet been lowered into his tomb, when, on the 7th of February, the House of Commons, reduced by successive purifications to a hundred members, voted an Act conceived thus: "It has been proved by experience, and this House declares, that the office of King is in this country useless, and dangerous to the liberty, security, and good of the people; henceforth to be abolished." The House of Lords had been suppressed on the day previous. A Council of State was intrusted with the executive power. It was composed of forty-one members, among whom were the three leaders of the army — Fairfax, Cromwell, and Skippon — with five former peers. Nearly all the others belonged to the House of Commons.

A disagreement sprang up at the outset. The new councillors were asked to sign a declaration approving what had been done for the trial of the king and the abolition of the monarchy as well as of the House of Lords. Twenty-two members of the council refused to sign. They promised to serve faithfully the government of the House of Commons, the only power remaining, but without expounding their views upon acts which in different degrees they disapproved. Cromwell perceived that the regicides could not govern alone. He came to an agreement with Sir Henry Vane, the most sincere, the most able, and the most visionary

of the republican statesmen. Sir Henry had refused to take part in the trial of the king, but he consented to sit in the council of state, provided that the past should not be referred to. The presidency was conferred upon Bradshaw. He took as Latin secretary one of his cousins, who had recently maintained, in an eloquent pamphlet, that it was right to summon to trial "a tyrant or a bad king, as well as to depose him and put him to death after having duly convicted him." This was the poet Milton.

The Republic was founded and its government was organized, but the country submitted to it without accepting it. Nearly four months elapsed before it could be proclaimed in the city of London. It had been found necessary to change the Lord Mayor, and the aldermen absented themselves upon the day of the solemn publication. "What was being done was against my conscience and my oaths," said Sir Thomas Sumes, when summoned to answer for his absence at the bar of the House. "My heart was not in this work," said Richard Chambers. Great difficulty was experienced in finding aldermen to replace them. Everywhere the same ill-feeling was manifested. Two years after the establishment of the Commonwealth, Parliament was compelled to intrust to the parishes the task of destroying all emblems recalling the monarchy. The clergy on all hands refused to take the oath of fidelity to the new power, and the government did not dare to give the name of the "Commonwealth of England" to a new frigate launched in the port of London in presence of the assembled council of state. "It was considered," wrote the Minister of France, M. de Croullé, to Cardinal Mazarin, "that if this ship were to perish, as all vessels are liable to do, it would be a bad omen."

The republican government, so shackled in its course, held

in its hands some of the most eminent Royalist leaders: the Duke of Hamilton, the Earls of Holland and Norwich, Lord Capel, Sir John Owen,—valiant remnants of the last struggles of the civil war, who for several months had all been prisoners. Scarcely had the High Court, which had condemned Charles I., completed its task, when a fresh tribunal was formed, still under the presidency of Bradshaw, to try those who had fought for him until the last moment, and of whom the greater number were to follow him to the scaffold.

The Court began sitting upon the 5th of February. The five accused men represented the different shades of the Royalist party. The Duke of Hamilton, a great nobleman and statesman of the court; Lord Holland, a courtier frivolous and corrupt; Lord Norwich, a true Cavalier, complaisant, jovial, and devoted to the king; Sir John Owen, a worthy country gentleman, courageous and simple-minded; finally, Lord Capel, a model of all the firm and grave virtues, as independent as he was faithful. All five were condemned to death. The Duke of Hamilton immediately received not only an offer of his life, but of restoration to his former office, if he would make revelations concerning the past. "If I had as many lives as I have hairs upon my head," said the duke, "I would sacrifice them all rather than ransom them by so shameful a bargain." When Sir John Owen heard his sentence pronounced, he made a low bow to the court. "It is a very great honor to a poor gentleman of Wales," he said, "to lose his head with such noble lords:" and he added with an oath, "I was afraid they would have hanged me."

Every endeavor was made to obtain from Parliament the pardon of the condemned. The appeal in favor of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Holland was rejected; Lord Norwich

and Sir John Owen were pardoned; the latter at the instigation of Hutchinson, who observed to Ireton, "I am going to speak for this poor gentleman, who is alone and without friends." There remained Lord Capel, the object to his family and friends of passionate solicitude and the most strenuous endeavors. His case was discussed in Parliament. Cromwell rose, dwelling more than any one upon the virtues of Lord Capel. "My affection for the public interest, however, weighs down my private friendship," he said. "I cannot but tell you that you have now to decide whether you will preserve the most bitter and implacable enemy you have. I know Lord Capel very well; he will be the last man in England who will abandon the royal cause; he has great courage, ability, and generosity; as long as he shall live, whatever may be his position, he will be a thorn in your side; for the well-being of the commonwealth I feel compelled to vote against his petition." It was rejected.

The death of Lord Capel justified the picture which his enemies had drawn of his life. The Duke of Hamilton and Lord Holland suffered the penalty simply and worthily, before him; he appeared alone upon the scaffold, having said farewell to his wife and children with words of consolation and encouragement. "Is your chaplain there, sir?" asked the officer in command. "No," replied he; "I have taken leave of him." Seeing several of his servants, who were weeping, "Restrain yourselves," he said. Then, removing his hat, he addressed the people, frankly and simply, as a Royalist and a Christian. He had promised his chaplain, Dr. Morley, to take blame to himself for his vote against Strafford. "I confess," he said, "for the glory of God, and to the shame of my own weakness, that it was indeed an unworthy act of cowardice not to have resisted the torrent which bore us along in this affair." Citizens and soldiers, friends and

strangers, all beheld him die, the object of admiration and respect.

The republican leaders perceived that this admiration and respect had not been favorable to them. They desisted from the system of execution. The Royalists remaining in their hands were banished, and their property was confiscated. Others merely remained in prison; no more clamor was desired; the proceedings of the High Court which had condemned Lord Capel were not published, the rigors of the past were silenced, blood ceased to flow. Parliament could not, however, suppress a book which had recently appeared, and of which the success increased daily. The *Eikon Basiliké* (or Royal Image) revealed to England under a pious form the reflections and feelings of the king during the course of his misfortunes. The book professed to be the personal work of Charles, but it was written by Dr. Gauden, who subsequently became bishop of Worcester, under the Restoration. The king had probably revised it during his sojourn in the Isle of Wight. It was in fact the royal image, a loftiness that was both natural and strained, a constant mingling of blind princely pride and sincere Christian humility, a true piety underneath false dealing, and the expression of an invincible devotion to his faith, to his honor, to his rank. Herein was matter to move Royalist hearts. Notwithstanding the efforts of Parliament, forty-eight thousand copies were circulated in England during the year. All Europe devoured the book, which was translated into all languages. The king's memory became the object of a passionate worship. Milton was commissioned to reply in the name of Parliament, but the apology of the *Iconoclast*, prolix and cold, notwithstanding its violence, did not destroy the effect of *Eikon Basiliké*. To his friends and to many people in Eu-

rope, Charles remained a martyr, and his enemies the murderers of a saint.

The annoyances and embarrassments caused to Parliament by the remnant of the Royalist party, were not the gravest difficulties against which it had to contend. Barely installed, the republican government found itself in presence of an ardent, democratic and mystical opposition. A man had been found, endowed with an indomitable courage and devotion, who constituted himself, not the chief — no man was the chief in that camp — but the interpreter and defender of all the malcontents. This was John Lilburne, already accustomed to playing this part under the monarchy.

Having become masters, the republican leaders felt the danger of the habits of agitation which they had but recently favored in the army, and they forbade the soldiers to join in any gathering contrary to discipline. A pamphlet by Lilburne appeared, attacking these prohibitions: the *New Chains of England discovered* incited the soldiers to disobedience. Five of them brought to Fairfax a violent petition; they were degraded. The libels of Lilburne succeeded each other, personally attacking the generals. "Speak to Cromwell of whatsoever it may be," he exclaimed, "he will place his hand upon his heart, he will raise his eyes to heaven, he will take God to witness, he will weep, he will groan, he will repent himself, and so doing, he will strike you under the first rib." Such violence could not be tolerated. The House voted that the pamphlet of Lilburne was full of false, calumnious, and seditious accusations. He was placed in the Tower with three of his principal fellow-laborers. Two new libels from the indomitable agitator appeared while he was in prison.

The doctrines which he preached with so much zeal began to bear their fruits. A band of rough men already over-

ran the county of Surrey, digging and sowing here and there, first on the commons and waste lands, but talking of throwing down the fences of the neighboring parks. They invited the people of the vicinity to join them, promising clothes and victuals to those who should come and aid them. Fairfax sent two squadrons against them; the chiefs were arrested; one of them, Everard, was an old soldier. "We are of the race of the Israelites," they said; "the liberties of the people were lost under William the Conqueror; we are nearing the time of deliverance; I have seen a vision which said to me, 'Go and till the ground to feed those who are hungry, and clothe those who are naked;' we do not desire to attack the property, but a time will come when all men will willingly give their possessions to put them into the common lot. That time is near."

Lilburne and his friends saw the danger. They added to their constitution an article formally declaring that "possessions would not be divided, nor all things put into the common lot;" but the "Delves," as the disciples of Everard styled themselves, or the "Levellers," as they were generally called, had excited the public imagination, and that title was soon applied to all the little anarchical associations, civil or military, which aimed at founding a republic under an absolutely democratic form, and offered an ardent opposition to the actual government of the country; and from words these men soon came to deeds.

Every day popular deputations besieged the gates of Westminster, demanding the restoration to liberty of Lilburne and his associates. "Return to your platters," was the answer of Parliament to a band of women. "We no longer have any platters," they said, "nor meat to put upon them." Amid this fermentation, eight regiments, cavalry and infantry, were chosen for service in Ireland. The soldiers com-

plained; they were unwilling to leave England without having their arrears of pay settled, and without having enforced their political views. A little paper was circulated among the ranks, advising them not to depart. A squadron of the cavalry of Whalley, who had received orders to quit London, took possession of the standard and refused to obey. Fairfax and Cromwell hastened to the scene; they quelled the insurrection; fifteen of the most mutinous were arrested, and five condemned to death by a court-martial, notwithstanding the representations of Lilburne, who maintained that no Englishman could, in time of peace, lose his life upon the decree of a council of war. But Cromwell could caress and strike at the same time; four of the condemned men were pardoned; the fifth, Robert Lockyer, was shot in St. Paul's Churchyard. He was young, brave, and pious, a fanatical sectarian, beloved by his comrades. Solemn obsequies were performed in his honor; a hundred troopers rode in front; the sword of the deceased man and branches of rosemary dyed with blood rested upon the coffin; a crowd of sympathetic spectators awaited the body at the cemetery. Such sights were at once an affront and a warning to the government.

Insurrection broke out in several regiments; fermentation was everywhere in progress. A corps of insurgent soldiers, placing at their head Captain Thompson, overran Oxfordshire. The generals marched upon them, after having in the first place assured themselves of the fidelity of the troops whom they had under their control; they attacked the rebels at Burford. Already discouraged by the blow which they had suffered from a first detachment sent against them, the insurgents defended themselves for some time in the town, from the housetops and in the streets. Then a great number surrendered. The rest contrived to escape; a court-martial decided that the rebels should be decimated. The

condemned men were assembled together upon the leads of the church, whence they saw their comrades brought out one by one to the square, and shot in the presence of the army. Three had already suffered their fate without retracting anything that they had done, and themselves giving the signal for the firing. Cornet Dean came fourth: he was a worthy soldier whom the generals knew; he manifested penitence; Fairfax pardoned him. Cromwell entered the church, ordered the remainder of the condemned men to descend, rebuked them, admonished them, reproached them for the peril which they had caused to the cause of God and the country. These rude and haughty soldiers shed tears, and, when restored to their regiments and sent off to Ireland, they marched with a good will.

The Republican generals had been both prudent and firm, bold and moderate. Parliament and the city of London congratulated them upon their success with a degree of gratitude which revealed their fears; but the danger was only lulled; fresh insurrections might break out; they were indeed breaking out every day, and the "Levellers," through hatred of Cromwell and his friends, became reconciled with the Cavaliers. "I would rather live seven years under the government of old King Charles, although they may have cut off his head as a tyrant, than one year under their present tyranny," said Lilburne, in his prison; "and I tell you that if they persist in this tyranny, they will create sufficient friends for Prince Charles, not only to proclaim his name, but further to bring him back to the throne of his father."

Parliament was rendered very anxious by this new danger. The trial of Lilburne, so long deferred, at length began. He appeared before the jury upon the 24th of October, 1649, as skilful in defending himself as he was in

FIRING FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS.



WHITEHALL

attacking his opponents. At the moment when the jury-men were about to retire to deliberate, the accused suddenly turned towards them. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "you are my sole judges, the keepers of my life, at whose hands the Lord will require my blood. And therefore desire you to know your power and consider your duty, both to God, to me, to your own selves, and to your country; and the gracious assisting Spirit and presence of the Lord God Omnipotent, the Governor of heaven and earth, and all things therein contained, go along with you, give counsel and direct you to do that which is just and for His glory." Lilburne was acquitted, and the acclamations of the people greeted this decision, accompanied with such outbursts of joy that no voice could be heard in the Hall for more than half an hour.

Parliament felt keenly this blow, and redoubled its rigors against the press. At the same time residence in London was forbidden the Cavaliers, the Catholics, and suspected persons. The old Presbyterian leaders, Sir William Waller, Major-General Brown, and a few others, hitherto detained at Windsor, were sent to different towns of England. The Republic exercised a tyranny which royalty had never known, or practised, but it did not succeed in establishing itself. Cromwell continued to become greater in its midst, and without encountering any active resistance. The Republican leaders, alone in the midst of irreconcilable enemies, in vain caused the pamphlets entitled the *Character of King Cromwell* to be seized at Coventry. Civil war was still further to increase the power of the rival whom they dreaded while they served him.

While England was organizing the Commonwealth, Scotland and Ireland, in the main Royalist, notwithstanding the

party dissensions which agitated them, had proclaimed the Prince of Wales king, and delegates had set out to implore the new monarch to repair to his kingdom. Charles II. was at the Hague, surrounded by the best counsellors of the king his father, who had prevented him from establishing himself in France, the policy and religion of which country inspired great distrust in them. They persisted, in concurrence with the Scottish commissioners, in urging the king to sever his connection with Montrose, and to accept the harsh conditions which the Presbyterians offered to him. But Montrose was at the Hague, speaking himself eloquently of the victories which might yet be expected in Scotland. The Marquis of Ormond urged Charles to proceed to Ireland, whither the chief of the rebels, Owen Roe O'Neill, himself summoned him. The young king hesitated, recoiled; he endeavored to draw up a manifesto which should satisfy at once the Royalists of England, Scotland, and Ireland; then, abandoning this impossible undertaking, he at length quitted the Hague, and, under the pretext of proceeding to France to say farewell to the queen his mother, he deferred his departure, more perplexed in his designs than eager to support by his presence the efforts which his faithful subjects were about to make on his behalf.

Parliament had not so long delayed in deciding upon its course. The proclamation of King Charles II. in Ireland rendered more than ever necessary the expedition which was to reconquer that kingdom for Protestant domination and snatch it from the disorder which had so long reigned there. There was, moreover, an ardent desire to occupy the army, and remove Cromwell to a distance on an honorable pretext. A hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling per month was voted for the maintenance of the army. Cromwell was appointed general, while to Fairfax was given, to

console him for his inaction, the vain title of generalissimo of all the forces of Parliament.

The army corps intended for Ireland was ready, well equipped, well clothed, well paid. Skilful precautions and prudent manœuvres were employed to alienate from the royal party on the one hand the moderate, and on the other the more fervent Catholics, who were flattered with the hope of freedom for their worship. Meanwhile, Cromwell did not depart. "It is scarcely to be reconciled with common sense," wrote M. de Croullé to Mazarin, "that Cromwell, who, according to the belief of several, carries his thoughts far beyond where the most intemperate ambition can lead him, should determine to abandon this kingdom to the mercy of the cabals which might be formed in his absence, and which his presence can prevent from being even undertaken."

Difficult, however, as it was for Cromwell to tear himself away from England, where he must leave behind him rivals and declared or secret enemies, the successes of Ormond, in Ireland, soon came, compelling him to take his course. Londonderry and Dublin alone remained in the possession of Parliament; and even this latter city had been besieged when, towards the end of July, the advanced guard of the Parliamentary general landed in Ireland. On the 2d of August the governor of Dublin, Michael Jones, made a successful sortie. Notwithstanding all the efforts of Ormond, the Royalist army, shamefully routed, found itself compelled to raise the siege. Cromwell himself landed in the port of Dublin on the 15th of August.

No sooner had he reached Ireland, however, than he saw that all attempts to harmonize the moderate party and the Catholics would be fruitless; passions were too violent and excited. English against Irish, Protestants against Catholics, Republicans against Royalists, it was necessary to allow full

scope to be given to hatred and vengeance in order to be assured of victory. Cromwell was anxious to conquer at all costs. It was under these gloomy auspices that the campaign began, on the 31st of August, with the siege of Drogheda, an important town of Leinster. The garrison was numerous, composed in great part of English, and they made a vigorous resistance. It was necessary to make the assault twice, and to carry the towers one by one. "I do not think," wrote Cromwell, after the victory, "that, of the whole number of the garrison, thirty have escaped with their lives. Truly, I believe that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret."

The massacre of Drogheda did not suffice to arrest the bloodshed. Wexford defended itself in the same manner and suffered the same fate. In places where success was more easy, it yet was sullied by great cruelties. Meanwhile the strictest discipline reigned over the army; the country districts were quiet, and the soldiers were careful to pay for everything they took. Cromwell had secretly recommenced his intrigues, at times causing the projects of his enemies to miscarry through their own dissensions, by means of the skilful agents whom he introduced among them. This man, who boasted of having slain all the friars of Drogheda, made good use of the ecclesiastics as secret emissaries. His attempts at seduction reached even the Marquis of Ormond, for whom he manifested great esteem, often saying, "What has Lord Ormond to do with Charles Stuart, and what favors has he received from him?" At the same time, and by an act of shrewd foresight, he authorized recruiting in Ireland for the service of foreign powers. In a few months this little Catholic kingdom, which had with great difficulty

furnished an army of eight to ten thousand men for the service of the king, sent to France and Spain more than fifty thousand soldiers, fierce enemies of Protestantism and the Parliament. The Republican chiefs, in London, began to find that Cromwell's absence and his new glory dangerously enhanced his greatness; they urged him to return to London, placing a part of Whitehall and of St. James's Palace at his disposal. Cromwell was profuse in his acknowledgments, but he delayed returning to England as he had delayed leaving it. Fresh events were preparing which were to furnish him with an opportunity for displaying both his skill and his genius.

Charles II. had left Ormond to fight for him in Ireland. At the first news of the defeat before Dublin, he had for a moment thought of throwing himself into the midst of the struggle. It was represented to him that the moment was ill-chosen; that it was not well to go there to take part in a defeat. "Then I must go there to die," he nobly replied, "for it is shameful for me to live elsewhere." Recovering from this courageous impulse, he lived elsewhere, leaving his friends to die in Ireland. The same fate was soon to overtake in Scotland the most brilliant and devoted of his adherents.

The Scottish Parliament had invited Charles to resume the negotiations previously entered upon at the Hague. The conditions of the Presbyterians were as harsh as ever, but Ireland was almost lost. Ormond's sole remaining chance lay in a war between England and Scotland. The king's friends urged him to listen to the proposals of the Scots; fresh conferences were held at Breda. While Montrose, ever independent and ardently opposed to the Presbyterians, was seeking soldiers and money in Germany, Charles II. wrote to him on the 19th of September, 1649: "I entreat you to

go on vigorously with your wonted courage and care, in the prosecution of those trusts committed to you, and not to be startled with any reports you may hear, as if I were otherwise inclined to the Presbyterians than when I left you. I assure you, I am upon the same principles I was, and depend as much as ever upon your undertakings and endeavors for my service."

Montrose was, in fact, preparing an important enterprise. He had recruited, with much difficulty, a certain number of soldiers; but his first division perished at sea; the second landed in the Orkney Islands, awaiting their general. Here, early in March, 1650, Montrose himself landed, accompanied only by a few Scottish noblemen and five hundred soldiers. He rallied the troops who had preceded him, and, full of confidence in the promises which he had received and the popular risings upon which he counted, he disembarked at the northern extremity of Scotland, displaying with the royal banner, a standard bearing a representation of the decapitated head of Charles I., with these words: "Judge, and avenge my cause, O Lord."

Montrose advanced across the counties of Caithness and Sutherland; but the reinforcements which he expected did not arrive; the chiefs whose support he hoped for placed themselves, on the contrary, on the side of Parliament. An army corps sent by the government of Edinburgh, under the orders of Colonel Strachan, marched against him. Ill-guarded and destitute of information regarding the movements of the enemy, Montrose was attacked unawares on the 16th of April, near Corbiesdale, in the county of Ross. The soldiers whom he had brought from Germany fought valiantly; but the recruits made in the Orkney Islands fled in disorder. While Montrose was vainly endeavoring to rally them, his horse was killed under him; his friend Lord Frendraught

gave his own to him. The rout was complete. The marquis threw off his clothes and decorations; he assumed the clothing of a peasant and plunged into the country, seeking a shelter. He wandered about in this manner for a fortnight among the mountains, now welcomed by his partisans, now repulsed with terror. At length he was delivered up to his enemies on the 3d of May, by Neil Macleod, a former friend, for four hundred bolls of meal. On the 17th of May, after being transferred from one halting-place to another, he reached Leith, near Edinburgh. The last act of the tragedy was at hand.

On the same day, the Parliament, assembled at Edinburgh, voted that "James Graham, bareheaded and bound by a rope to a cart, should be brought by the executioner to the bar, there to receive his sentence, and that he should be carried to Edinburgh, and there be hanged on a gibbet; then to be taken down, his quarters to be nailed to the different gates of the city." The hatred of Montrose's enemies was gratified by such a sight, and persons who were indifferent were rather intimidated than revolted.

The noble partisan, the bold and brilliant captain, pale and wearied by the severities of his captivity, was accordingly conducted upon a sorry horse from Leith to Edinburgh. Being received by the magistrates and the executioner, preceded by thirty-two of his officers bound together two by two, Montrose entered the city in a cart. The crowd in the streets was immense, and had gathered with the object of insulting the prisoner; but his courage and gravity imposed silence upon their ill-will. As the procession passed before the house of the Earl of Moray, the cart stopped for a moment, and behind a half-opened window the Marquis of Argyle was perceived, feasting his eyes upon the humiliation of his enemy.

On arriving at the prison, Montrose was asked whether he

had anything to say before receiving his sentence. He refused to reply; he did not know whether the king had concluded any agreement with Parliament. The treaty was signed, and Charles II. was upon the point of proceeding to Scotland. This was made known to Montrose, who appeared somewhat moved, while persisting in his silence, notwithstanding the solicitations of the commissioners. Two days afterwards, at the bar of Parliament, where he appeared magnificently attired, vindicating himself from the charges which had been imputed to him of cruelties during the war, he heard his sentence kneeling. "I kneel to render honor to the king my master, in whose name you sit," he said, "and not to the Parliament." The execution was fixed for the morrow.

The soldiers and citizens were under arms, some attempt in favor of the prisoner being feared. "What," said Montrose, "do these good people, who were so greatly in fear of me when I was alive, still fear me when I am about to die? Let them beware! When I am dead I shall haunt their consciences, and be far more formidable than when alive." He refused the services of the Presbyterian ministers, and spent the entire night in prayer and in the composition of verses beautiful and noble, though somewhat too metaphysical. "I wish," he said, "I had limbs enough to be dispersed into all the cities of Christendom, there to remain as testimonies in favor of the cause for which I suffer." Proud and calm, he walked to the scaffold; the executioner wept on placing the rope round his neck. A sorrowful murmur arose among the crowd. Argyle himself was agitated and sad, as though smitten with some regret or with a presentiment of his own fate.

The commissioners of the Parliament had not deceived Montrose when they told him that they had negotiated with

the king, and that he was about to come back among them. The moment that the news of Montrose's defeat arrived at Breda, Charles II., who had hesitated till then, decided to accept the Covenant and to promise to govern in all civil matters according to the advice of the Parliament, in all religious matters according to the advice of the Presbyterian Church. To give to his promises the sanction of a brilliant falsehood, he wrote to the Parliament that, having forbidden Montrose to undertake his expedition, he could not regret the defeat of a man who had disobeyed him.

He doubtless accepted in the same spirit the execution of his loyal servant, whose life, it was said, he wanted to save. No trace has remained of this disgraceful compact. Montrose died on the 21st of May. On the 2d of June, Charles II. embarked for Scotland with a fleet which his brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange, had placed at his service. Three weeks later he set foot in his kingdom, after having signed the Covenant aboard his vessel, and taking farewell of nearly all the gentlemen who accompanied him. The King of Scotland had delivered himself up, bound hand and foot, to the Parliament and the Presbyterians.

At the same moment Cromwell was at last returning victorious from Ireland. He landed at Bristol. An immense crowd thronged his passage, rending the air with their acclamations. "What a crowd come to see your lordship's triumph!" said one of those present to Cromwell. "If it were to see me hanged, how many more there would be," abruptly replied the general.

Cromwell's repose was not to be of long duration. Parliament had conferred on the Council of State all necessary power to repress the invasion which was expected on the part of the Scots. The council decided that the invasion should be forestalled by themselves making an attack upon

Scotland. Fairfax had been appointed generalissimo; but when he learned that the English army was to take the initiative in hostilities, he resigned his command. In vain did many remonstrate with him, Cromwell foremost. "The lieutenant-general," said Ludlow, "acted his part so to the life that I really thought that he was in earnest; this obliged me to go to him, as he was issuing forth from the council chamber, to beg him not to push scruples and modesty to a refusal which would be hurtful to the service of the nation; but the sequel showed that this was in no wise his intention." Fairfax resigned all his offices. Cromwell was appointed in his place, and on the 22d of July, 1650, he crossed the Tweed at the head of about fifteen thousand men. On setting foot upon Scottish soil he turned towards his troops: "As a Christian and a soldier, I exhort you to be wary and worthy, for sure enough we have work before us. But have we not had God's blessing hitherto? Let us go on faithfully, and hope for the like still."

If he had known what was taking place in the councils of Scotland, Cromwell would, without doubt, have been confident of success. The Presbyterian Scots surrounded with royal honors the monarch whom they had recalled, all the time, however, treating him as a prisoner who is distrusted, and who must at all hazards be deprived of any share in the management of affairs. The king was never present at the council, and when he wished to converse with Argyle upon some affair of importance, the latter respectfully avoided the conversation. On the other hand, the theologians overwhelmed with their exhortations the young prince, who was endeavoring, but in vain, to become a hypocrite. Distrust continued. When Cromwell had crossed the border, the king was brought to the camp near Leith; but in a few days alarm was taken at the influence which he might exert over

the troops, and he was conducted to Perth, further away than ever from the scene of operations.

This was not sufficient for the fanatics; they required Charles to sign an expiatory declaration, in which he should expressly acknowledge the misdeeds of the king his father, the idolatry of the queen his mother, and his own sin in the treaty which he had concluded with the Irish rebels. It was also demanded, that, in the interest of free Parliaments and the Presbyterian rule in the Church, in England as well as in Scotland, he should renew all the protestations and engagements against Papacy which had already been wrung from him.

On the first impulse Charles refused. "I could not look my mother in the face if I were to sign such a document," he said. But symptoms of disorganization were increasing among the Royalist party; the king knew that outside Scotland there was for him neither party, nor army, nor kingdom. He signed the expiatory declaration, and the fanatical preachers assured their audiences that "the wrath of heaven being now appeased, an easy victory would be gained over a blaspheming general and an army of sectaries."

The sectaries and their general were meanwhile advancing into Scotland, but in circumstances so difficult that they were more occupied with escaping from their own perils than with taking advantage of the weakness and divisions among their enemies. Everywhere before them, as they marched, they encountered a desert; men and flocks had disappeared, in accordance with the orders of Lesley, and the impassioned exhortations of the Presbyterian ministers. Without any resource in the country itself, Cromwell could only feed his troops by means of provisions coming to him by sea from England, a circumstance which compelled him to keep near the coast. Lesley remained behind in his in-

trenchments, between Edinburgh and Leith. Bad weather engendered a host of diseases in the English army. "They hope," wrote Cromwell to Bradshaw, on the 30th of July, "that we shall famish for want of provisions, which is very likely to be if we are not timely and fully supplied."

The situation had become so urgent that Cromwell resolved to fall back upon Dunbar, there to await convoys and reinforcements. From this point it would be possible, if the supplies were too long delayed, to regain the English border. Upon the way, Lesley, who had at length issued forth from his camp, constantly harassed the English. Scarcely had they arrived at Dunbar, when they found their retreat cut off by a considerable detachment occupying the defile of Copperspath, — "so narrow," said Cromwell himself, "that ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way." Lesley at last yielded to the solicitations and anger of the fanatics. He had hitherto carefully avoided battle, being satisfied with driving before him day by day the famous Ironsides and their invincible general, without endeavoring to measure his strength with theirs. But the ministers were eager to enjoy the honor of a victory, and conjured the general not to let the enemy escape whom God had delivered into their hands. "They had disposed of us," said Cromwell, "and of their business by sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons, and had swallowed up the poor interest of England, believing that their army and their king would have marched to London without any interruption." Lesley resisted no longer. "To-morrow, at seven o'clock in the morning," he said, on the 2d of September, to his officers, "the English army will be ours, dead or alive."

Cromwell had just left a prayer-meeting, and mounted his horse, accompanied by Lambert, his major-general. Survey-

ing with his glass the positions of the Scottish army, he was struck by the movement which was going on among the enemy. Lesley was preparing to throw himself across the way with all his troops. Cromwell asked nothing better than to fight. "The Lord delivers them into our hands; they come!" he exclaimed, and he proposed to his officers to forestall the Scots and to march towards them. Monk vigorously supported the general's opinion, and solicited the command of the infantry of the advanced guard. The English spent the night in preparing for the struggle.

A dense fog prevailed at daybreak. The first engagements were not fortunate for Cromwell and his troops. The men fought almost without seeing each other, to the cry of "Covenant!" among the Scots, and "The Lord of Hosts!" among the English. The Scottish lancers had thrown the English advanced guard into some disorder; towards seven o'clock the regiment of Cromwell charged sharply. At the same time the sun, dispersing the mists, lit up the sea and mountains. "Let God arise!" exclaimed Cromwell, "and let His enemies be scattered!" Inspired by his enthusiasm, his soldiers redoubled their efforts; the Scottish cavalry wavered; an infantry corps, which yet resisted, was broken by the Ironsides. "They run! they run!" cried the English; a rout began. "They were now but stubble to our swords," wrote Cromwell. At nine o'clock the battle was over; three thousand dead bodies and ten thousand prisoners testified to the victory of the English general. Four days later he was master of Leith, of all the country in the neighborhood of Edinburgh and of the city itself, with the exception of the Castle. Charles II. and his councillors were at Perth. Lesley, with the remains of his army, had fallen back upon Stirling. The Republican Parliament could rest in peace.

Scotland would for the present be fully occupied with the defence of her own territory against invasion.

Scotland, in truth, was thus occupied; but her king soon thought of taking the offensive. He endeavored to escape and place himself at the head of the Royalist movements which were promised in the Highlands; but, although he was soon retaken and brought back to Perth, his attempt gave uneasiness to the Parliament, who resolved to take a decisive step, and solemnly crown the king at Scone, according to the ancient Scottish custom. This ceremony took place on the 1st of January, 1651. Charles, who, notwithstanding his grave faults, possessed tact and the art of pleasing, took advantage of the crowd which thronged around him to secure numerous partisans. The moderate party began to regain influence in the councils. Argyle once more found himself in rivalry with the Duke of Hamilton, brother of him who had perished upon the scaffold. The Presbyterians were a prey to the most violent dissensions. The Royalist party was re-forming.

Meanwhile Cromwell, whose skilful management constantly thwarted the projects and manœuvres of the king, fell seriously ill; so seriously, that the Parliament of England sent two physicians to take charge of him, and the general believed himself at death's door. At the same moment Royalist plots burst forth in England, despite the severity displayed towards the Cavaliers, and the strict surveillance to which they were subjected by Scott, to whom the Council of State had intrusted this duty.

The plots miscarried, and Cromwell's health was re-established; but meanwhile the king had gained ground. The army had been reorganized according to his desire, and he had been placed at its head by the Presbyterian Parliament. At length master of his actions, he abruptly announced to

his council his intention of breaking up the camp at Stirling, and of carrying war into England, where his partisans were only waiting for his presence to declare themselves. Many complained, protested; Argyle declared that he would not take part in such an undertaking, and retired to his castle at Inverary. The king persisted. He issued a proclamation, and on the following day, the 31st of July, 1651, he took the road to Carlisle with an army of eleven or twelve thousand men. David Lesley had been appointed his lieutenant-general.

Cromwell had, doubtless, foreseen this movement, and had made no great effort to prevent it, but he foresaw at the same time the rage and terror which it would cause in London. He immediately wrote to Parliament: "As the enemy is some few days' march before us, I do apprehend that it will trouble some men's thoughts, and may occasion some inconveniences, which I hope we are as deeply sensible of and have been, and I trust shall be as diligent to prevent as any, but as there is a possibility for the enemy to put you to some trouble, we pray you would, with the same courage, grounded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the great things God hath used you in hitherto, improve the best you can such forces as you have in readiness, or as may on the sudden be gathered together, to give the enemy some check until we shall be able to reach up to him, which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavor in. This will be a hopeful end of your work, in which it's good to wait upon the Lord, upon the earnest of former experiences, and hope of His presence, which only is the life of your cause."

Cromwell was not mistaken in his forecasts; uneasiness was rife in London, the fear was great, but vigorous measures were taken. The Republican leaders, Vane, Scott, Martyn,

were men of active and impassioned courage, resolved to make every effort for their cause. New regiments were raised, the ordinance respecting the militia was put in force again in all the counties; corps of volunteers were intrusted with the defence of London; the surveillance of all Cavaliers was redoubled. Heads of families were forbidden to allow their children and servants to leave the house except at fixed hours. It was hoped thus to prevent Royalist insurrections in favor of Charles, who however continued to advance without obstacle in the north-west of England.

The king, indeed, advanced, but the people did not rise at his approach, as he had hoped. Surrounded with strangers and Presbyterians, Charles did not inspire absolute confidence among the Cavaliers and the partisans of the Anglican Church. The acclamations were loud, but his army had been increased by only a very small number of English Royalists when he reached Warrington, upon the banks of the Mersey. One of the most faithful servants of his royal father, the Earl of Derby, who had retired to the Isle of Man with his wife Charlotte de Trémoille, had hastened to offer his services to the monarch. Being commissioned by him to overrun Lancashire to assemble his adherents in that county, Derby was surprised and defeated by Colonel Robert Lilburne. He escaped almost alone, and made his way to the king. When he arrived at Worcester, Charles had forced the passage of the Mersey in spite of Lambert and Harrison, dispatched by Cromwell to oppose it, and the Scots, wearied, were establishing themselves in a friendly town, counting upon a few days' repose before the arrival of the Ironsides. The royal standard was solemnly unfurled, and all the subjects of the king were convoked to the great review on the banks of the Severn. Thirty or forty gentlemen only repaired thither with their retinues. Not over two thousand Englishmen, at

most, had joined the Scottish army. Cromwell, on the contrary, had seen his forces trebled during his march. When he arrived before Worcester, on the 28th of August, he numbered under his standards thirty-four thousand men.

A discussion arose in the Royal army who should be in command upon the day of the battle. Buckingham, Lesley, Middleton, all urged their claims or their rights. "I will have no other generalissimo than myself," Charles said, to conciliate all, and he spent his time in reconciling his lieutenants with each other, while Cromwell was planning the attack, and sending over to the right bank of the Severn some troops commanded by Lambert and Fleetwood. He himself occupied the left bank. On the 3d of September all was ready.

The king had been ill-informed, and was not expecting any serious engagement upon that day; but towards noon he ascended the belfry of Worcester Cathedral, and thence perceived several of Cromwell's regiments crossing the stream upon a bridge of boats, and marching towards the Scottish corps intrusted with the defence of the town upon the west, under the orders of Major-General Montgomery. Immediately descending from the belfry, the king went out on horseback to support his troops who were attacked. Cromwell was before him in the combat, and was vigorously urging matters forward. The struggle began at the same time upon the right bank; the Scots resisted firmly. The king re-entered the town, placed himself at the head of his best infantry and his English horsemen, to attack the camp of Cromwell. The general immediately crossed the stream after him, and came in person to defend his quarters. Fighting was carried on at both extremities of the town: "As stiff a contest as ever I have seen," wrote Cromwell. The corps conducted by the king caused the Republicans to waver.

Three thousand Scottish troopers, commanded by Lesley, were under arms in the rear. They received orders to charge; they did not stir. "One hour of Montrose! Only one hour!" cried the English Cavaliers. But Montrose was not there. Cromwell resumed the offensive. The Royal infantry lacked ammunition. The Duke of Hamilton and Sir John Douglas were mortally wounded. The Republicans pushed forward to the foot of the fortress, and summoned it to surrender. The commandant replied with cannon-balls. The fortress was carried by assault, and the garrison put to the sword. The struggle became confused; the combatants re-entered the town in disorder. Everywhere munitions of war failed the Royal troops, who fell back upon Worcester, followed by their enemies. Fighting took place in the streets. The king endeavored to rally his men, crying to his friends, "I would rather you would shoot me than keep me alive to see the sad consequence of this fatal day!" But soon his friends were forced to think only of saving him; a small body of the most ardent Cavaliers threw themselves upon the enemy to open a passage before the king, and to cover his retreat. While the fugitive monarch was making his way towards the north with a handful of devoted companions, Cromwell entered Worcester, which city was given up to pillage, and wrote to Parliament: "The battle was fought with varying success, but still hopeful on your part, and in the end became an absolute victory; and so full a one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the enemy's army."

The joy and pride of the English Parliament equalled the uneasiness which they had before felt. Honors and rewards were lavished upon Cromwell and his officers; severities were not spared the vanquished. Six or seven thousand prisoners impeded the march of the triumphant army; the prisoners of importance were numerous. The Duke of

Hamilton died of his wounds. The Earl of Derby was tried and executed at Chester, with Sir Timothy Featherstonhaugh and Captain Bembow. "I feel in my conscience," said the earl, on ascending the scaffold, "no scruple as to the cause to which I pledged myself; it is in the name of the law and religion that I have supported it; my judgment is satisfied; and I thank God for it. I have not the presumption to decide in these controversies. I pray God to cause to prosper for his glory those who are in the right, and I wish you as much grace and peace as I am about to find beyond all that you possess here." Parliament did not multiply cases like this. The virtuous nobleman, the loyal and independent servant, was not followed upon the scaffold by those who had supported the same cause without being all among his friends, nor worthy of being so. While the Countess of Derby was yet guarding for the king the Isle of Man, which was only wrested from her by treachery, the Tower held within its cells the greater number of the prisoners of note. The Royalist soldiers were secretly sold or given to merchants and planters, for the work of the colonies and the African mines. Parliament offered a reward of one thousand pounds sterling to whoever should deliver up Charles Stuart, "son of the late tyrant."

The king, meanwhile, fled across the kingdom, hiding from mansion to mansion, from farm to farm; sometimes concealed in the hiding-places which served as retreats for the proscribed Catholic priests, hearing or seeing at every moment the Republican soldiers who were seeking him, ready to seize him; sometimes in the garb of a peasant, sometimes in that of a servant. He spent one night hidden in the leafy branches of a great tree, which has since that time preserved the name of "the Royal Oak." Imperturbably gay and fearless, Charles braved the dangers, which more than once disap-

peared before his resolution and skilful self-confidence. All his efforts were directed towards reaching the coast, where he proposed to embark for France. Several attempts to charter a small vessel had failed, when, on the 14th of October, near Shoreham, the master of a bark at length promised to take on board the gentleman about whom he had been told. When he saw the king, he took the merchant aside who had engaged him. "You have not dealt fairly with me," he said; "you have not been clear with me; for he is the king, and I very well know him to be so." And as the merchant boldly denied this, "I know him very well," repeated the master, "but be not troubled at it, for I think I do God and my country good service in preserving the king; and by the grace of God I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France." The master kept his word; the king and Lord Willmot, who had not left him, landed from a small fishing-smack at Fécamp, on the 16th of October, at one o'clock in the afternoon. They repaired at once to Rouen; but they were so poorly clad, and presented so bad an appearance, that they could not obtain admittance at the inn where they presented themselves. On the 30th, Charles at length arrived in Paris, where the queen, his mother, was living, after having wandered for forty-two days across England, concealed in eight different places of refuge, and known to forty-five persons whose names are recorded, without having suffered from any betrayal, without having even been imperilled by any indiscretion; a rare proof of intelligent and passionate fidelity in the midst of the deepest misfortune.

Cromwell, meanwhile, had returned in triumph to London, and established himself at Whitehall. Ireton, before his death, which was caused by typhus fever, had completed the subjugation of Ireland; Monk had conquered Scotland; the fleets

of the Commonwealth of England had compelled the Channel Islands to return to their obedience; the distant colonies had accepted the new rule. Parliament was master of all the English territory; it remained for it to treat with Europe.

Europe was, at first and from principle, ill-disposed towards Parliament and the Commonwealth. The trial and execution of Charles I. had caused a powerful sensation, though for different reasons and in different degrees. Protestants everywhere had felt the need of clearing themselves from complicity with this deed. Catholics had seen in it the fruits of heresy. In France, among the partisans of the Fronde, the Parliament of England had found admirers; but the English revolution, with its consequences, had soon excited an exasperation mingled with alarm, which the presence of Queen Henrietta-Maria, her sons and her fugitive followers, continued to maintain. Cardinal Mazarin had taken no step in the name of the little king, Louis XIV., to save the life of the king his uncle. Two solemn letters written to Cromwell and Fairfax were never delivered. Before they had even been dispatched from Paris, the king was dead. When he was dead, however, the ambassador, M. de Bellèvre, was recalled, and his secretary, M. de Croullé, alone remained with the care of French interests. Solicitous everywhere to maintain relations which might do harm to its rivals, Spain did not recall Don Alonzo de Cardenas; but she did not renew his credentials, and he acquired no official position in the Commonwealth of England. Alone, of all the sovereigns of Europe, the Czar of Russia, Alexis, the father of Peter the Great, severed all connection with the revolutionary republic, and drove out the English merchants from his empire.

At the Hague, in the United Provinces, notwithstanding

the hostile feelings of a great portion of the States-general, the devotion of the Prince of Orange to his wife's family preserved for the fallen royal house of England a support and a shelter. At the Hague, Doctor Dorislaüs, a Dutchman long naturalized in England, and but recently employed to draw up the impeachment of Charles I., was assassinated, shortly after the death of the king, by some Cavaliers who had taken refuge in Holland. Such was also to be the fate a few months later, in an inn at Madrid, of Asham, who had placed his talent as a writer at the service of the revolution. At the Hague, as at Madrid, public feeling was on the side of the murderers. A Dutch patrician would have said with Don Luis de Haro, "I envy the gentlemen who have done so noble a deed; whatever may befall them in consequence, they have avenged the blood of their sovereign. If the king my master had had subjects as resolute, he would not have lost his kingdom of Portugal!"

The words of diplomatists are not always in accordance with their acts. The English Parliament was not moved by the outburst of indignation and of legitimate anger which had seized on monarchical and conservative Europe, at the sight of the triumphant revolution. Reserved and haughty, it waited, with distrust, but without any outburst of passion, until its successes and its power should compel its enemies to recognize the Commonwealth of England. The name did not terrify the sovereigns of the Continent. The republic of the United Provinces and the Swiss leagues had lived in peace without disturbing the repose of Europe. The monarchical power was growing constantly stronger in France, Germany, Spain, at the moment when the throne was falling in ruins in England. In vain did Charles II. send agents everywhere, accredit ambassadors at the courts of all the sovereigns of Europe. They were received with kindness and

with empty compliments. Care was taken not to go beyond this limit, and no preference was manifested towards the exiled monarch on the one hand, or the Republican government on the other. "The servants of the King of Great Britain," the agent of Cardinal Mazarin in Scotland, M. de Graymond, wrote to him on the 23d of October, 1649, "are here uttering curses against all the kings and sovereigns of the earth, and principally against his Majesty, if he does not assist their king, after whose ruin they desire that of all the others. They do not fear to say that they will contribute with all their might to their destruction, which will be very easy for them to bring about, the people having once got a scent, through the example of England, of the delights of popular power. . . . They say that Cromwell will begin with us, and that we fully deserve it, because we do not think of the restoration of the King of England, though we have the greatest interest to do so."

Upon one single point Parliament abandoned its calm and prudent attitude. In the month of June, 1648, eleven English crews, having revolted against Parliament, had crossed over to Holland to place their ships under the orders of the Prince of Wales, in behalf of the captive king. Prince Rupert assumed the command of this Royalist fleet, and from that time forth he prosecuted at sea, against the Commonwealth, the implacable, roving, and plundering warfare which he had earlier sustained upon land against the Parliament. Charles II. found in his cousin's prizes precious resources against actual want. A number of ship-owners of all countries asked permission to join the expeditions of the prince, so as to share the profits of them. They paid a tithe to the king. All security disappeared from the seas. The ships of the King of France, as well as those of the States-general of Holland, did not disdain sometimes to lower their flags, and

to take part in the expeditions and captures. Against this ruinous and insulting danger the English Parliament at once reorganized and augmented its fleet. In the winter of 1650-51, several squadrons were sent out to protect the English flag in all the seas. Before the end of the winter Prince Rupert's fleet, pursued from the coast of Ireland as far as Spain and Portugal by the Republican admiral Blake, took refuge, greatly diminished, in the Mediterranean, and thence near the coast of Africa, while Parliament determined equally to punish the French pirates, took possession of six vessels, which were confiscated, without the slightest respect being paid to the complaints which came from Paris upon this subject. Upon the seas the Commonwealth had caused its power to be felt; there it was dreaded by its enemies and respected by its rivals.

Meanwhile the Spaniards were prosecuting in London secret and complicated designs which gave great uneasiness to Cardinal Mazarin. Through a want of sagacity and foresight, through hatred of Queen Henrietta-Maria, and distrust towards her family, Parliament had not been able to see that the power of Spain was declining, and that the House of Austria was divided and enervated, while France and the House of Bourbon were advancing together in a path of bold and rapid progress. It was towards Spain that the preference of the Republican government inclined. It was Spain which first recognized the Commonwealth. On the 24th of December, 1650, Don Alonzo de Cardenas was received in solemn audience by Parliament; while a few days later, on the 6th of January, 1651, M. de Croullé was arrested at his residence, during the service of mass in his own chapel, and conducted before the Council of State, who ordered him to quit England within ten days. Some secret negotiations were attempted to bring about a reconciliation, but Mazarin was

near his fall, and soon found himself compelled to fly from France. Spain remained sole mistress of the position until the end of the year 1654.

A much more pressing matter at this moment occupied the minds of the Republican leaders. The Prince of Orange had just died (6th of November, 1650), and the disappearance of his influence restored the United Provinces and the States-general to their natural bias. Republican traditions returned again; the civic aristocracy, scattered by the House of Nassau, regained power; everything indicated fresh favor towards the Commonwealth of England, of which the latter power speedily took advantage. Two envoys extraordinary, St. John and Walter Strickland, set out in great magnificence for the Hague; they were eagerly received. An intimate alliance between the two Protestant republics seemed on the eve of consummation; but the immoderate ambition of St. John, as well as of the Parliamentary leaders whom he represented, placed an obstacle in the way of this desirable result. Their pretensions involved nothing less than the incorporation of the United Provinces in the Commonwealth of England, and the formation of one state under a single government.

Such audacity was difficult to express in words. Two months elapsed. The situation at the Hague became every day more grave. The Cavaliers were numerous there around the young Duke of York. Their negotiations with the Orange party thwarted the efforts of the Dutch patriots. "Add to that," John de Witt subsequently said, "the intolerable caprice of the English nation, its continual jealousy of our prosperity, and the mortal hatred of Cromwell towards the young Prince of Orange, son of the sister of this banished king, who was what he feared most in the world." The negotiations did not advance, and when St. John at length decided

to put forth in seven articles some of his pretensions, they so completely subordinated the policy of the United Provinces to the policy and interest of the Commonwealth of England, that it was not difficult to foresee the failure of the envoys. They quitted the Hague on the 1st of July, 1651, haughty and menacing. "Believe me," said St. John to the Dutch statesmen with whom he had been negotiating, "you will repent having rejected our offers." On the 5th of August Whitelocke introduced into Parliament a bill known under the name of "The Navigation Act," which prohibited all foreign nations from importing into England any commodity other than the produce of the soil or of the industries of their own countries. This was the most serious blow which could have been struck at Holland, whose carrying trade made its wealth. Before the end of the year the bill was passed and put in force. The United Provinces had not allowed themselves to be conquered by negotiations; war was now prepared against them.

Meanwhile the battle of Worcester had caused the scale in Europe to incline decidedly towards the Commonwealth. Recognition, and the resumption of official relations, came from all quarters. Don Alonzo de Cardeñas was empowered to propose a treaty of alliance in the name of Spain, and the Republicans manifested their inclination to accept it. Urged by so many perils, Mazarin at length adopted his course. He had been negotiating for more than a year with the English, endeavoring to cause the recognition of the Commonwealth to be purchased by a declaration of England in favor of France and against Spain. He had failed: seven French vessels, sent from Calais to revictual Dunkirk, which the Spaniards were closely besieging, had been captured by Blake, and Parliament had refused to give them up. The neutrality of the English appeared to be about to cease. The cardinal commissioned M. de Bordeaux to bear a letter

from the king to Parliament and to re-establish official relations between the two states. The envoy did not possess the title of ambassador, and the letter of Louis XIV. was addressed to "Our dear and great friends the people of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England." The State Council refused to receive the missive thus addressed. It soon returned with this superscription, "To the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England." Bordeaux was then received, not by the Parliament, nor by the Council of State, but by a committee of this latter body. Relations were re-established, with a bad grace on the part of France, without good-will on that of the English Republicans. "In my great misfortune I have experienced nothing equal to this," wrote, however, Henrietta-Maria. Charles II. spoke of quitting Paris; but he did not do it. His monthly pension of six thousand livres was continued, but his situation became more and more isolated and depressing, and his faithful counsellors all urged him to seek shelter elsewhere.

Holland could no longer offer him support. A decree of the States-general had closed their territory to foreign princes. Although the Dutch statesmen in their patriotism and foresight had rejected the foolish demands of St. John, they sincerely wished for peace. A solemn embassy was dispatched to London to resume negotiations. Upon their entrance into Westminster Hall, the speaker and all the members of Parliament rose and removed their hats; but this act of courtesy indicated no modification in their pride and rancor. They listened to the proposals of the Dutch with the obstinacy of a haughty power, confident in its own might, eager to avenge itself for a disappointment which it considered as an insult. The disposition of the people corresponded with that of Parliament. More than once the mob attacked the house

which the Dutch envoys occupied at Chelsea. It was found necessary to assign a guard to the ambassadors.

Amidst these diplomatic agitations, it suddenly became known that, on the 12th of May, off Dover, the Dutch fleet, commanded by Van Tromp, and the English fleet, commanded by Blake, had encountered each other and fought. It was said that Van Tromp had refused a salute peremptorily demanded by Blake, and that upon a reiterated summons he had fired upon the English flag-ship. The encounter had been brisk, but without decisive issue. Popular wrath was its most immediate result. All the explanations given by a new envoy, Adrian de Paw, and the assurance that Van Tromp had received no instructions, did not appease the chiefs of the Council of State. On the 7th of July, 1652, war was declared, and fifteen days later the States-General accepted perforce and with sadness the challenge which had been thrown down to them.

The navy of the United Provinces at this time was more renowned than that of England: captains and sailors were inured to long cruises; their admirals already were skilled in ingenious manœuvres as yet unknown to the English. The latter, on the other hand, possessed larger vessels, well manned and equipped; they were more ardent in battle, and supported by a country richer and more powerful than Holland. The war opened with the utmost eagerness. Blake dispersed the fleet of herring-fishers upon the coast of Scotland, after having defeated the men-of-war which protected them. Van Tromp endeavored to avenge his compatriots upon the fleet of Sir George Ayscough; but he was first detained by a calm, and afterwards defeated by a storm. Blake, coming to the assistance of Ayscough, triumphed without fighting. He cruised impudently along the western coast of the

United Provinces before returning to Yarmouth, bringing in his wake his prizes and nine hundred prisoners.

Van Tromp gave in his resignation. He belonged to the party of Orange, and had no taste for serving the States-general. He was replaced by Michael Ruyter, a man of obscure origin, of popular renown, a stranger to political parties, and passionately devoted to his country. He soon compelled Ayscough to return into port at Plymouth, leaving the Dutch masters of the English Channel. He marvelled at his own success. "It is only," he said, "when it pleases God to give courage that one gains a victory. This is a work of Providence which cannot be accounted for by man." Proud of this victory, and resolving to prosecute the war with vigor, the States-general gave the command of a new squadron to Cornelis de Witt, one of the boldest of the aristocratic leaders, and committed the mistake of placing Ruyter under his orders. Cornelis de Witt was courageous in the extreme, but harsh and unpopular with the sailors. The Dutch encountered Blake's fleet. Ruyter was not in favor of giving battle; but De Witt pressed forward. After a desperate fight, which lasted during a whole day, the advantage everywhere remained with the English, so much so, that on the morrow it was impossible for the fleet of the States-general to resume the struggle, as Cornelis de Witt desired to do. They were compelled to return into harbor, followed by Blake, who was anxious to follow up his victory. Constrained by the public voice, the States restored to Van Tromp the command of their forces. Ruyter offered no objection to serving under his orders; Cornelis de Witt was ill, and refused. On the 30th of November, 1652, at the moment when the Parliament of England and its admirals believed themselves absolved from further efforts, the Dutch fleet, composed of seventy-three vessels, attacked Blake, who had but thirty-

seven. The English were defeated, and Van Tromp cruised about the Channel as a conqueror, carrying a broom at his mainmast head, braving the English navy in the very seas whose sovereignty it claimed.

Parliament did not accept the resignation tendered by Blake; it sent him large reinforcements. In all English ports the available vessels were put in requisition, and two months and a half later, on the 18th of February, 1653, Blake in his turn was seeking the enemy. Van Tromp was occupied in protecting a rich convoy of merchant vessels, which impeded his progress. He fought for four days with consummate skill and prudence, continuing to press forward towards the coast of Holland, in order to bring in his convoy. When he had at length succeeded in this object, the advantage rested incontestably with the English. Parliament made a great demonstration over a victory which had cost them dear. The war seemed no nearer its conclusion, and the expenses were becoming enormous. The courts of Europe, divided between the two belligerents, sought to imbitter their hostility rather than to appease it. The ambitious and short-sighted arrogance of the English Parliament had impelled it into a policy which placed the Commonwealth in contention with its natural friends, without obtaining for it any ally. At home it had to contend against ever-renewing difficulties, and to apply increasing severities. It was from the Cavaliers that the money necessary for supporting the war was extorted; and while tyranny was thus resorted to in providing for the wants which a bad foreign policy had created, Cromwell, powerful but inactive, silently undermined the ground beneath the feet of Parliament by taking skilful advantage of its faults.

Cromwell was inactive for good reasons. On the morrow of the victory of Worcester, Parliament, anxious both to

diminish its burdens and to enfeeble its rival, had disbanded a portion of the army, at the same time announcing further reductions. The general, loaded with presents and with marks of gratitude, had returned to take his place in the House, where his presence soon made itself felt. By his influence, and notwithstanding the resistance of the majority of the Republican leaders, two popular measures were passed, — a general amnesty act, and an electoral law decreeing that Parliament should not sit beyond the 3d of November, 1654. It was now the month of November, 1651: a duration of three years was thus assigned to the contest beginning between Cromwell and Parliament. Cromwell had too much good sense not to be willing to wait. He appreciated correctly what was possible, and he stopped at that even when his desires and his schemes would have led him further. He had succeeded in fixing a limit to the existence of Parliament; his efforts, at one time impassioned and brilliant, at another secret and indirect, were now to be employed in harassing the power with which he was at variance, and to this end he knew how to employ means of every description.

The spirit of innovation had taken possession of the young republic. On all hands bold projects, chimerical or practical, were submitted to Cromwell, who knew by instinct the popular wants and desires. He had made himself the patron of reform in the matter of civil proceedings, and more than once he authorized his officers to constitute themselves improvised judges. In ecclesiastical matters, amid new sects which sprang up every day, Cromwell never abandoned two great principles, — the liberty of conscience, and the regular preaching of the Gospel. The Presbyterians furnished him with pious and learned preachers in great numbers. The persecuted of all parties claimed his support. In the ranks and

beneath the banners of all the Christian sects he had established relations and nourished fruitful hopes; he made it his business to assure himself of the forces he had gained over, and to act in the interest of his soldiers.

Upon one occasion, at the residence of the speaker of the House of Commons, Lenthall, some leaders of the army and of Parliament were assembled. Cromwell submitted to the little assemblage the question of a stable government for the nation. The lawyer, Whitelocke, came at once to the point. "I should humbly offer," he said, "whether it be not requisite to be understood in what way this settlement is desired. Whether of an absolute republic, or with any mixture of monarchy?"

This, in fact, was the question constantly revived and discussed in these social meetings, which every day assumed more importance. Cromwell aimed prudently at the establishment of a single power. He was aware that the thoughts of some rested upon the young Duke of Gloucester, still in the hands of Parliament. He contrived to restore the little prince to liberty. The child was sent to Holland, to his sister, the Princess of Orange. This royal competitor being removed, Cromwell prosecuted his purpose. His daughter, the widow of Ireton, had recently married Fleetwood. He appointed his son-in-law to the command of the forces in Ireland, taking to his own charge the expenditure of Lambert while he had been Lord Deputy. The petitions of the army recommenced. "Take care," said Whitelocke to Cromwell, "this manner of causing the officers to petition thus, sword in hand, might very possibly be inconvenient to you some day!" But Cromwell was more anxious for success than concerned about the embarrassments which he might cause to spring up at some later day. He proceeded towards his end, feeling his way at each step. "What if a man should

take upon himself to be king?" he said one day to Whitelocke, after a long conversation. "As to your own person," said the shrewd lawyer, "the title of king would be of no advantage." And in expounding the reasons for his remark, he finally proposed to Cromwell a negotiation with King Charles II. and the Scots, for effecting a restoration. Cromwell did not reply and changed the conversation, being urged in different directions by his own desire and by the adverse opinions of the men whom he questioned. The English army was devoted to him; that of Ireland was more divided, owing to the influence of Ludlow. Streater, an officer in this army, came to England with some comrades, to oppose the designs which they suspected. He accused the general of seeking his own aggrandizement. Harrison resented this accusation, saying that he was sure that the general only wished to open the way for the reign of Christ. "Well!" replied Streater, "let Christ come then before Christmas, otherwise he will come too late."

The danger was not so urgent. Cromwell allowed his adversaries time to wear themselves out in public estimation. He ceased to oppose the new reduction of the army. Absolute master of the fortune and the fate of all, Parliament soon came to be regarded in public opinion as an iniquitous and corrupt judge.

This was the juncture for which Cromwell had waited. Impelled by the country, the Republican chiefs themselves prepared the bill of dissolution and the law according to which a new Parliament was to be elected. They still hoped to deceive the public; their proposal retained the sitting members as the nucleus of the new assembly: it was represented as a question of completing, not of renewing the Parliament.

Cromwell was not in the House on the 20th of April, 1653, when Vane, Martyn, and Sydney introduced what they

styled the Dissolution Bill, urging its immediate adoption. Colonel Ingoldsby came in haste to Whitehall. "If you wish to do something decisive," he said to Cromwell, "you have not a moment to lose." The general proceeded to Westminster, posted some troops at the gates, and entered, sitting down quietly in his usual place. St. John approached him. "I have come," said Cromwell, "with a purpose of doing what grieves me to the very soul, and what I have earnestly with tears besought the Lord not to impose upon me. I would rather a thousand times be torn piecemeal than do it, but there is a necessity which weighs upon me in order to the glory of God and good of the nation." Vane had ceased speaking: the speaker was about to put the bill to the vote. Cromwell rose and began to speak, in the first place doing justice to Parliament, to its zeal and to the services which it had rendered to the country; then gradually changing his tone, he reproached the members of the House with their procrastinations and their corruption. "You only wish to perpetuate yourselves in power. Your hour has come; the Lord has done with you — He who has taken me by the hand, and who causes me to do what I do." Vane and his friends endeavored to reply; all spoke together. Cromwell replaced his hat upon his head, and stepping into the middle of the Hall, "I will put an end to your prating," he exclaimed. Upon a sign from Harrison, the door opened, and a platoon of musketeers entered the Hall. "You are no Parliament; get you gone," said the general; "give place to honest men!" And as Lenthall refused to quit the chair, "Take him down then yourself," said Cromwell. Harrison placed his hand upon the robe of the speaker, who submitted. The members resisted. "It is contrary to morality and common honesty," exclaimed Vane; "it is an indignity." "Oh! Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane," replied Cromwell;

“you might have anticipated all this, but you are but a juggler; the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!” He addressed the members one by one as they issued forth, reproaching them for their faults and vices. The Hall was soon cleared; the general caused the papers to be seized, taking from the hands of the clerk on duty the Dissolution Bill, upon which they had been about to vote. Finally, he alone was left, and going out, locked the doors. When he returned to Whitehall, “I did not think of doing this,” he said to his friends who were awaiting him, “but perceiving the spirit of God strong upon me, I would no longer consult flesh and blood.”

A few hours later, the Council of State was also dissolved, notwithstanding the protestations of the president, Bradshaw. On the morrow, the passers-by stopped before Westminster Hall, to read a large placard, put up in the night by some Cavalier, on which were the words, written in large characters: “This house is now to be let unfurnished.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

CROMWELL PROTECTOR. 1653-1658.

THE deed was done. Parliament, which had at first aided, then thwarted Cromwell in his aims and in the exercise of power, had ceased to exist. A Council of State, composed of twelve members, convoked and presided over by the general himself, was henceforth charged with the control of public affairs. No resistance had been offered. A few austere Republicans had protested when Cromwell already began to feel the weight too heavy for his robust shoulders. The government of England was not, could not be the despotic empire of one man; the semblance at least of a Parliament was necessary. He resolved to constitute it himself with the men designated in public esteem by their virtues and their piety. A hundred and thirty-nine persons were thus chosen and convoked in the name of Oliver Cromwell, Captain-general of the forces of the Commonwealth. On the 4th of July, 1653, in the Council-chamber at Whitehall, the men thus chosen by Cromwell listened to his address, which was long and diffuse as usual, but was intended to give them confidence in their task and in their right to govern their country. "Accept your trust, for, I repeat to you, it is of God."

Cromwell in vain endeavored to establish upon the solid basis of Divine will that power which he had consolidated with his own hands, and which he was shortly about to



OLIVER CROMWELL

overthrow. The "Barebones Parliament," as it was called, from the name of one of its members, sat for five months. Laborious and exact, ardently occupied in reforming abuses and in establishing new laws, it was at the same time inclined to dispute the power and actions of the general more often than was agreeable to Cromwell. He had been lately leaning for support upon the sectarian reformers, but soon became aware that such innovators, available for destroying, were still prone to destroy the very power which they had raised; he resolved, therefore, to rid himself of them. He declared this to the Anabaptist preacher Feake, whose violence embarrassed and exasperated him. "Be assured that on the day when I shall be pressed by my enemies, more pressed than I have ever been, it will be with you that I shall begin to rid myself of them," he said. He found in the very midst of Parliament the instruments necessary for his purpose.

On Monday, the 12th of December, 1653, the friends of the general were assembled together at an early hour in the House. Scarcely had they concluded prayers, which were said as usual by one of the members present, when Colonel Sydenham, addressing the House, vigorously attacked the reformers, or rather the revolutionists, who, he said, rendered all government impossible. "I propose to declare that the sitting of this Parliament any longer would be of no service to the nation, and that we shall repair in a body to the Lord-general and resign the trust which has been committed to us."

A debate began upon this strange proposal. The reformers defended themselves. They sent notice to their friends, who arrived in haste. The issue became doubtful. Rouse, the speaker, abruptly closed the sitting, and proceeded to Whitehall, accompanied by forty members: thirty or thirty-

five remained in the House embarrassed and indignant. They did not muster a sufficient number to deliberate ; some began to pray. Colonel Goffe entered with a platoon of soldiers and caused the place to be cleared. Four days later, the act of abdication of the " Barebones " Parliament had received eighty signatures, and Cromwell solemnly accepted the government from the hands of the army, in the name of the three nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, under the title of Protector.

This was the re-establishment of a single power, the first step towards the restoration of a monarchy. As Whitelocke had shortly before predicted to Cromwell, it was henceforth against him that all the blows would be aimed. Sectaries, fanatical like Feake, or sincere like Major Harrison, refused to recognize the new government. Several colonels immediately entered into hostile conspiracies. John Lilburne had reappeared in England, and, although immediately incarcerated in Newgate, he had begun once more to write and to agitate the public with his indefatigable ardor. Cromwell resolved to place him upon his trial. " Freeborn John," wrote one of the confidants of the Protector, " has been sent to the Old Bailey Sessions, and I think that he will soon be hanged."

Every possible precaution had in fact been taken to assure the issue of the trial and the condemnation of Lilburne, but his ability, his eloquence, the impassioned ardor of his friends, thwarted all the efforts of the executive. " Last Saturday," wrote Beverning to John de Witt, " there were present at his trial no less than six thousand persons, who would not have heard him condemned without some few of them at least leaving their lives there." Lilburne was acquitted ; but Cromwell was more powerful and more obstinate than the Long Parliament itself. Notwithstanding his acquittal, the indom-

itable pamphleteer was detained in the Tower, then transported to Jersey. He at length consented to remain quiet as a condition of freedom, and died in obscurity four years later, in a little town in Kent. Meanwhile, before ridding himself of the "Barebones" Parliament, Cromwell, warned by the trial of Lilburne of the tendencies of juries, caused to be vested in himself the exceptional jurisdiction which had at first tried the king, and afterwards Lord Capel and his friends. The High Court of Justice had been reconstituted under the presidency of Bradshaw. The Protector took his precautions against the attacks and conspiracies which he foresaw. He was not deceived: five months after the establishment of the new power, a Royalist plot, which was to begin with the assassination of Cromwell, brought before the judges Colonel Gerard, who perished with two accomplices. The Protector had the prudence to spare the persons of distinction who were compromised in the affair. His wish had been to show the vigilance of his police and the strength of an authority which knew how to practise moderation.

While Cromwell thus displayed his energy and sagacity at home, accomplishing rapidly and by his sole authority the reforms long discussed by Parliament, he triumphed in Scotland, through the efforts of Monk, over the last of the Royalist insurrections. A simple ordinance at the same time incorporated with England the ancient kingdom of the Stuarts, relieving it of all independent representation and jurisdiction. Monk was commissioned to quietly govern the country which he had subjugated. Ireland remained calm and silent; the Protector had leisure to turn his eyes towards the Continent of Europe.

There again good fortune attended his ability and firmness. The war with Holland continued, and was generally favorable to the English arms. "Why should I remain si-

lent longer?" Cornelis de Witt said in an open assembly of the States. "I am here before my sovereigns; it is my duty to tell them that the English are now masters of us and of the seas." The struggle still continued, negotiations being meanwhile attempted. Van Tromp was killed on the 31st of July, 1653, in the midst of a desperate combat. "It is all over with me," he said as he fell, "but you, take courage." Ruyter, Cornelis de Witt, Floretz, Ewertz, continued the struggle, which every day became more fierce on the part of the English. Cromwell, however, was resolved to put an end to it. Diplomatic hesitations had ceased with the government of Parliament; the Protector wished for peace with the United Provinces, and for an alliance of the Protestant States; he set himself at work, without delay, to realize these two indispensable conditions of the greatness of his country and of his own influence in Europe.

The conditions imposed by the Protector were harsh, and they wounded the legitimate pride of the United Provinces: he renounced the idea of the incorporation of the two republics; he admitted the allies of the Dutch to the advantages of the treaty, but he demanded of the States an agreement never to receive within their territory any enemy of the Commonwealth, thus closing against the Stuarts their last place of refuge. He at the same time forbade the United Provinces ever to raise the young prince, William of Orange, or his descendants, to the office of Stadtholder or of commander of the land and sea forces. The States-general refused to assent to this stipulation. Cromwell then had recourse to indirect negotiations: he obtained, not without difficulty, a private and secret agreement from the States of the Province of Holland, which were sufficiently powerful to decide the question alone in the general assembly. On the 5th of June, 1654, the articles being at length ratified, the

treaty of peace became definitive, to the general satisfaction of the English as well as of the Netherlanders.

During this time Whitelocke was negotiating with Queen Christiana of Sweden, who was deeply impressed with the rare faculties which she recognized in Cromwell. "In the end, I think that your general will be king of England," she said. On the 28th of April, 1654, the English envoy signed, in common with Chancellor Oxenstiern, a treaty of friendship and alliance between the two countries. On the 30th of May, the Queen of Sweden, seduced by the unknown charms of a free life, solemnly abdicated before the Diet of Upsal, while Whitelocke, embarking for England, brought back to Cromwell an important success for his policy, and stories invented to flatter his pride.

Such rapid progress in so many directions produced a great impression upon the two important Catholic powers who at that time disputed the empire of the Continent. Don Alonzo de Cardenas, the Spanish ambassador, and M. de Bordeaux, the French ambassador, besieged the Protector with compliments and overtures. The Long Parliament had inclined towards the Spanish alliance. Cromwell, with higher sagacity, on the contrary, had a preference for France. But Cromwell was in no hurry to declare what he thought, and he allowed Cardenas and Bordeaux in turn to conceive a hope of his preference, and thus became every day more the object of their jealous attentions.

Thus sought after abroad by every government, and conqueror at home of all parties, the Protector at length deemed himself in a position to confront a Parliament. He ordered therefore, for the 3d of September, 1654, the anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester, the assembly of a Parliament freely elected.

It was the first time for fourteen years that there had

been in England a general election. No one was excluded except the Cavaliers and the Roman Catholics. Four hundred and sixty members, among whom the Presbyterians and sectaries were numerous, were present on the day appointed for the opening of the session. All had accepted the condition expressed in the writ of their election: "The persons elected shall not have the power to alter the government as it is settled, in one single person and a Parliament."

This was, however, the first question put to the vote by the House. Returning to their own hall, after the opening speech of the Protector, the Republicans there revived all the maxims, all the pretensions of the Long Parliament. The form of government had for four days been the object of the most animated discussions, when, on the 12th of September, on arriving at Westminster, the members found the doors closed and guarded by soldiers. "You cannot pass," said the sentinels; "go into the Painted Chamber, the Protector will be there soon." He arrived as promised, and taking his seat in the chair of state, which he had occupied a week before to open Parliament, he reviewed, in a speech which was both bold and embarrassed, his past works, the services which he had rendered to the country, and the necessity of putting an end to the agitation to which it had been a prey. "I had a thought within myself," he said, "that it would not have been dishonest nor dishonorable, if, when a Parliament was so chosen as you have been in pursuance of this instrument of government and in conformity with it, some owning of your call and of the authority which brought you hither had been required before your entrance into the House. This was declined. What I forbore from a just confidence at first you necessitate me unto now. . . . I have caused a stop to be put to your entrance into the Parliament House. I am sorry, I am sorry,

PRESENTING THE ADDRESS TO WILLIAM

"'YOU CANNOT PASS,' SAID THE SENTINELS."

and I could be sorry to the death, that there is cause for this. . . . There is therefore somewhat to be offered to you, that is to say, in the form of government now settled, which is expressly stipulated in your Indentures not to be altered. The making of your minds known in that, by giving your assent and subscription to it, is the means that will let you in to act those things, as a Parliament, which are for the good of the people. The place where you may come thus and sign, as many as God shall make free thereunto, is in the Lobby without the Parliament door."

A hundred and fifty members, belonging to the austere Republicans, refused to pledge themselves, and immediately withdrew; before the end of the month, more than three hundred members had signed, and Parliament continued its session, accepting, since it was so compelled, the first article of the constitutional act, but reserving to itself to discuss all the others. During more than four months quibble succeeded to quibble, difficulty to difficulty. On the 22d of January, 1655, the five months of session which the act of convocation assured to Parliament at length expired. Cromwell repaired to Westminster. "Though some may think it is a hard thing to raise money without Parliamentary authority upon this nation," he said, "yet I have another argument to the good people of this nation if they would be safe and yet have no better principle. . . . Whether they prefer the having of their will, though it be their destruction, rather than comply with things of necessity? . . . I should wrong my native country to suppose this. . . . I leave the unknown to God, and conclude with this, that I think it my duty to tell you that it is not for the profit of these nations, nor for common and public good, for you to continue here any longer. And therefore I do declare unto you that I do dissolve this Parliament."

Cromwell was free, but uneasy and dissatisfied. He had hoped for much from the new Parliament, and the disappointment was bitter to him. He had spoken in his speech of the Royalist conspiracies which had been developed under the uncertain government of the Republicans. An insurrection which broke out shortly afterwards in the West and in the North, proved the correctness of his assertions. It was easily repressed, and its chief, Penruddock, perished upon the scaffold with his principal adherents. Almost at the same time the Protector was informed of the insurrectionary projects on the part of the Republican sectaries under the leadership of Overton and Wildman. Both these men were placed in the Tower. Other chiefs of the Levellers were arrested and sent to prison quietly. When the men of his former party were concerned, Cromwell conducted in a very different manner from that which he employed towards the Royalists. He applied himself to preventing and stifling. He wished them to be powerless, but not conspicuously victims.

The conspiracy of the Cavaliers furnished, moreover, to the Protector a resource which became every day more necessary to him. He had no money; and he resolved to impose upon the Royalists a tax of ten per cent. upon their incomes. Under pretence of collecting this impost he established in every county a local militia, of which he formed twelve corps, under the command of tried officers. All the Royalists found themselves outlawed. It was, apparently, against them alone that this measure, destined to secure in all quarters the power of the Protector, was directed.

The measure was tyrannical; its enforcement was more odious still. Cromwell gained the money of which he was in need, but the militia officers nearly everywhere abused their power. Returning into the old path of revolutionary violence, parties once more found themselves at contention, not

in the way of civil war, but of resisting oppression. The allaying of mutual passions and hatreds, and the establishment of a regular and legal government, continued to be a vain hope for England. Cromwell felt it to be so, and struggled bitterly against that conviction.

In the midst of the disorder and violence which he could not or would not repress, Cromwell always had the credit of understanding and respecting liberty of conscience. Constrained by the fanaticism of his friends to oppress the Catholics, often even the Anglican Church, he secretly used leniency towards the latter, and left to all the sects which divided England among them a full and absolute independence. He protected them against each other, defending even the liberty of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers; of the Jews, who asked to be allowed to establish themselves in England; and of Republican men of letters like Harrington, who dedicated to him his Republican Utopia of *Oceana*. He at the same time defended the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge against the ignorant and fiery sectaries who would have destroyed these centres of Episcopacy, and he took pleasure in restoring to them something of their past splendors. Few despots have understood like Cromwell how to restrain themselves within the limits of practical necessity, while leaving to the human mind a vast and free field of action.

All these efforts in the direction of a good internal government did not suffice to found his power upon a solid basis. Cromwell sought foreign renown. Near the close of October, 1655, he had sent Blake into the Mediterranean, in command of a large fleet, to cruise round Spain and keep watch upon its ports, while Admiral Penn was preparing to carry war into the Spanish colonies of America. Blake acquitted himself of his mission as usual, repressing the Bar-

bary pirates in the seas where he cruised; bombarding Tunis, which had refused him water, and exhibiting boldness and moderation in turn. The Republican admiral caused the English flag to be everywhere respected. Cromwell knew this, and laid great stress upon it. "That is how things must be done," he said; "and I will render the name of Englishman as great as was ever that of Roman."

Unfortunately, Penn's expedition had partly failed in its object: the attack upon St. Domingo completely miscarried through the misunderstandings of the commanders and their want of foresight: the result of all this effort and expense proved to be only the taking of Jamaica. The great attempt against the Spanish colonies was more profitable to Mazarin than to Cromwell: it caused a definitive rupture between the Protector and Spain. The shrewd French minister hastened to take advantage of it. On the 24th of October, 1655, the Spanish ambassador, Cardeñas, embarked at Dover to return to his country, and on the same day a treaty between France and England was signed,—a treaty of commerce, which became, towards the end of November, a treaty of alliance. The position of the Protector in Europe became every day more important and powerful; but for eighteen months he had governed alone and arbitrarily: his strong good sense warned him that absolute power soon exhausts itself. He wanted money to wage war against Spain. The moment appeared to him propitious for at length founding legal order, and he again convoked a Parliament.

When the House assembled, on the 17th of September, 1656, the efforts of the Protector and of his agents had not succeeded in preventing the entrance of a great number of indomitable Republicans. Vane and Bradshaw had failed; Ludlow and Harrison had not presented themselves; but Haslerig, Scott, Robinson, and some hundred of their friends,

had been elected. At the door of the Session Hall were guards, who asked of each a certificate of admission. The majority presented it: a hundred and two members were without one and could not enter. The tumult was great. The Master of the Rolls of the Commonwealth was sent for. He arrived in great haste. "His Highness," he said, "had given orders that the certificate of admission should be given only to members approved of by the council." On the morrow, Nicholas Furnes, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, appeared at Westminster. "According to the constitutional act of the Protectorate," he said, "no one can be elected member of Parliament who is not a man of recognized integrity, fearing God, and of good conduct. It is the duty of the Council to consider whether the elected combine these conditions, without which none can be admitted to sit."

Thus mutilated at the outset of its session, the House accepted its humiliation. The rejected members appeared before the Council of State; their protest was useless. Parliament passed on to other matters, being in haste, it was said, to occupy itself with affairs of state. But public opinion disapproved the arbitrary act of the Protector; it weighed upon the whole assembly. Feeble and insignificant as it was, it never lost the recollection of the affront which it had suffered, nor abandoned the desire to be avenged.

Cromwell, however, was in need of the Parliament, for he was meditating a great enterprise. Being assured of the necessity of founding that order which he had re-established upon durable bases, he contemplated taking the title of *king*, which had been proposed to him by his officers at the time of the constitutional establishment of the Protectorate, and which he had then refused. His pretensions amounted to nothing less than placing his family upon the re-established throne. His eldest son, Richard, was of peaceful tastes

and manners, with little capacity for government and contention, but he would be able to lean for support upon his brother Henry, who had recently given proof of his ability as governor-general of Ireland. Parliament appeared devoted; fortune had just favored the Protector with a lucky incident. The squadron which was cruising in the Spanish seas had captured a fleet of galleons, coming from America and laden with gold. The treasures were brought triumphantly to London; the people were enthusiastic; the House voted the new taxes asked by the Protector. The idea of royalty had been sown in people's minds, and readily took root throughout the country.

The Cavaliers were so convinced of this that two of their number, among those who lived on good terms with him, — Lord Hertford and Lord Broghill, — made overtures to Cromwell in favor of Charles Stuart. "You can bring back the king on any conditions you please," said Lord Broghill, "and preserve with much less trouble and peril the authority which you possess." "The king can never forgive the blood of his father," said Cromwell. "You are but one of those who took part in that act, and you alone will have the merit of having re-established the king." "He is so debauched that he would ruin us all," replied the Protector, and he broke off the interview, but without ill-humor, leaving Lord Broghill convinced that he had himself contemplated this expedient.

In the country, many wearied and discouraged Cavaliers would willingly have accepted the return of monarchy, in the hope of seeing the legitimate monarch again in a short time ascend the throne. The Presbyterians, who were monarchists by nature, were protected by Cromwell, and preponderant in religious matters. The sectaries, who were not favorable to him, and who considered him lukewarm in reli-

gious matters, enjoyed under his government a liberty for which they owed him gratitude. Everything had succeeded with him for three years; almost all believed that his good fortune would go as far as his daring would seek to carry it, and the public manifested an inclination to trust him, or at least to acquiesce in his schemes.

Cromwell began to make overtures to his confidants in this great matter; he appeared yet to hesitate; exciting by his conversation their curiosity or their zeal, he skilfully urged them in the path which was to lead him to his object, always remaining in a position to stop them or to repudiate them.

He made use of the same policy for undermining Parliament and the army. The House had condemned to a cruel punishment John Naylor, a prophetic enthusiast, accused of blasphemy. At the very moment of the execution, Cromwell caused it to be asked in Parliament why the fanatic had been denied trial by jury, that bulwark of personal liberty so dear to Englishmen. Desborough proposed to prolong the tax of a tenth imposed upon the Royalists for the maintenance of the army. Lord Claypole, son-in-law of the Protector, energetically opposed this measure, which was rejected. The tax-gatherers thus remained alone exposed to the public hatred aroused on all hands by their exactions. Their rancor deprived the Protector of some of his most faithful allies.

While the friends of Cromwell were disunited, his enemies rendered assistance to his great design. Charles II., then at Bruges, where he received assistance from Spain, was preparing, it was said, an expedition. He possessed some trustworthy supporters among the Republicans, among others a man named Sexby, who promised to raise a popular insurrection which would become Royalist, as soon as Cromwell should

have disappeared. Assassination was counted upon, and the assassin was already found. Miles Sindercombe, a bold soldier and an ardent Republican, passed his time in watching for the moment and in seeking the means of taking the life of the Protector. On the 19th of January, 1657, Thurloe solemnly revealed the plot in Parliament. Sindercombe was arrested, as well as two of his accomplices.

The public excitement was great. It was proposed to form a committee instructed to ask the Protector when it would be convenient to him to receive the expression of the opinion of the House. "I propose something more," said an obscure member, Mr. Ashe; "I would ask his Highness to take upon him the government according to the ancient constitution; then our liberties and tranquillity, the safety and the privileges of his Highness, would be established upon solid foundations." A tumult arose; the motion of Mr. Ashe was violently opposed and warmly defended: it fell as an untimely measure; but the first landmarks were erected, the first step was made. One month later, the 22d of February, Alderman Pack, member for the City of London, presented to the House of Commons a proposal entitled, "The humble address and remonstrance of the knights, citizens, and burgesses, now assembled in the Parliament of this Commonwealth;" it was for the re-establishment of the monarchy and of the two Houses. The Protector was invited to take the title of king, and to designate his successor. After a violent discussion, the proposal was taken into consideration, and the debate postponed until the morrow.

While the House was discussing, some hundred officers, at the head of whom were Lambert, Desborough, and Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law, presented themselves at the residence of the Protector. They implored him not to accept the title of king. "This title displeases the army," they said; "it is

hazardous for your person and the three nations; it will make way for the return of Charles Stuart."

Cromwell immediately replied to them, that the title of king need not startle them so dreadfully, inasmuch as some of them well knew it was already offered to him and pressed upon him by themselves when this government was undertaken; that the title "king," a feather in a hat, was as little valuable to him as to them. But on every occasion, he said, they had made him their instrument; and he briefly recalled all the arbitrary acts which he had done, he said, at the instigation of the army. "The nation is tired of uncertain arbitrary ways, and wishes to come to a settlement," he continued. "By what this Parliament have done, by their own mere vote and will, with James Naylor, you will see that a check is necessary; what has happened to James Naylor may be any one's case some day. Does the fundamental law of the Protectorate empower me to check them?"

The facts which Cromwell recalled were embarrassing, his voice was full of influence over his old companions. Many wavered in their resistance, a compromise was arrived at. It was agreed that the question of the title of king should be suspended until the end of the debate. Upon this condition the officers accepted the two Houses of Parliament, and the right of the Protector to designate his successor; they undertook to allow the discussion to follow its course peacefully. On the 25th of March, the House voted, by a hundred and twenty-three votes against sixty-two, the first clause of the project which had been reserved until that day. "That your Highness will be pleased to assume the name, style, title, dignity, and office of King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the respective dominions and territories thereunto belonging, and to exercise the same according to the laws of those nations."

On the 25th of March, 1657, Cromwell received the House at Whitehall, in that banqueting-hall which, eight years before, Charles I. had crossed between two rows of soldiers on his way to the scaffold. "I am but a servant," said the speaker, Widdrington, "and I have not to express my own thoughts, but to declare what the Parliament has commanded. I am like a gardener who plucks flowers in the garden of his master and makes therewith a nosegay. I will only offer to your Highness what I have gathered in the garden of the Parliament." And he detailed the eighteen articles of the "humble petition and advice," dwelling upon the impossibility of mutilating it by rejecting one article to accept the other.

Cromwell listened gravely and in silence; he asked time for reflection. On the 3d of April, he begged Parliament to send delegates to him to receive his reply. "You do necessitate my answer to be categorical," he said, "and you have left me without a liberty of choice save as to all. I should be very brutish did I not acknowledge the exceeding high honor and respect you have had for me in this paper, and by you I return the Parliament through you my grateful acknowledgments. I must need say that that may be fit for you to offer which may not be fit for me to undertake. I have been able to attain no further than this, that seeing the way is hedged up so as it is to me, and I cannot accept the things offered unless I accept all, I have not been able to find it my duty to God and you to undertake this charge under that title. And if Parliament be so resolved, 'for the whole paper or none of it,' it will not be fit for me to use any inducement to you to alter their resolution. . . . That is all that I have to say."

Parliament understood what was meant amid the perplexity and vagueness of this reply. It was accustomed to

unravel and follow the desire of Cromwell in the labyrinths of his deeds and words. It determined that it persisted absolutely in its petition, while asking officially to expound its motives before the Protector.

Cromwell knew, as well as Parliament, what was wanting to the stability of the government of England. Lord Broghill summed up the thought of his colleagues as well as that of the Protector, when he said: "It is by the title of king, and never by any other, that our ancient laws designate the head magistracy; now, ancient foundations, when they are good, are better than new ones, were they equally good; that which is confirmed by time and experience has afforded proof of its worth, and carries with it much more authority."

In reality, Parliament was not speaking to Cromwell, nor Cromwell to Parliament. They were both addressing themselves to a public who were not present in Whitehall, to the dissentient but moderate Republicans, whom they hoped to bring over to their views; to the whole country, which they wished to associate with the foundation of a new dynasty, in order that it might compel the former parties to accept it.

The conferences therefore continued. Cromwell listened to the exhortations of Parliament with evident satisfaction, mingled, however, with great mental perturbation; he was not a man of simple and fixed ideas, nor one who advanced steadfastly towards his object. While they were addressing him, his powerful imagination brought rapidly before his eyes the most hidden recesses as well as the most diverse phases of his position,—all the consequences, near or remote, probable or only possible, of the act which he was meditating. The matter went forward slowly, and Parliament began to evince some ill-humor. It was quite willing to assist the Protector in making himself king, but not to present the

appearance of making him so against his will, thus assuming all the responsibility of the re-establishment of the monarchy. All the amendments, however, being adopted, the petition was again presented to the Protector. He contented himself with glancing at the last sentences, saying hurriedly, and in a low tone of voice, that the document requiring some consideration, he could not yet appoint a day; that as soon as he should have determined upon one, he would let the House know of it; and that it would be as soon as was possible, he doing all he could to expedite it.

Cromwell had gained over Parliament; he had influenced the public mind; but, notwithstanding his ardent endeavors, some of the most important of the leaders of the army remained hostile to him, and persisted in their opposition to his design, either through envy or Republican and sectarian fidelity, or, as in the case of Desborough, his brother-in-law, and Fleetwood, his son-in-law, in the very interests of his own family; all were convinced that the re-establishment of the monarchy would turn to the advantage of Charles Stuart. In vain did Cromwell repeat his favorite phrase, that it was "a feather in a hat," and that he was astonished that some men did not allow children to play with their rattles; the Republican chiefs were inflexible. The country itself was indifferent to the question. England did not expect from the projected change the return of the two things which she had at heart, — a stable monarchy and a free Parliament.

Meanwhile the House was convoked for the 6th of May, at Westminster. The choice of the place appeared to indicate a resolution at length to accept the crown, for the Protector ordinarily received the House at Whitehall. But on the 7th of May the committee learned that the general audience was postponed to the morrow; they themselves awaited in vain the interview which had been promised them. When

they returned on the morrow to Whitehall, a deputation of officers presented themselves before the House. "Cromwell has decided to accept the crown," Desborough said to Colonel Pride. "He will not do it," said Pride. "How will you prevent it?" "Get me a petition well drawn up, and I will prevent it!" It was this petition, written by Doctor Owen, formerly Cromwell's chaplain, which the officers brought to the bar of Parliament. "Certain people," they said, "were making great efforts to place their country again under its former servitude, by urging their general to accept the title of king; and that to ruin him, in order that the power should no longer be in the hands of the faithful servants of God and the public!" They implored the House to lend no support to such people or to such designs, and to remain firm to the good old cause, for which they were always ready to sacrifice their lives.

The House was embarrassed and agitated. Cromwell, being immediately informed of this incident, sent for Fleetwood, complaining bitterly that he should have suffered such a petition to be presented, and demanding that the House should repair on that very day to Whitehall. As soon as the assemblage was present in the banqueting-hall, Cromwell entered.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I come hither to answer that which was in your last paper to your committee you sent to me yesterday, which was in relation to the desires that were offered me by the House in that they called their petition.

"I have the best I can resolved the whole business in my thoughts. I must bear my testimony to the act, that the intentions and the things are very honorable and honest, and the product worthy of a Parliament. . . . I have only had the misfortune not to be convinced of the necessity of that

thing which hath been so often insisted on by you—to wit, the title of king. . . . And whilst you are granting other liberties, surely you will not deny me this which is not only a liberty but a duty. . . . If I shall do anything on this account to answer your expectation at the best, I should do it doubtingly. . . . And whatsoever is not of faith is sin to him that doth it. . . .

“I, lying under this consideration, think it my duty, only I could have wished I had done it sooner for the sake of the House, who have laid such infinite obligations on me. . . . But truly this is my answer, that, although I think the act of government doth consist of very excellent parts in all but that one thing of the title as to me, I cannot accept of the government, nor undertake the trouble and charge of it, as to which I have a little more experimented than everybody. . . . I say I am persuaded to return this answer to you, that I cannot undertake this government with the title of king. And that is mine answer to this great and weighty business.”

The House withdrew, astonished and discontented. Three weeks later it voted, in all its details, the “Humble Petition and Advice,” in which the title of Protector everywhere replaced the title of King, and on the 26th of June, in great pomp, Cromwell took the oath to the new constitution, which re-established the two Houses, concentrated the power in the hands of the Protector, and gave him the right of designating his successor. There was no longer a republic. To make the government again a monarchy there lacked only the hereditary right and the title of king.

Cromwell had attempted more than he could accomplish; and, notwithstanding the splendor which surrounded the new Act of the Protectorate, notwithstanding the new rights which were attached thereto, he felt his power and reputation

lessened. A little tract was profusely circulated, under this title: "Killing no Murder." The pamphlet was dedicated to Cromwell himself. "To your Highness the honor is due of dying for the people," said the pamphlet, which was attributed to Sexby, "and it will surely be for you, at the last moment of your life, an inexpressible consolation to see how much good you will do in the world by quitting it. Then alone, my Lord, the titles which you now usurp will really belong to you: then you will be the liberator of your country, for you will deliver it from a bondage almost equal to that from which Moses freed the Jews. . . . All this we hope from the death of your Highness. . . . It is to hasten this great good that I write this tract. . . ." Sexby was arrested and placed in the Tower; he died there several months later, thus escaping the punishment which he had so often merited.

While the assassination of the Protector was thus openly proposed to the country, suggested as a means of deliverance, the Upper House, which had been recently formed with great difficulty, met with considerable jealousy and ill-will from the Commons. Cromwell had been compelled to place in the former assembly a few of his most faithful adherents; he had summoned thither seven of the former peers: one only responded to the appeal. A friend of Cromwell, Lord Warwick himself, whose son, Mr. Rich, had recently married Lady Frances, youngest daughter of the Protector, refused to take his seat. "I will not," he said, "sit beside the shoemaker Hewson." In vain did Cromwell, on the 25th of January, 1658, open the sitting of Parliament with a speech which began with the traditional words, "My Lords and Gentlemen of the House of Commons;" the Commons refused to give an honorary title to the "other" House, and only accepted communications with the Peers through their

own messengers. The members excluded at the opening of Parliament, in 1657, presented themselves to take their seats, and Cromwell no longer thought of excluding them, for they proposed to take the oath to the new constitution. Republican passion gained the ascendant; it had found its former chief, Sir Arthur Haslerig; being summoned to the House of Lords, he refused to sit, and returned to take his place in the House of Commons at the head of the opposition.

Cromwell had in vain kept out of office his former comrade, Lambert, who had refused to take the oath to the new constitution. In vain had he been delivered from an austere witness by the death of Admiral Blake, who had succumbed beneath the fatigues of his triumph, after having won the victory of Teneriffe against the Spaniards. The Protector, who had not succeeded in making himself king, was conscious of a revolutionary agitation around him. On the 4th of February, without consulting or apprising any one, he repaired to the House of Lords, and caused the House of Commons to be summoned. "I had very comfortable expectations," he said, "that God would make the meeting of this Parliament a blessing. . . . It was granted I should name another House. I named it . . . of men of your own rank and quality, who should shake hands with you, who would not only be a balance unto you. . . . Yet, instead of owning a king, some must have I know not what, and you have not only disjointed yourselves but the whole nation, and that at the moment when the King of Scots hath an army at the water-side ready to be shipped for England. . . . If this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting, and I do dissolve this Parliament. And let God judge between you and me." "Amen!" replied a few of the opposition.

Cromwell sought in the army the support which Parlia-

ment refused him: he convoked a grand council of officers, and expounded to them the perils of the situation, with an invasion and an insurrection imminent, Charles Stuart united with the Spaniards, the Spaniards with the Cavaliers, the Cavaliers with the Levellers; civil war was certain, and the army threatened with losing all the advantages which it had conquered at the price of its blood. Parliament was laboring to destroy the constitutional act which it had voted. Were the army and its leaders determined with him to preserve it? This was responded to with acclamations. Cromwell urged his advantage. He had noticed some officers who were gloomy and silent. He addressed them personally. "We are ready," said Parker, a major commanding his own regiment, "to fight against Charles Stuart and his adherents, but we cannot engage ourselves blindly and for every case." Cromwell did not reply, but a few days later the adverse officers were dismissed, and proceeded to range themselves around Lambert, who was cultivating flowers in his garden at Wimbledon.

It was the general opinion that, in all these demonstrations, the Protector much exaggerated the perils with which the public peace and his government were threatened. The nation was in this neither so clear-sighted nor so well informed as their chief. Indomitable in their hopes as in their hatreds, the hostile parties were rallying in the shadow of their reverses. As soon as the Protector was seen to be in contention with the Parliament which had proposed to make him king, a new and terrible conspiracy was set on foot against him in all directions. Levellers, Cavaliers, Republicans, ex-members of the State Council, Anabaptist ministers, were alike eagerly engaged in it. The conspirators carried their audacity, in London even, and under Cromwell's very eyes, to the point of fixing the day and hour on which the

city was to be occupied, the Lord Mayor arrested, and the Tower fired.

The policy of Cromwell was as bold as that of the conspirators, and more experienced than theirs. He was the first man to know that the Marquis of Ormond was in London for the purpose of coming to an understanding with the conspirators of all parties and all ranks. "Tell him that I know where he is and what he is doing," the Protector said to Lord Broghill, who was defending himself from the charge of having been cognizant of the journey of Ormond. The plot was mature and about to burst forth, when suddenly numerous and hurried arrests took place, surprising the Republican, Royalist, and Anabaptist conspirators. The Tower was filled with prisoners. In London, on the very morning of the day fixed for the great insurrection, the ringleaders were captured in the house in which they had met, and Colonel Barkstead, Lieutenant of the Tower, advanced to the middle of the city with five cannon. The plot was thwarted everywhere, stricken powerless at the moment when the conspirators thought themselves assured of success.

Cromwell was unwilling to trust this important matter to a jury. By virtue of an act of the Parliament which he had recently dissolved, he constituted a High Court, composed of a hundred and thirty members and presided over by Lord Lisle, one of the judges of Charles I. The accused persons all protested against this exceptional jurisdiction. "I demand to be tried by a jury," said Sir Henry Slingsby, an indomitable Cavalier; "you are my enemies. I see among you persons who have confiscated and caused my estates to be sold. . . . You accuse me of having violated your laws. . . . I cannot have violated them since I have never submitted to them. . . ." Doctor Hewitt, a justly esteemed

clergyman of the Church of England, claimed with the same firmness the rights "which were those of his fellow-countrymen as well as his own." Both were condemned and executed, though Sir Henry Slingsby was the uncle of Lord Falconbridge, who had recently married Lady Mary, one of the daughters of the Protector, and though Doctor Hewitt was the person who had performed the marriage ceremony. Lady Claypole, Cromwell's favorite daughter, in common with her sisters, made ardent efforts to obtain the pardon of the Doctor. Cromwell was inflexible; he thought severity necessary. Six executions took place, then the Protector allowed the High Court to adjourn, and the last accused persons were tried by jury. He continued to be troubled and dejected, ordering his horses to be driven with great rapidity when he went out in his carriage, being attended by numerous guards, and often changing his sleeping apartment in Whitehall. This gloomy anxiety with regard to his safety ill accorded with the character of Cromwell; his powerful self-will was still firm and bold, but an evident necessity weighed upon him; he accepted it frankly and without self-deception, guarding his life with the same ardor which he had formerly brought to bear in achieving his great position.

He undoubtedly experienced a bitter mixture of pleasure and pride when he turned his eyes to the other side of the Channel, and when he contrasted with his situation at home, so precarious and so perilous, the power and splendor which he had conquered abroad for his country and for himself. It was precisely at this time, when he was striving so arduously in England against plots, that he obtained upon the Continent the most brilliant successes. He had not been slow to perceive that, to make war against Spain effectively, the treaty of peace and commerce which he had concluded with France did not suffice; he had therefore wel-

comed the advances of Mazarin for a more intimate and effectual union. A treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between France and England, had been concluded at Paris, on the 23d of March, 1657; and a few weeks later six thousand English soldiers, carefully chosen by Cromwell, landed at Boulogne, ready to join the army of Turenne. "Sire," said the English ambassador, Lockhart, himself a relative of Cromwell, to the young king, "the Protector has commanded his officers and soldiers to display in the service of your Majesty the same zeal as in his own." Louis XIV. showed himself to be very sensible of this mark of affection from a prince whom he considered, he said, "as one of the greatest and happiest in Europe." The campaign was prolonged; meanwhile Mazarin did not keep his promise: Cromwell complained as he knew how to complain. Mardyck, besieged and soon captured, was consigned as a pledge to the English; the troops marched towards Gravelines, but the Spaniards having opened all the dams around the town, the capture became impossible. It was found necessary to put off to the spring of 1658 the siege of Dunkirk. The town was invested; all the court was present to be witnesses of the assault. The Spaniards would not believe that Dunkirk was in danger. Don John of Austria hastened forward, however, to its defence, with his cavalry and a portion of the artillery. The Prince of Condé, unhappily engaged among the enemies of his country, was desirous of awaiting the remainder of the troops. "I am persuaded," said Don John, "that the French will not even dare to look at the army of his Catholic Majesty face to face." "Ah! you do not know M. de Turenne," said Condé; "a mistake is not made with impunity in presence of that man." The fight began on the 14th of June. At daybreak Turenne sent an intimation to Lockhart, who had assumed the command of the English

troops. The aide-de-camp of the marshal was desirous of explaining his plan to the English general. "It is well," replied Lockhart; "I rely upon M. de Turenne; he shall tell me his reasons after the battle, if it is agreeable to him." Strange contrast between the manly discipline of English good sense, and the frivolous blindness of Spanish pride. Condé was not mistaken: the issue of the battle could not be doubtful to his tried experience. "My lord," he said to the young Duke of Gloucester, who was serving in the Spanish army with his brother, the Duke of York, "you have never seen a battle?" "No, prince." "Well, you are going to see how a battle is lost." The battle of the Dunes was in fact completely lost by the Spaniards. With two exceptions, all the officers of Lockhart's regiment were killed or wounded. On the 25th of June, 1658, Louis XIV. entered Dunkirk, to solemnly surrender it into the hands of the English. "Although the court and the army are in despair at depriving themselves of so good a morsel," wrote Lockhart to Thurloe, "the cardinal is firm in his promises, and appears as pleased at surrendering this town into the hands of his Highness, as I am to receive it. The king is also extremely obliging and polite, and he has more probity in his soul than I imagined."

It was a great triumph for Cromwell, and he enjoyed it without suffering himself to be dazzled by success. An exchange of magnificent embassies — Lord Falconbridge in France on the part of the Protector, the Duke of Créquy in England on the part of Louis XIV. — completed the ratification of this alliance, which had already borne such glorious fruit, and restored to England that foothold in France of which the Duke of Guise had deprived it in reconquering Calais. Cromwell began once more to think of the election of a new Parliament, which at last should sanction, support, and per-

petuate his power. The confidence of the country and the money necessary for the war were equally wanting to him. His friends urged him to nominate his successor.

Cromwell listened, hesitated, and did not act. He was painfully occupied by family afflictions. After three months of marriage his daughter Frances had lost her husband, Robert Rich, who was scarcely twenty-three years of age; and his favorite child, Lady Claypole, who for a long time had been dangerously ill, was growing weaker day by day. She was a person of noble and delicate feelings, of elegant and cultivated mind, faithful to her friends, generous towards her enemies, and she enthusiastically returned to her father the affection which the latter manifested towards her. For a fortnight he did not leave her bedside, and when she died at last on the 6th of April, 1658, all business was suspended until public affairs were able to obtain from the father a momentary cessation of his grief.

Cromwell himself was, moreover, poor in health; he had made an effort to resume his labors, but intermittent fever set in, aggravating the disorders to which the Protector had for a long while been subject. His physicians insisted upon his leaving Hampton Court, where his daughter had died. He returned to London. The complaint increased and became serious. The Protector appeared to have no thought of public affairs, but he set in order matters concerning his family and household. He had, however, not abandoned the thought of living, and he counted upon the answer of God to his friends' prayers. "Treat me like a poor servant," he said to his doctors; "ye may have skill in your profession, but Nature can do more than all the physicians in the world, and God is far above nature." And indeed Cromwell was much prayed for. "Truly," wrote Thurloe to Henry Cromwell, "there is a general consternation upon the spirits of all

men, good and bad, fearing what may be the event of it should it please God to take his Highness at this time; and God having prepared the heart to pray, I trust He will incline His ear to hear."

The disorder increased nevertheless; the attacks were more violent and frequent, and Cromwell's prostration greater. He had not yet named his successor; no one dared to speak to him of it. Thurloe had undertaken to do so, but he still hesitated. The Protector had kept his intentions secret; mention was made among the people of his two sons and of his son-in-law, Fleetwood, who was more agreeable to the army. The prudent Thurloe did not wish to place himself at variance with any of the candidates; he therefore waited.

The religious opinions of Cromwell had very feebly influenced his conduct, and he had often placed them at the service of his worldly interests, but they had never disappeared from this soul burdened with prevarications and lawless deeds, and they resumed all their sway upon his death-bed. "Tell me," he said, on the 2d of September, to one of his chaplains, "is it possible to fall from the state of grace?" "No," said the divine. "Then am I safe," said Cromwell, "for I am sure that once I was in a state of grace." He tossed about in his bed, praying aloud. "Lord," he said, "I am a miserable creature. . . . Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and Thee service. . . . And many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death. Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love. . . . Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm. . . . Even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night if it be Thy pleasure. Amen."

The repose which Cromwell asked of God was approaching for him. It was on the 3d of September, the anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester. He muttered now only broken words: "Truly God is good indeed He is. . . . I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and His people, but my work is done yet God will be with His people." Some drink was offered to him, and he was urged to sleep. "It is not my design to drink or sleep," he said, "but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." He fell into a profound stupor, from which he did not arouse again. A sigh alone announced to those present that he had expired.

A universal shudder ran through England at this news. Friends and enemies all felt that the hour of stirring events had struck again. Only a few hours before his death the Protector had named his son Richard to succeed him; he was proclaimed without opposition. "It has pleased God," wrote Thurloe to Henry Cromwell, "to give to his Highness your brother a very easy and peaceful beginning in his government; there is not a dog who wags his tongue, so profound is the calm which we are in." The great leader of European Protestantism was interred at Westminster with a magnificence which surpassed anything that had been seen in England at the funerals of kings; it was from the obsequies of "the most Catholic king," Philip II. of Spain, that the ceremonial was copied.

Everything had succeeded with Cromwell; he had risen to the summit of power and grandeur, and yet he died in sadness. Whatever may have been his selfishness, he was too high souled for the most brilliant fortune of a purely personal and ephemeral kind to afford him satisfaction. Weary of the destruction which he had accomplished, he desired in his heart to restore to his country a regular and stable

government, the only kind which was suited to her, namely, monarchy with the Parliament. At the same time carrying his ambition beyond the tomb, and longing for that permanence which is the seal of greatness, he aspired to leave his name and his race in the possession of power in the future. In both these designs he failed. His unlawful deeds had placed in his way obstacles which neither his powerful genius nor his obstinate will had sufficed to overcome. Loaded with power and glory personally, he died disappointed in his dearest hopes, leaving behind to succeed him, only the two foes against whom he had so ardently contended — anarchy and the Stuarts.

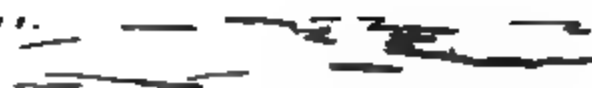
CHAPTER XXVIII.

PROTECTORATE OF RICHARD CROMWELL.

CROMWELL was dead, and his son Richard had succeeded him without excitement or resistance. To the joy which had seized the Royalists at the news of the decease of the Protector, to the transports which found expression in the streets of Amsterdam in shouts of, "The Devil is dead!" now succeeded an undue dejection. "We have not found that advantage by Cromwell's death that we reasonably hoped," wrote Hyde to Howard, one of the most faithful servants of the king in England; "nay, rather, we are in the worse situation for it, people imagining by the great calm that has followed that the nation is united, and that the king has very few friends. . . . I hope, however, that this young man will not inherit the good fortune of his father, and that there will happen some confusion which will open a door for us."

Confusion had already set in, latent and silent as yet; but the most zealous partisans of Cromwell and of his sons were even then under no delusion. Amid the general adhesion which surrounded the new Protector at his accession, they were filled with anxiety and convinced that their success was superficial and their peril imminent. The body of Cromwell was still lying upon his bed of state, and already the impression which his death had caused and the unanimous assent which it had brought to his successor were but a vain ap-

copy.



Ch. Broughton & Co

RICHARD CROMWELL.

pearance. The strong hand which had raised and supported the power was scarcely cold in death when from all quarters the pretensions sprang up which he had reduced to silence. The first blow was not long delayed. For several days the Republican leaders of the army had assembled at the house of Desborough. On the 14th of October, two or three hundred officers, conducted by Fleetwood, or rather conducting General Fleetwood at their head, presented to Richard a petition demanding that the army should henceforth have a chief of its own, empowered to fill all the vacant posts. It was taking away the army from the Protector, and placing him at the army's mercy. Richard put a good face on the matter; Thurloe had prepared his answer. He intrenched himself behind the "Petition and Advice," the act by which the Protectorate had been established, which was opposed to the request of the officers. He spoke of the arrears due the troops, of his wish to pay them. The officers did not persist: it was enough to have made known their demands; they promised themselves to return to the attack. Richard and his friends did not deceive themselves as to these pretensions. "In the present state of affairs," wrote Henry Cromwell to his brother, "the waves, I am afraid, are too rough for you to be able to cast your anchor anywhere; you must content yourself with drifting and waiting for the turn of tide. . . . I sometimes think of a Parliament, but I doubt whether wise men would be willing to embark in such ventures in the midst of so troubled a State; should they be willing, could the army be prevented from offering violence to the elections?"

It was also towards a Parliament that the thoughts of the Protector's friends very generally inclined. Money was wanting. Thurloe had caused Mazarin to be sounded as to a loan of fifty thousand pounds sterling; but the cardinal, re-

cently so assiduous in his attentions to Cromwell, was not disposed to make the same efforts in favor of his successor; he wished to live on good terms with him, and see his destiny accomplished without giving him efficient assistance to contribute artificially to secure his position. He pleaded his own embarrassments, and refused the money. Every resource had been exhausted; the time of arbitrary taxes had passed away; with his genius Cromwell had carried tyranny with him to the tomb. The council of the Protector resolved to convoke a Parliament. "We shall have great struggles to sustain," wrote Thurloe to Henry Cromwell; "the Republicans assemble every day and discuss as to what republic they ought to prefer; for they deem it certain that they have only to choose and take. They flatter themselves that a portion of the army will march with them. I trust that they are mistaken. However, I must say that I do not like the aspect of things, and my fears outweigh my hopes."

Under the dominion of the fears expressed by Thurloe the new government did not dare to conduct the elections according to the electoral system prepared by the Long Parliament and twice practised by Cromwell; the customs of the monarchy were revived in the hope of influencing the elections in the boroughs. Scotland and Ireland, recently incorporated with England, had no traditional rights to invoke; and to each were allotted thirty representatives, whose election would necessarily depend upon the army which ruled the two countries. The army of Ireland was commanded by Henry Cromwell; that of Scotland by Monk, who had shown himself favorable to the new power. The "other House" was convoked by letters-patent similar to those which the king had formerly addressed to the peers of the realm. Thus no legal or consistent principle presided at the formation of

FLEETWOOD PRESENTING THE PETITION TO RICHARD CROMWELL

"'RECANT, RECANT,' THEY SHOUTED TO HER."

the new Parliament. When it assembled on the 27th of January, 1659, after elections which had been much discussed, but had everywhere taken place freely, the diversity in its ranks was considerable. The Protector and his advisers were not, however, discouraged. "Our enemies in the Parliament are numerous and bold beyond measure," wrote Lord Falconbridge to Henry Cromwell, "but more than doubly counterbalanced by the moderate party, so that if the results are slow and difficult to obtain, we do not see, as to the present, great cause for fear."

Delays and difficulties were not slow in manifesting themselves. On the 1st of February, Thurloe boldly proposed to Parliament the recognition of the new Protector. "It has pleased God," he said, "to put an end to the days of his Highness. Sad consequences were expected from that blow. God has granted us the favor of a son of his Highness who possesses the hearts of the people, a testimony to his undoubted right of succession. . . . It behooves this House to respond to this favor by recognizing in his Highness, now engaged in his functions, the undoubted successor. . . . It is with this object that I propose a bill for the recognition of the Protector."

The ill-humor as well as the surprise of the Republicans was extreme. They did not expect to see the contest upon fundamental matters so soon recommenced. "This is not proposed opportunely," exclaimed Haslerig; "we have many things to consider: the committee of grievances, the affairs of religion. . . . Let us not busy ourselves with a bill of this importance before the day of fasting and solemn prayers which we have ordered; we have never destroyed anything without first addressing our prayers to God; let us not attempt to establish without praying." The discussion was long and animated; the Republicans maintained the full sovereignty

of the people and their supreme power. The partisans of Richard Cromwell, warned by experience and political instinct, did not think that the popular voice sufficed for the whole government, or had the right to destroy and establish at pleasure. They gained the ascendant at last, and, on the 14th of February, the House voted that it recognized and declared his Highness Richard, Lord Protector and first magistrate of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of all the territories dependent thereon; but, at the same time, the House declared that the bill should contain additional clauses intended to limit the power of the first magistrate and to guarantee the rights and liberties of the Parliament and the people. Thurloe alone voted against this amendment.

The victory appeared decisive; but the long debate had revived the memory of all discords, inflamed all passions, and once more set the Republic at contention with the Protectorate under the eyes of the observant and motionless Royalists. "The dissension is such in Parliament," wrote to Hyde one of his friends, John Barwick, "that it will probably end in confusion: one party thinks that the Protectorate cannot last; the other, that the Republic cannot raise itself again; the indifferent hope that both will be right. It is easy to foresee and foretell the upshot."

Defeated in regard to the Protectorate, the Republicans fell back upon the other House, the existence of which they called into question. The debate was long and stormy: all the friends and followers of Cromwell sat in that assembly which gave umbrage to the Commons; but again, Haslerig, Vane, and their friends were defeated. The Upper House remained as it had been constituted by Cromwell; and other attacks directed against the internal and external policy of the dead Protector also failed. The great name of Cromwell still protected his work and his son.

Then began a fresh toil; two powers were in opposition, Parliament and the army. In their blind hatred of the Protectorate, which assumed, they said, to oppress them, the Republican leaders undertook to foment the natural jealousy which existed between the politicians and the soldiers, in order to compel the Protector to lean for support upon one of the two parties, thus destroying beforehand all equilibrium in the government.

The situation could not possibly be sustained; a catastrophe was rapidly approaching. Cromwell had been able, although with great difficulty, by turns to caress and misuse the revolution which he had created, and the army which he had conducted to victory; neither to the Parliament nor to the army was Richard anything. He still possessed a majority in Parliament, but when, by the aid of the alarm of the moment and the services of his father's adherents, he triumphed over his enemies, it was for him a barren victory: the day was coming when, placed between the army and Parliament as a powerless moderator, he was to fall a victim to the blows which were aimed at each other by these two great enemies, for he could not conciliate them, nor could he choose between them without peril.

In a moment of weakness, without consulting his surest friends, Richard had yielded to the solicitations of Fleetwood and Desborough, who urged upon him the convocation of a general council of the officers, summoned to agree among themselves and with the Protector. This was forming a hostile and rival assembly in opposition to Parliament. The House of Commons complained. The Republican leaders alone, by a sudden change, manifested some alarm at the idea of the disaffection of the army. Alarmed at the constant albeit silent progress of the Royalists, Vane, Haslerig, and their friends, had secretly made overtures to the officers. The House went

further, and voted that the council-general of the officers could not assemble without authorization of the Protector and of the two Houses of Parliament. Lord Broghill proposed to Richard that he should himself dissolve the council. "How am I to proceed?" said the Protector in embarrassment. "I will compose your speech for you." Accordingly on the morrow, Richard arrived at the council which was being held at Wallingford House; he listened for an hour to the discussion, then, rising suddenly, "Gentlemen," he said, "I gratefully accept your services; I have examined your grievances, and I think that the best means of redressing them is to confer about them with Parliament, which will do you justice. I therefore annul the orders that I gave for your assembling, and I invite you all to return to your various commands."

Surprised and exasperated, the malcontents did not dare to resist the Protector to his face. They retired, but shortly afterwards meeting Lord Broghill in the House of Lords, some of the leaders of the army, turning towards him, loudly demanded that an address should be presented to the Protector, in order to ascertain who had advised him thus to dissolve the council of war without having previously informed Parliament of his design. "At the same time this address is made," said Lord Broghill, "I humbly move there be another address to know who advised the calling of a council of war without knowledge or consent of Parliament; for if he be guilty who advised the dissolution of the council, he must be much more guilty who advised the calling of it." Bold frankness impresses the most impetuous: both propositions fell to the ground. But the situation became day by day more difficult; the struggle was more flagrant between the House of Commons and the army. Notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Protector and the House, the

council of officers continued to assemble at Wallingford House, concealing its strength and preparing its blows. The friends of the Protector urged him to action. "This business requires a bold stroke, and must be supported by a good head," said Lord Howard; "Lambert, Desborough, Fleetwood, and Vane are the contrivers of all this. I will rid you of them; do you stand by me, and only back my zeal for your honor with your name." Ingoldsby joined his solicitations to those of Howard, proposing to take charge of Lambert, who was looked upon as the most dangerous. Richard continued to hesitate. "I have never done anybody any harm, and I never will," he said; "I will not have a drop of blood spilt for the preservation of my greatness, which is a burden to me." Howard persisted. "I thank you for your friendship," the Protector said at length, "but let us speak no more of it; violent counsels do not suit me." Howard left Whitehall; released from the two Cromwells, whom he had loyally served, he now, like Lord Broghill, thought only of preparing the return of Charles Stuart.

The Cavaliers yet hoped to involve the Protector himself in their cause, and made redoubled advances towards him, but Richard declined. Almost as honest as he was weak, though a Royalist by inclination, he was loath to betray his name and cause, or to attempt serious enterprises by himself. He had for a moment sought a support in Monk, offering him a pension of twenty thousand pounds sterling if he would take up his cause and defend him against his enemies; but Monk, more shrewd than avaricious, had been content to reply, "Let him keep his money; it will do Richard more good than my sticking to him."

The enemies whom Richard dreaded, and against whom he wished to enroll the able commander of the army in Scotland, were in greater haste than the latter. They desired to

obtain from the Protector the dissolution of the House of Commons, the real object of their fears and of their wrath. This Richard obstinately refused. It was decided to compel him. The Protector, being informed of the danger, sent for Fleetwood; the latter did not reply, but repaired to St. James's, where were already assembled a great number of officers. The whole army was soon convoked. A counter-order from the Protector summoned him to Whitehall. A few colonels, faithful to Richard, would have brought their regiments to him; the majors and subalterns had already ordered the soldiers to proceed towards St. James's. The very guards of the Protector disbanded; he found himself almost alone. It was on the 21st of April, at mid-day, that Desborough arrived at Whitehall, and, with his accustomed rudeness, declared to Richard that if he would dissolve Parliament, the officers would take care of him and of his interests; otherwise, they would effect the dissolution without him, and would leave him to extricate himself from the difficulty as he could. The poor Protector yet hesitated; he assembled some of his most trusty friends: Whitelocke alone spoke against the dissolution, being prudently resolved to have nothing to do with it; the necessity was urgent. Richard yielded, and, on the morrow, April 22d, as the Commons were assembling in their hall, the Usher of the Black Rod invited them to the House of Lords, without informing them, however, that the Secretary of State, Furniss, awaited them there with the decree of dissolution. A few members left at once; but the immense majority remained motionless in their seats, notwithstanding a second summons from the usher. At length, accompanying the speaker in a body to his coach, in the presence of the soldiers placed at the door of Parliament, the House of Commons, which had declined to hear the reading of its own death-warrant, adjourned until

the Monday morning, with the intention of then resuming its labors.

On the same evening the decree of dissolution was published, and padlocks were placed upon the door of the House of Commons. The monarchical government attempted by Cromwell, and the only Parliament freely elected since the death of Charles I., fell together. The phantom of the republic, conjured up by the army, arose and took its stand between England and royalty.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RESTORATION OF THE STUARTS. 1659-1660.

THE downfall of the Protector was accomplished, although he still resided at Whitehall. The question now was to found a government. The leaders of the army looked with little favor upon the republic: they had shared and strongly supported the tyranny of Cromwell, but they dreaded the increasing progress of the Royalists; it was against them that they had allied themselves with the old Republican leaders, in order to submit to their yoke a phantom Protector. It was also in opposition to them that they resolved to exhume all that remained of the republic, the remnants of the Long Parliament expelled by Cromwell in April, 1653.

It was a mere handful of men, the majority already old, and wearied by political struggles, who thus assembled together on the 7th of May, 1659, and returned to that place of assemblage from which they had been so roughly ejected; forty-two members only were there, their former speaker, Lenthall, at their head. The latter hesitated for a long time, wishing to preserve what he already called his peerage in Cromwell's new House of Lords; but when the line of members passed near his door, he joined them, being unable to resist the desire once more to see the hall of the Long Parliament. The general officers awaited

CHARLES II.

them at the door, congratulating them as they passed in, and promising to live and die with them.

Scarcely had they been restored and placed once more in possession of the government by the leaders of the army, when the Republicans of the Long Parliament found themselves confronted with legal difficulties. The Presbyterians, excluded from the House of Commons in 1648, claimed their seats; fourteen of them presented themselves at the door in the name of their companions in misfortune: there were two hundred and thirteen in all. The Republicans peremptorily repelled them. Prynne contrived to slip into the Hall, and he remained imperturbably in his place, notwithstanding the insults of Haslerig and Vane. The House was declared adjourned. Prynne was the last to leave; but when he returned in the evening, every outlet was guarded, and placards posted up in all parts confirmed the exclusion already pronounced against all members who had been strangers since 1648 to the sittings of the Long Parliament. "A worse and more real levying of war against the Parliament," said Prynne, "than the beheaded king and his party were ever guilty of."

Weak in appearance and in reality, the Republican chiefs were courageous and sincere, profoundly devoted to their cause, and irrevocably involved in its fate. They hastened to strike another blow at the shadow of the Protectorate, which was still retained by Richard Cromwell. Haslerig intimated to him orders to quit Whitehall. Richard received the message and the messenger with scornful haughtiness. He lent ear to the solicitations of the Cavaliers, who were secretly assiduous in their attentions to him as well as to his brother Henry, who was still Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and powerful in the midst of his army. The Protector was moreover burdened with debts, and Whitehall afforded him

a place of refuge against his creditors. Six weeks later, however, when Parliament had guaranteed him against any proceedings, Richard at length consented to abandon the last fragment of his greatness. "My past carriage," he wrote to Parliament, "hath manifested my acquiescence in the will and disposition of God, and that I love and value the peace of this commonwealth much above my own concerns. . . . And as, with other men, I expect protection from the present government, I do hold myself obliged to demean myself with all peaceableness under it, and to procure, to the uttermost of my power, that all in whom I have any interest do the same." Parliament undertook all his debts, and granted, on the 16th of July, to "Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the late Lord General Cromwell," a yearly income of £10,000 sterling. For this price Richard consented to quit Whitehall and Hampton Court. As his personal effects were being carried away, he specially recommended to his attendants two old trunks standing in his bedroom. One of his friends asked him what they contained. "Nothing less," said Richard, "than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England." The two boxes were full of the addresses which, on his accession, had come to him from all parts, placing at his disposal the fortune and the life of the whole nation, of which his government, they affirmed, was the salvation.

The retirement of Henry Cromwell was less disputed, if not less bitter; he even preserved his dignity in the matter. Being recalled to England, on the 7th of June, by Parliament, which had decided that Ireland should be governed by five commissioners, he sent in, on the 15th of June, his formal resignation. "I acquiesce," he said, "in the present way of government, although I cannot promise so much affection to the late changes, as others very honestly may. . . . I acknowledge my own unfitness to serve you in the car-

"THE LIVES AND FORTUNES OF THE GOOD PEOPLE OF ENGLAND."

HAMPTON COURT.

rying on of your further superstructures, and as I cannot promise anything which infers the diminution of my late father's honor and merit, so I thank the Lord for that He hath kept me safe in the great temptation wherewith I have been assaulted, to withdraw my affection from that cause wherein he lived and died."

The Royalists were in consternation; they had counted upon the support of Henry Cromwell. "Richard has retired into Hampshire," Hyde was informed by letter, "having no money within his purse, nor, without it, a friend. Harry is gone to his father-in-law, in Cambridgeshire. Claypole lurks for debt (being really very poor), and pretends himself in France. The old woman's wealth falls short of expectation, nor is Falconbridge any whit proud of the alliance." Such a fall for the Cromwells and such a disappointment for the Royalists was a double victory for Parliament.

It soon gained a more decided success. Monk declared himself in its favor. Despising anarchy like an old soldier, and dreading it for his own fortune as well as for his country, Monk always rallied, without devoting himself to it, around the power which, for the moment, appeared to him the best able to govern. After the expulsion of the Long Parliament he had supported and served Cromwell. When Richard Cromwell was overthrown, he decided for the same reasons, and with the same limitations, to support the Long Parliament when it was recalled. This occasioned great joy in London; the House hastened to manifest to Monk its satisfaction in the matter, but when it desired to remove some officers from the army in Scotland, Monk immediately wrote to the speaker that he heard it said that the House intended to make some modifications in his list of officers; it certainly did not know the officers in person, or their qualities or their shortcomings; it judged of them according to instruc-

tions which others furnished to it; he thought himself, he, the general, as worthy of being believed as anybody; he assured the House that the officers who had been denounced to it were honest and stanch men, and he would answer for their fidelity as well as for their good conduct. The House took alarm; it drew back; the officers who had been dismissed remained at their posts and were not superseded. Monk thus gained in importance in England as well as in Scotland, in the Parliament as well as in the army. While distrusting him, the House sought to conciliate him as a necessary support, and he served it without belonging to it.

A good understanding now appeared to prevail at home between Parliament and the army. Abroad, the republic had entered upon a prudent and sensible policy, which was already bearing its fruits. After some hesitation, Mazarin had recognized the new government; and Lockhart, who continued to be the English ambassador at the court of France, had accompanied the cardinal to Fontarabia, where peace with Spain was in course of negotiation, and, for his part, was engaged in negotiating for a cessation of the hostilities between Spain and England. The war still continued between Sweden and Denmark. England had hitherto supported Sweden, and Holland had remained faithful to Denmark. The plenipotentiaries of the republic, commissioned to settle that question of the Baltic, which disturbed the peace of the North, the commerce of England, and the harmony of the Protestant States, having failed to overcome the obstinacy of the King of Sweden, it was soon perceived that England had changed its policy. "I foresee, by the language of Mr. Downing," wrote John de Witt to his ambassador in London, "that England is determined to vigorously prosecute the war with Sweden, if his Majesty continues to refuse to make peace on the proposed conditions. I hope that God will grant a happy

PORTRAIT OF MONK.

ending to all this." These were real successes for the new government, and obtained by the fidelity of its chiefs to their cause, and by their intelligent activity in the exercise of their power; but these successes and merits were in vain. The Republicans remained an isolated coterie, repugnant to the nation, which believed neither in their right nor in the permanence of their influence. The most eminent of its chiefs, Vane himself, preserved for the republic a devotion devoid of hope. "The king," he said, "will one day or other take the crown again; the nation is disgusted with every other government."

The Royalists had hoped for a more rapid success, and a more prompt realization of the painful forebodings of Vane. Remaining inactive hitherto, in the expectation of a conflict between the Parliament and the army, they had counted upon the revolt of Monk; then upon that of Henry Cromwell; then upon that of Lockhart; and their expectant policy exasperated the new Royalists who every day became more numerous. "It is the most passive and indifferent of the parties," said Mordaunt, one of the best recruits whom King Charles had made; "I endeavor with a heavy heart to struggle against this tide of baseness which invades us, and to shake off this fatal lethargy." Mordaunt did himself and his friends an injustice; their efforts did not remain unproductive. A general insurrection was resolved upon in the eastern, midland, and western counties. The Royalists, old or new, Cavalier or Presbyterian, prepared for it with ardor. The king placed himself at the disposition of his partisans, being quite ready to land at their call at the place which should be chosen for him. He even offered to Admiral Montague, if he would declare himself for him, to proceed immediately aboard his vessel, and to make sail with him for England.

Parliament was upon its guard. Sir Charles Willis continued to inform Thurloe of what was going forward among the Royalists, as he had but recently served Cromwell. The Royalists betrayed themselves by their foolish confidence. The organization of the militia was urged forward; six new regiments were formed in the city. The three regiments which had served in France were recalled. The strictest supervision was everywhere exercised over the Royalists; a certain number of them were arrested; many great noblemen hesitated. The king was at Calais, where the Duke of York soon arrived; but the prince was the bearer of sad tidings; irresolution had borne its fruits; the insurrection was deferred; nobody dared any longer urge the king to proceed to England. In one place alone, in Cheshire, a plain Presbyterian gentleman, Sir George Booth, more bold than the other conspirators, or being warned later of the postponement, had raised the royal standard and organized the struggle against the republic. The king did not lose courage. The Prince of Condé offered troops to him, and even spoke of accompanying him to England. Turenne, on the other hand, offered him his own regiment of infantry, twelve hundred men strong, and the Scottish men-at-arms, with provisions and ammunition. The Duke de Bouillon, a nephew of Turenne, conducted the first detachment to Boulogne himself, and was preparing to embark with the Duke of York, when it was learned that Sir George Booth had been defeated by Lambert, that his friends were dispersed or captured, and that the Royalist insurrection, annihilated by one blow in the only part in which it had been attempted, no longer offered to the king and his allies any support.

Sir George Booth, who had taken up arms on August 1st in Cheshire, might in fact have conceived some hopes; during the first days he had seen numerous volunteers hasten

to place themselves under his banner, among others the Earl of Derby, son of him who had perished upon the scaffold after the battle of Worcester. The king had been proclaimed in several towns, and the insurgents were occupying Chester, when Lambert marched against them with six thousand men. Some hesitation had prevailed as to intrusting the forces of Parliament to him, but he was accounted able and successful. On August 6th he confronted Booth, who attempted to negotiate with him. Lambert repelled all advances, vigorously urged forward the attack, and defeated almost without any fighting the brave but inexperienced men who held the city. Chester and Liverpool returned once more into the power of Parliament. The Earl of Derby and Sir George Booth were arrested and imprisoned in the Tower. The jails of London were filled with Royalists. It was found necessary to hire a portion of the buildings of the archbishop's palace at Lambeth to lodge the prisoners in. Parliament was triumphant, and the confiscation of the property of the insurgents went to fill its coffers; but it did not forget the perils of its situation, and it treated the vanquished with leniency. Sir John Grenville and several others were set at liberty after a simple examination. The king, who was much grieved, set out for the Pyrenees, in order to seek from Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro, who were there negotiating for a reconciliation between the two crowns, some hope of recovering his own. He could not promise himself any great success in this attempt. The polite attentions of Don Louis de Haro were as empty as they were assiduous, and Mazarin bestowed great consideration upon Lockhart, who was still the ambassador of the republic. "We see how the Spaniards treat you," Hyde was told in a letter from England; "that the French betray you, and that the Dutch have already declared themselves against you." "If our friends could

stand upon their legs," said Ormond, who had joined the king in Spain, "till it might appear to the cardinal that he could turn the balance, and have the principal honor of doing it, it is probable he would frankly engage France in our cause. But to make this appear to him, his own reason, which is very nice, must be satisfied of almost the infallibility of success; and in the meantime he will doubtless, by any arts, keep fair with the Commonwealth and with Lockhart, their very industrious minister, of whom he hath a high esteem." Charles was not successful in obtaining an audience of the cardinal.

Meanwhile Lambert did not hasten to return to London. Parliament had solemnly testified its gratitude towards him by sending him a jewel of great value; but the victorious general marched through the country, sounding the population as to their inclination, and even paying attentions to the vanquished Royalists. It was soon learned that a petition, signed by his officers, had arrived in London. Parliament demanded it from Fleetwood, who brought it the same evening. It was a renewal of the wishes already expressed a week after the return of Parliament by the council-general of the army, asking that Fleetwood should be appointed general-in-chief, and that Lambert should be his major-general. The House rejected the petition, simply commissioning Fleetwood to reprimand the officers; but the challenge was thrown down, the struggle had begun, and even in the midst of Parliament itself the army found allies. Vane, who was more pliant than Haslerig, and was determined to save the republic at any price, had entered into relations with the officers and lent them his support. This noble but visionary man, carried away by his political and religious passions, had already sacrificed the people to the sectaries. He allowed himself in this instance to be impelled to sacrifice

LAMBERT.

Parliament to the soldiers, always obtaining his support from lower down as his cause declined, and seeking his safety even in the abandonment of his principles and of his friends.

The council of officers assembled together by Fleetwood did not insist upon the petition of Lambert's troops, but prepared another, an offensive compound of hypocrisy and arrogance. On the 5th of October, Desborough, accompanied by some of his comrades, carried this address to the bar of Parliament. The House, forewarned, received the petition without any sign of dissatisfaction, and promised to take it into consideration on the following Saturday, the 8th of October. At the approach of the crisis, and under the watchful eyes of the country hostile to the two revolutionary factions, each felt its own weakness, neither would provoke the quarrel or accept the responsibility of it. On the morning of the 12th of October, the discussion had already begun when the House learned that the petition of the officers was circulating in the army, accompanied by a letter signed by Lambert, Desborough, and seven other generals, asking for the support of the troops. Indignation broke forth. Lambert and the other generals were immediately dismissed from their posts. Fleetwood, who was compromised, though he had not signed, lost the command-in-chief of the army, which was intrusted to seven commissioners, he being one of their number. Haslerig encamped around Parliament those regiments which were relied upon, commanded by Colonels Morley, Okey, and Moss, and the troops posted in the environs of London were summoned in great haste. On the 13th of October, in the morning, Westminster presented the aspect of a camp.

Lambert meanwhile had arrived, notwithstanding a missive which he had received during the night. "Secure yourself," he was told, "or to-morrow before this time your head will be in peril." Haslerig had conceived the project of causing

him to be shot upon the spot. The soldier stole a march upon the politician; at the head of his own regiment of infantry he patrolled the streets, caused those thoroughfares by which the members could repair to their posts to be barred, cut off all communication with the city, and himself marched upon Westminster. Near the palace he encountered Colonel Morley, who, pistol in hand, opposed his advance. "I will fire if you come one step farther," said the latter. "Colonel," replied Lambert, "I would go there if I pleased; but I will take another way;" and he turned off, entering at the same time with Colonel Moss upon a discussion which soon became a parley. The guards of Parliament had just passed by Lambert, when the coach of Speaker Lenthall was arrested by a detachment. Lenthall persisted in his determination to proceed; the soldiers laughed, proposing to take him to Fleetwood, who would furnish him with explanations. "If Lieutenant-general Fleetwood has anything to say to me," replied Lenthall, "he can come and say it to me at my house;" and he returned home unmolested.

Meanwhile matters did not go forward; the public were undecided; the streets were filled with indifferent passers-by who went as usual about their business; the soldiers belonging to the two parties chatted together and appeared determined not to come to blows. A few members had succeeded in penetrating into the House of Parliament by way of the Thames; they were summoned to the Council of State, which had just assembled. Lambert and Desborough repaired thither. A negotiation was set on foot. Colonel Sydenham justified the act of the army. "Providence makes it a necessity for us," he said; "it is our last remedy." Bradshaw, who was old and in poor health, rose, exclaiming, "It is a detestable act, and one which I abhor. Being about to appear before God, I cannot bear to hear His name

LAMBERT CONFRONTED BY COLONEL MORLEY.

blasphemed." He quitted the council, dying a fortnight later despondent but indomitable. The parleying still continued; necessity weighed upon all; they could neither fight nor become reconciled. Parliament at length yielded; it was agreed that it should cease to sit, and that the council of officers should undertake to preserve the public peace until the convocation of a new Parliament. The troops withdrew into their quarters, and, as the result of the weakness on both sides, the Long Parliament quietly quitted that hall from which Cromwell, six years earlier, had driven them forth amid so much commotion. Lambert remained master of the battlefield without having won the victory.

This was the death-blow of the Republican party, struck by its own hand. The Royalists, conquered and inactive, but filled with ardor and hope, contemplated the death-struggle of their enemies with a joy mixed with anxiety. In the midst of these domestic commotions and the rivalry of Fleetwood and Lambert, Haslerig and Vane, all eyes were turned frequently towards Monk, who remained quiet in Scotland, at the head of his army. Conciliated and sought after by the leaders of the most opposite parties, he welcomed all information, repelled no advances, displayed uniform good feeling, all the time himself remaining silent, and without surrendering to any, made all hope to secure him. He had neither principles, nor passions, nor great political ambition; but he was sober-minded and shrewd, and would only support a strong power which appeared to him equal to its task, and which inspired in him some confidence in its duration. Since the death of Cromwell, he had been biding his time.

At the bottom of his heart, by natural instinct as well as by family tradition, Monk was a Royalist. At the time of the great Cavalier insurrection, the king himself had writ-

ten to Monk, soliciting his services, and the general appeared to have taken his side. He had already given orders to make sure of Edinburgh and Leith, when a return of his customary prudence arrested him. "Gentlemen," he said to the few persons who were in possession of his secret, "it will do us no great harm to await the news of to-morrow's post. Lambert has marched against Booth; he is now engaged with him; we shall then know whether Booth really hath the forces which it is said he hath, and what likelihood there is of the action by any further assistance." On the morrow, news came that Booth had been defeated, and that the Royalist insurrection had been crushed. Republican officers gathered in crowds at the general's residence, rejoicing, and loudly congratulating themselves on Lambert's success. "I wish," said Monk, "that Parliament would make a law that whoever should but mention the restoring of Charles Stuart should be hanged." The conversation became animated; the Church was attacked as well as the Stuarts. "We shall have neither peace nor quiet," said a certain Captain Poole, "so long as there is a parish priest or a steeplehouse." Monk rose indignantly. "Fair and softly, Captain Poole," said he; "if you and your party come to pluck there, I will pluck with you." He seldom lost his temper, and his authority was respected; the officers held their peace and retired. While the confidants of the general were congratulating themselves upon his prudence, which had saved them from so great a danger, Price, his chaplain, asked, "What would you have done, general, had the tidings of Lambert's beating of Booth surprised us in the very first appearance of our design?" "I could have secured Edinburgh Castle and the citadel of Leith," replied Monk. "Some officers and many soldiers would have followed me, and I should have raised all Scotland in insurrection."

The reply was judicious as well as bold, for Monk could rely upon his army; but he also knew that the good disposition of the masses is of service only when it is invoked opportunely and under favorable circumstances. He was struck with the danger which he had incurred, and he resolved upon the most complete inaction. His brother Nicholas, the bearer of verbal messages between him and his cousin, Sir John Grenville, had not been as discreet as was desirable; the general reprimanded him sharply, declaring to him that if ever the affair should be discovered by his act or Grenville's, he would ruin them both, rather than allow himself to be ruined by them.

Monk was beginning to recover somewhat from his first discouragement, when news arrived at Dalkeith that Lambert had turned out Parliament, and that just before its expulsion the House had appointed Monk one of the seven commissioners intrusted with the government of the army. Monk immediately resolved upon his course of action. He repaired to Edinburgh and caused the troops to be assembled together. "The army of England," he said, "has expelled the Parliament; in their uneasy and ambitious frame they claim to govern altogether themselves, and prevent any sound establishment for the nation. They will soon go as far as to desire to impose their insolent extravagances upon the army of Scotland, which is neither inferior nor subordinate to them. As for me, I consider myself compelled by the duty of my position, to keep the military power in obedience to the civil power; it is from the Parliament that you have received your commissions and your pay: you should defend it. I hope that in this you will all obey me willingly; but if there are any among you who think otherwise, they are at liberty to quit the service; they shall receive their passes." The troops responded with acclamations, and the decision of the Scottish army was immediately made known to the English

army, in order to remind it of the engagements which it had violated, while Monk wrote himself to Lambert and to Fleetwood, as well as to Lenthall, declaring to all three that he was resolved to support, and if need be defend, the cause of Parliament.

When the letters of Monk arrived in London, on the 28th of October, they caused a great commotion. The military leaders had striven to construct a government, and had as yet only succeeded in forming a council of safety, in which the members intrigued against each other. Discord was smouldering in some of the regiments. If Monk should act for Parliament, what would ensue? In what direction did he tend? What did he desire? Vane and Whitelocke expressed their suspicions that he meditated the return of Charles Stuart. Lambert offered to march against Monk. It was finally decided to send negotiators to him. Three commissioners, among whom was Clarges, brother-in-law of Monk, and secretly implicated in all his designs, were appointed to go and confer with him, while Lambert, having been appointed commander of all the forces of the North, set out for his post, with orders to fight Monk, if the attempts at conciliation should be unsuccessful. The army of England replied to the army of Scotland, Fleetwood replied to Monk, with the affectionate familiarity of former comrades wounded to the heart as well as alarmed. Letters rained down upon Dalkeith, now designed to awaken sympathy, now to sow division.

The commissioners reached Monk. The general, for his part, encountered grave embarrassments; the army of Scotland had coldly responded to his advances; the governors of some important towns of which he wished to take possession had remained faithful to the army of England. In a conversation with his brother-in-law, Clarges, the latter asked

him what was really his design. "Do not think," he said, "that after this rupture you can make your peace with the army of England; . . . those people never will place confidence in you." "We must negotiate," said Monk, ever prudent even with his most confidential friends; "the time is against them." And he immediately convoked the council-general of officers, to confer on the subject with them.

The taciturn chief well understood that in the great enterprise in which he had embarked, the simple obedience of his agents was not sufficient, and that their intelligent and voluntary assistance was necessary. In the council which he had summoned he allowed anything to be said, and himself spoke little. Two commissioners were chosen by the general at the solicitation of the officers; the third he refused to designate; the commissioner who was appointed did not suit his views, but he did not complain, and the three delegates immediately set out for London, encountering on the way Lambert, who ill-humoredly suffered them to pass, when he learned that the first condition of the negotiations was the recall of the Parliament which he had expelled.

Lambert, however, was in no hurry to come to blows. At York he encountered Morgan, lately appointed major-general of the Scottish army, who was proceeding to his post, when an attack of gout arrested him on the way. Morgan loudly censured the conduct of Monk. Lambert asked him whether he would not willingly do what he could towards destroying Monk's influence over the army. Morgan consented, and at the moment when the general's commissioners were quitting York to proceed to London to prosecute their negotiation, Morgan on the other hand set out thence to repair to Edinburgh on behalf of Lambert, to arrange with Monk or to alienate his soldiers from him.

Monk received Morgan as an old friend and an officer of

whose ability he had the highest opinion. "I come," the latter said to him, "to ask if you will lay down your arms, and become reunited in friendship with Fleetwood and Lambert." "If they will re-establish Parliament," replied Monk, "I shall not have much to say." "I have promised to put the question to you," said Morgan, "but not to take back the answer. I am no statesman, but I am certain that you are a friend of your country, and I am ready to take part in anything you may do." At the same time Lambert's messenger delivered to Monk a letter from the chaplain of Fairfax, Dr. Bowles, offering to the general of the army of Scotland the assistance of the former general of the Long Parliament, and of a great many gentlemen of Yorkshire, provided he would pronounce against the established form of government more clearly than he had done in his declaration.

"What you ask would be my ruin," said Monk, "since all I have writ can scarce prevail with the army to believe that I have not a design to set up the king." And he continued in his falsehoods. But before setting himself in motion to bring his quarters nearer the border, he came to an understanding with the principal Scottish noblemen, and with a certain number of deputies of the towns, intrusting to them the safety of Scotland, and asking them to see that the arrears of taxes were paid and to preserve order. They would willingly have offered more, but Monk was able to restrain their zeal, as well as to cope with the elements of division which the commissioners of the army of England sought to sow among his troops. They did not always act with tact. One day, General Deane, specially sent by Fleetwood, passed in front of a company of infantry. "My Lord Lambert is coming upon you," said he, "and all Monk's army will not be enough for a breakfast for him." "The cold

weather will have given Lord Lambert a good appetite then," said the offended soldiers, "if he can eat pikes and swallow bullets." Monk sent back Deane, reprimanding him for his arrogance, and was himself at Haddington, on the road to England, on the 18th of November, 1659, when he received the despatches from the Committee of Safety. As soon as he had finished reading them he re-entered his room without saying a word, and on the morrow returned to Edinburgh.

It was a treaty, comprising nine articles for the reconciliation of the two armies, concluded in London in three days by Monk's emissaries, who had been circumvented and trifled with by the Republicans. Nothing was said about the re-establishment of the Long Parliament. All the declarations against Charles Stuart were renewed, and the dissolution of the army of Scotland was prepared for by the revision to which the titles of the officers appointed by Monk were to be subjected. It was the ruin of the general, of his power, his partisans, and his schemes.

On his return to Edinburgh, where the news was already in circulation, Monk found his staff strongly agitated. He was walking to and fro in silence in the council-chamber when his chaplain Gumble entered. "I come to make a little request of you," he said to the general. "What is that?" "I beg you will have the goodness to sign me a pass for Holland. There is at Leith a vessel ready to set sail, and I am anxious to take the opportunity." "What, you desire to leave me?" "I don't know how your Highness will provide for your own safety when your command is taken from you; but for my part, though I am a poor man, I will never put myself in their power, for I know it will not be for my safety if I do." "Is all this any fault of mine?" asked Monk sharply. "Let the army hold for me, and I will hold

for them." All present exclaimed that they were ready to live or die with their general. The same impulse communicated itself to the whole army. The malcontents did not dare to show their dissent. It was proposed to reject the treaty without further ceremony. Monk contented himself with having the council of officers declare that certain articles were obscure, and that negotiations must be reopened. The messengers of the Committee of Safety were sent back to their masters with these new propositions; the army of Scotland, continuing its march, removed its headquarters to Berwick.

Here the general received, late in November, a letter, signed by nine members of the old Council of State, secretly gathered in London under the presidency of Scott, conferring on him the title of Commander-in-chief of all the forces of England and Scotland. The shrewd instincts of Monk had not deceived him. The time and the situation itself were working for him more effectively than all intrigues could do. The party of the army became more and more disorganized. Lambert, without funds, at the head of troops discontented and divided, had caused secret proposals to be addressed to the king, promising to re-establish him on the throne on condition that Charles should marry his daughter. Fleetwood also made advances to the Royalists. The politic Hyde treated with them all, not without some contempt in the bottom of his heart. "If the two crowns of France and Spain," he wrote, "would but declare openly that they will have no dealings with these fanatics, who have neither form nor order of government, and who respect no rule either among themselves or towards others, we should quickly make an end of our work, and a little more money than, twenty years since, would have served to purchase five of our western manors, would now serve to purchase the kingdom."

Hyde was mistaken. The kingdom was not to be bought, and instances of conscientious and indomitable devotion to the republic were not wanting. But the general disposition of the nation, enlightened and wearied by its own errors, was leading it back to Charles Stuart. If the public feeling had not undergone a change, it would have been in vain to buy the great personages who were offering themselves to him.

At this moment, and on the surface, the cause of Parliament seemed again to become popular; the governor of Portsmouth had summoned Haslerig thither, who rallied round him his friends. The city of London had renewed its council by elections hostile to the military government. The fleet, commanded by Admiral Lawson, had just declared itself in favor of Parliament. A rising of gentry in the county of York was preparing, under the inspiration of Fairfax, who, like Monk, was a Royalist without mentioning the name of the king. Even in the councils of the army there had been a talk of the recall of Charles Stuart as the sole means of restoring peace to the nation; but that idea had been hurriedly discarded. "We could not," they said, "trust ourselves to him for our safety; for even if he was himself well resolved to accomplish what he had promised, his Parliament would not ratify his promises, and we should be lost." The summoning of a new Parliament was then resolved upon, and their meeting fixed for the 24th of January. The soldiers themselves no longer obeyed their officers. They wandered off, pillaging in the neighborhood of their garrisons. Irritation and anxiety reigned on all sides. The parliamentary party felt that the moment had arrived. Scott and some other members of the Council of State met in London at the residence of Lenthall, and assuming in concert with him the power which no one now retained, they ordered the troops to assemble in Lincoln's Inn Fields, there to be reviewed

by the Colonels Alured and Okey, men devoted to the cause of Parliament. The deserted generals retired. Desborough sought safety in the camp of Lambert. Fleetwood, always weak, acknowledged his error, and sent to Lenthall the keys of the House of Commons. Forty members reassembled there on the evening of the 26th of December, applauded by the soldiers who gathered along the streets.

Monk had now arrived at Coldstream, a little village situated on the southern border of Scotland. He received news at the same time of the re-establishment of the Long Parliament and the precipitate insurrection of Fairfax. The old general was threatened by Lambert. Monk resolved to sustain him, still marching towards London. On the 1st of January, 1660, in brilliant sunshine, although the weather was extremely cold, the army of Scotland crossed the Tweed, and the same day took up its first quarters on English soil at Wooler, in the county of Northumberland.

Monk's march towards London was not destined to be retarded by any struggle. He received in the night letters from the restored Long Parliament, which thanked him coldly without undertaking to support him. The same messengers had borne to Lambert's troops an order to disperse and to return to their various quarters. Monk had no difficulty in perceiving that little confidence was reposed in him, but that no one dared undertake to oppose him in anything. He continued to advance. Lambert's army was already disbanded when he arrived at Newcastle. The general, abandoned by all, had retired to a small country house. Everywhere on his route Monk was received by the people with acclamations.

On the 11th of January Monk was at York, where he had an interview with Fairfax, who was detained by the gout. He offered, it is said, to the old general of the Long Parliament the command of all the forces which they could

gather for their common object. Fairfax positively refused, declaring that it was better that the command should belong to Monk alone. In the evening the general had a long conversation with Fairfax's chaplain, Dr. Bowles. "What do you think of this?" afterwards said Monk to his own chaplain, Price. "Mr. Bowles, on the part of my Lord Fairfax, has very warmly pressed me to remain here and declare for the king." "And have you promised to do so, sir?" "No, truly, I have promised nothing; I have promised nothing as yet." They looked at each other. Price continued: "After the death of the great Gustavus, king of Sweden, I heard it related that when he entered Germany he said that if his shirt knew of his intentions he would pull it off his back and burn it. Do as he did, sir, until you are in London. You will then see what is to be done." Monk had no need of Price's counsel to be silent and dissemble. Being informed that an officer had said, "This Monk will end by bringing us back Charles Stuart," he struck him publicly with his cane, menacing with the same punishment any man who should dare to repeat the calumny.

He however advanced, being kept well informed of the state of public feeling in London by his chaplain Gumble, to whom he had intrusted his letters for Parliament. "The prevailing and governing influence of Parliament," wrote the latter, "is reduced into the hands of a few and inconsiderable persons, either hare-brained and hot-headed fools, or obscure and disregarded knaves. They regard all those who have been in the service of Oliver Cromwell, or who have adhered to the Committee of Safety, as renegades from the good old cause. They are satisfied that your inclination is for the king, and would willingly replace Lambert at the head of their army to resist you. They are about to confiscate the property of all the gentlemen who were engaged

in Sir George Booth's plot. . . . These gentry, moreover, are infinitely divided among themselves. But keep your troops well about you, without which you are in the greatest peril."

Gumble had not exaggerated the picture of the miserable dissensions in the lately restored Parliament. This handful of Republicans, who aspired to keep in subjection a nation which obstinately rejected their authority, were constantly more and more divided, and were mutually persecuting each other. Whitelocke, threatened with confinement in the Tower, was compelled to retire into the country; Vane was sent to his residence at Raby; Ludlow was summoned to return from Ireland to answer a charge of high-treason. They would gladly have made the Royalists the objects of their anger and their attacks; but that party made no movement. They did not dare to assail Monk notwithstanding the suspicions with which he was regarded. Parliament even voted him a sum of money; and a letter was dispatched thanking him for his great services and his march towards London; finally it was decreed that two members, selected from among the most violent Republicans, — Scott and Robinson, — should carry to him these acknowledgments of the gratitude of the House, and should accompany him on his journey. The general was already at Leicester when the delegates arrived at his headquarters.

Monk had not brought his entire army with him. Only five thousand eight hundred men accompanied him, but his troops were trustworthy. On setting foot in England the army had resumed the strict discipline of camps, — no more councils, no more deliberations. The little force advanced modestly and quietly, welcomed by the sound of the bells on their entry into the towns, confident in their general, and not requiring to know whither he was leading them.

No one questioned Monk regarding his plans, but dissimulation became every day more difficult. Everywhere people eagerly gathered around him. The gentry and the citizens sought interviews with him and sent in addresses expressing their regrets and their desires. As a rule, these were not Cavaliers — they were Presbyterians; sometimes men who had previously become compromised among the opposition and who had long served Parliament. No mention was made of king or monarchy. Some required the return to Parliament of the members expelled in 1648; others demanded a new and free Parliament. Probably at the instigation of Scott, Monk had already written to some of his friends, who demanded the return of the excluded members, to dissuade them from their design in the name of order and unity in the government. Now he scarcely replied to the pressing appeals of his visitors, confining himself to receiving them with courtesy, and intrenching himself always behind the civil authority, which the two members of Parliament at his side were eager to exercise. Scott became angry with the petitions and the petitioners. “My age might excuse me from taking up arms,” he exclaimed one day, “yet, old as I am, before this present Parliament shall be entangled by restoring the secluded members, or by new elections, I will gird on my sword again, and keep the door against them!” Amid these explosions of anger or pride from his watchful visitors, Monk remained cold and impassive. It suited him to let the public ill-humor fall on them alone, and that their presence should appear evidently to be the cause of his taciturnity.

Scott and Robinson, however, continued anxious and suspicious, and they had good cause. When he drew near London, Monk felt that the moment had come for acting with authority; and, without consulting the two commissioners, he dispatched to Parliament a letter prepared long before, de-

manding in set terms the removal to other quarters of the Parliamentary army, recently reconstituted under the orders of General Butler. "I must tell you in good truth," he wrote, "that I do not think it good for your service that those soldiers in London, who once revolted against you, should mingle with those who have proved to you their fidelity." He asserted that his troops could easily do the service required. The city was excited and angry, but the demand was granted. This movement of the regiments which were compelled to leave London increased the importance of the general's protection, and when he entered the Strand, on the 3d of February, at the head of his cavalry, the interview between him and Lenthall was as courteous as it was ceremonious. Monk repaired to Whitehall, where he established himself in the apartments of the Prince of Wales, which had been prepared to receive him.

Distrust and dissimulation cannot long confront each other without bringing truth into the light of day. The general was scarcely in London when ill-feeling began to break out between him and the Parliament which he professed to serve. He had refused the oath of abjuration of the monarchy and the Stuarts. "I must have time to consider it," he said; "many worthy men in my army have scruples regarding oaths; seven of my colleagues of the Council of State have refused to take this. I desire to have a conference with them on the subject." In the formal reception accorded him by the House, Monk's address was blamed as exhibiting too dictatorial a spirit and too much regard for popularity. Notwithstanding the general's efforts at dissimulation, — notwithstanding the anger of the eager Royalists, who wrote to Hyde, "Monk hath already pulled off his mask, he is clearly republican, and hath acted the weakest part that ever man did!" — the instinct of the masses drew them towards him as towards

the expected liberator. It was to Monk and not to the House that they presented the addresses of the boroughs and the counties, begging for a complete and free Parliament. All the rigors employed by the House against the Royalists could not prevent them from taking courage. "They talk very high," said Whitelocke, "affirming that the king will soon be in England."

A new and powerful ally had arisen for the secret projects of Monk. The city of London, that hot-bed of the Presbyterian and reforming party whence the Long Parliament in the height of its renown had drawn support against Charles I., now openly raised against the feeble and mutilated Long Parliament the standard of resistance. The Common Council decided that it would no longer pay any taxes imposed on the city until it saw the establishment of a free and complete Parliament. This was both the moral and material ruin of the power which was still sitting at Westminster.

The anger which this excited was commensurate with the danger. Parliament sent for Monk and gave him orders to enter the city, to pull down in the streets the chains and posts, to destroy the gates, and arrest eleven of the rebellious citizens. The conference lasted a long time. Monk returned home at three o'clock in the morning, gloomy and anxious. At dawn of day, when the soldiers received the order to march into the city, they began to question among themselves, not knowing what service they were to be employed in. The officers gathered around their general at an inn with the sign of "The Three Tuns," near Guildhall, were filled with consternation, and entreated him not to require from them so odious a service. Monk walked to and fro in the room. "Are you not willing to obey the orders of Parliament?" he asked. Some few of the officers under-

stood his meaning and remained firm. Subalterns performed the task, and work of destruction began. The citizens rushed out into the streets breathing rage against their assailants. "Is this that General Monk who was to bring us back the king? It is a Scottish devil. What new misfortunes are we doomed to undergo?" Some of the more influential citizens sought an interview with the general. "You would obtain from us much more easily by persuasion than by force what you might reasonably demand," they said. Monk appeared moved by this language. He consented to suspend his destructive work. "I have good reasons for hoping," he wrote to the House, "that they will pay the tax. I await your orders for continuing the destruction of the gates and portcullis. They desire the liberation of the members of the Court of Common Council who have been arrested. I recommend that prayer to your serious attention." And he added, "I humbly implore you to hasten your qualifications that the writs may be sent out." The House did not yield to the wishes of Monk, but gave him instructions to complete his work in the city. He obeyed, notwithstanding the ill-humor of his soldiers. "We have come from Scotland, where our enemies loved us, and are now employed to oppress our best friends," they said. That evening the city had lost all its ancient defences, and the general returned to Whitehall.

There was great anxiety among the friends of Monk. As soon as he had left the city they flocked around him. The House, they said, distrusted him; in vain it pretended to be grateful. It might at any moment deprive him of his command. There was an urgent necessity for recovering the shaken confidence of the city and of the Presbyterian party by declaring for a complete and free Parliament. Monk hesitated, asking for two days to consult with his officers, but

his friends pressed him. A letter to Parliament was drawn up, setting forth the grievances and the desires of the country, and asking that they should be satisfied by a day fixed. This was signed by the general and fourteen superior officers. The document was conveyed to Parliament. Monk, at the head of his troops, took the road to the city, which was alarmed and troubled at seeing those suddenly return from whom it had just received such harsh affronts. The Lord Mayor did not conceal from the general the uneasiness of the citizens. "I hope," replied Monk, "to make it of another mind in a few hours. I desire your Lordship to appoint the Aldermen and Common Council to meet me at four o'clock that I may acquaint them with my intentions." These words sufficed to throw light on the situation; the Common Council had just been dissolved by Parliament. They sat down at the council-table. Presently two commissioners from Parliament desired to be conducted into the presence of the general. These were Scott and Robinson, who were the bearers of the thanks of the House of Commons to Monk. They pressed him to return to Whitehall. "Let the House do what I have advised them in my letter," he said; "let them issue on Friday next the writs for completing the Parliament, and all will be well." He dismissed the two commissioners and repaired to the Guildhall. "The last time that I visited you," he said on entering, "was on the most ungrateful business that I have ever been charged with in my life, and one altogether against my inclination. I come to-day to tell you that I have this morning written to Parliament, requesting that they will order within a week the elections which will fill the vacant seats, and that they will dissolve on the 6th of May, to give place to a complete and free Parliament. Meanwhile I have resolved that my army shall take up its quarters in the city, there to wait in the

midst of you until I have seen my letter put in execution and your wishes fulfilled."

As Monk uttered these last words his voice was drowned in acclamations. The news spread through the city with the rapidity of lightning. Bonfires were lighted in all directions, into which they cast all the rumps of beef or mutton that they could find at the butchers. It was the "Rump Parliament" whose destruction they thus celebrated, with singing and dancing, and, now and then, with drinking to the health of the king. The bells rang out their loudest peals; the soldiers were surrounded and welcomed on all sides. At last Monk himself was obliged to intervene to preserve discipline, and to quiet the people who talked of going in the morning to drive the speaker from his seat, and Parliament from its hall.

The Republican Parliament felt that it had received a mortal stab, and in its impotent rage precipitated its own destruction by odious severities. Vane, who had secretly been in London for a few days, received orders to return to his residence at Raby; Ludlow came to bid him farewell. "Unless I am much mistaken," said Vane, "Monk has yet several masks to pull off. For myself, my conscience is at rest. I have done all that God enabled me to do for the Commonwealth. I hope He will grant me strength enough for my trials, however rough they may be, that I may still render to his cause faithful testimony." This noble spirit, so sincere in its visionary doctrines, had yet much to suffer, and was already fortifying itself against the prospect of martyrdom.

Monk seemed to have relapsed into his habitual mood of indecision and silence. While the House was preparing the writs which were to fill the vacant seats, including those of the expelled members, the general, still in courteous commu-

nication with it, had interviews at the same time with the expelled members, who were still pursued by their former enemies, received daily messages from the Royalists, who were becoming constantly more exacting regarding his real intentions, and strove to establish a good understanding between his officers and the Presbyterians, for whom he still preserved his old predilection. The situation, nevertheless, became every day more unnatural. At length Monk resolved to do himself without delay what he had not succeeded in bringing about by the mere course of events with the consent of those concerned. On the 21st of February, after obtaining from the excluded members an engagement to summon, for the 20th of April following, a complete and free Parliament, he left his fortified quarters in the city, and assembled at Whitehall his new allies. "Return to the House to fulfil your salutary task," he said; "not only will the guards willingly allow you to enter, but I and the officers under my orders, and I believe all the officers of these three nations, will willingly shed our blood for you and for successive Parliaments."

Under the escort of Major Miller, who commanded the general's guard, the excluded members set out for Westminster. Other officers were awaiting their arrival at the doors. They entered: the House was silent but agitated. A few Republican leaders rose and went out. "This is your work," said Haslerig to Ashley Cooper, as he passed, "but it will cost you blood." "Your blood if you choose," replied his colleague. The rest of the members kept their seats. A letter from Monk arrived; it was read without comment; the general had quitted his quarters in the city and established himself in St. James's Palace.

It was thither that Haslerig and his friends repaired to learn, as they said, from his own mouth, why he had opened

the House to the expelled members. "To free myself from their importunities," replied Monk; "I will take good care to prevent their doing any mischief." "But will you, general, still join with us against Charles Stuart and his adherents?" "I have often declared to you that such is my determination," answered Monk, taking off his glove and placing his hand in that of Haslerig. "I do protest to you once more that I will oppose to the utmost the setting up of Charles Stuart, a single person, or a House of Peers. What is it that I have done in bringing these members into the House to justify your distrust? If others have cut off the head of Charles upon the scaffold, and that justly, are not those the persons who conducted him thither?" And to give support to his gross duplicity he ordered the doors of the House of Lords to be shut against the peers who had in previous times supported Parliament against the king, and who were anxious to resume their sittings. Major Miller, the same officer who had conducted the excluded members to the House of Commons, roughly thrust back the peers, informing them that they could not enter.

It was of little consequence to the monarchical reaction whether the peers were in a position to take part in it or not. In reopening to the Presbyterians the House of Commons Monk had struck the decisive blow; the republic was beaten. They had desired to re-form the monarchy, not to destroy it; and they returned to power resolved to seek shelter in the only port which could restore peace to the country. The king was not yet on his throne; but the republic had now neither arms nor ramparts wherewith to bar his road to it.

The renewed Parliament at once showed its sentiments and intentions. Monk was appointed commander of all the land forces, and Montague placed at the head of the fleet; a new

Council of State was appointed, invested with powers of the most extensive kind for keeping order, the Covenant posted up in all the churches, and a considerable loan effected in the city, which hastened to subscribe. The Royalists who had been kept in prison were everywhere set at liberty. Under the flag of the republic the monarchy was visibly arising. Henceforth masters in the House of Commons, the Royalist Presbyterians everywhere regained power.

In the presence of this reaction, which he had foreseen, Monk remained silent and reserved, without wishing to hasten or even follow as yet the movement which he did not repress, and solely occupied with the army, which was fretful and disturbed even under his command. He alone could control it; and he alone knew how little was his influence over all those officers and soldiers anxious about the future, and jealous of the present authority of Parliament, and regretting their paramount influence under the Commonwealth. Monk made many changes of officers. He retained his power with a stronger and stronger hand, feeling it always on the point of deserting him.

It was on the eve of the day when Parliament was at length to pronounce its own dissolution. In spite of all the agitations and intrigues of the Republicans, both civil and military, the House now expiring had erased from its registers the oath of abjuration of Charles Stuart and the monarchy. A house-painter, accompanied by some soldiers, and carrying a ladder in his hand, approached a wall in the city near the Royal Exchange, where eleven years before an inscription in Latin had been placed, *Exit Tyrannus, regum ultimus, anno libertatis Angliæ restitutæ primo, annoque Domini 1648*. The workman effaced the inscription, and threw his cap into the air, exclaiming, "God bless King

Charles II.!" The crowd joined its acclamations, and bonfires were lighted on the spot.

It was the 16th of March: Parliament was discussing the form of the writs of election. "In the name of the king," said Prynne. "This Parliament has been in law dissolved since the death of the king his father. King Charles II. alone can summon another." The question was evaded; and the writs were dispatched in the name of the Keepers of the Liberties of England. Scott proposed that in the powers accorded to the Council of State to treat with foreign princes, one exception should be made, namely, that they should not send any agent to Charles Stuart. A great tumult arose in the chamber. "I move," exclaimed Mr. Crewe, an ardent Presbyterian, "that, before separating, we shall testify that we have not steeped our hands nor our consciences in the detestable murder of the king, and that we hold that act in horror!" The voice of Scott was heard in the midst of the confusion: "Although to-day I know not where I may shelter my head, I acknowledge that I took part in that affair not only with my hand but with my heart, and I wish for no greater honor in this world than to have this inscription written on my tomb: 'Here lies a man who had a hand and a heart in the execution of Charles Stuart, late king of England.'" Cries of reprobation stifled his words, and he left the House with some of his friends, indomitable like himself. The Dissolution Bill was adopted, and the Long Parliament, which, in spite of its many errors and disasters, was destined to occupy so great a place in the history of its country, hastened to separate amid irreverent exhibitions of public delight. Monk's turn had now come.

Of this he was aware, notwithstanding his habitual reserve and prudence, and he consented at length to receive Sir

John Grenville, who was still the bearer of the letter from the king to the general which he had refused to hand to the agents whom the latter had sent. "I thank your Excellency," said Grenville, "for giving me the occasion to discharge myself of a trust of the utmost importance for you and for the whole kingdom, which I have long had in my hands." He held out to Monk the letter of the king. The latter took a step backwards without taking the letter. "Have you considered well the danger you are running by daring to propose to me such a business?" he asked. "Yes," replied Grenville, "I have well considered it: nothing shall prevent my obeying the king. Besides, your Excellency cannot have forgotten the message that you received in Scotland by the hands of your brother." Without answering a word, and suddenly changing his manner, Monk offered his hand to Grenville, embraced him in a friendly manner, and slowly read the letter. "I hope," he said, "that the king will pardon me the past, both as to actions and words, for my heart has always been faithful to him. I am ready not only to obey his Majesty, but to devote to his service my life and my fortune." And he continued for some minutes to converse with Grenville on the difficulties and perils of the situation, which were still great, pointing out what, in his opinion, the king ought to do to surmount them. Grenville asked him if he would not write all this to the king, sending his letter by a man who was devoted to him. "No," said Monk; "the best security is secrecy." When Grenville returned on the morrow to receive his written instructions, the general read them over to him twice. "You are quite sure you will remember all that?" he asked. "Yes," replied Grenville. Monk threw the paper into the fire. "Turn this over well in your memory on the road. Be careful not to write it," he continued; "say nothing to any one except to

the king himself, and do not return without putting the king out of Flanders."

In fact, one of the counsels of Monk to the king was to leave the Spanish territory and establish himself at Breda. He asked for a general amnesty, excepting, at most, four persons; the ratification of the sales of confiscated property whatever might have been the cause of confiscation, and liberty of conscience for all the king's subjects. Grenville was instructed to make to him the most magnificent offers, both for himself and his friends. In spite of his avarice Monk had too much sense not to know that a man paid in advance loses his value. "No," said he, "I will not bind the king to me for any reward. Now I am able to serve him, I prefer his service to his promises. Ask nothing, therefore, of him either for me or my friends."

Great was the delight of Charles when Grenville arrived in Brussels. Some of Monk's recommendations nevertheless embarrassed him; and his most intimate friends, who alone were made acquainted with the general's proposals, advised him to begin by quitting Brussels. From Breda they could reply to Monk. Till then it behooved them to preserve the most absolute secrecy.

The king laughed in his sleeve on receiving the very different proposals which soon arrived from London. The Presbyterian leaders offered to re-establish Charles on his throne, provided he would accept the conditions that the Long Parliament, then under the predominant influence of their party, had offered to King Charles I. in the Isle of Wight. These were the relinquishment for twenty years to Parliament of the command of the forces on land and sea, the acknowledgment of the lawfulness of the war that they had waged against Charles I., the abrogation of the letters-patent conferring peerages which he had granted since he

left London, and, finally, the confirmation of the right of the Commons to adjourn to the time and place which should please them. Strange propositions these for the restoration of the monarchy! Their authors, however, were sincere in this intention, and they informed the king that he could not hope for anything more favorable, so powerful still was the spirit of opposition among the people. They added that they had great difficulty in dissuading Monk from being much more exacting; and they entreated the king to accept their offers without delay, for hesitation might cost him the last chance of recovering his crown.

A few meaningless words were the only reply given to the offers of the Presbyterians, who persevered not the less in their work. "Little do they in England think," said the king to Grenville, "that General Monk and I are on so good terms. I myself should have found it difficult to believe it if you had not yourself brought me such good and secret intelligence from the general. My restoration without conditions! This exceeds all that we could hope here, and all that our friends in England expected, except you." He received at the same time, with an easy amiability, the offers of service and the homage which came to him on all sides from the great nobles who had supported the cause of the Long Parliament without desiring the republic or the rule of Cromwell, and whom neither Cromwell nor the republic had favored. With these there came like missives from the Cromwell party themselves — Thurloe at their head; and, finally, from Royalists who had served the Commonwealth — Admiral Montague and Lord Broghill. Foreign courts began to testify consideration for the exiled monarch; Bordeaux approached Monk with discreet compliments in the name of the cardinal: the Spaniards, perceiving King Charles's return of fortune, would have liked to keep him in their hands,

and the king had some difficulty in escaping from Brussels to repair to Breda, where he was soon joined by Hyde, his most faithful as well as his ablest adviser, against whom, however, all the manœuvres of the Presbyterians were directed, who could not forgive him for his attachment to the Church of England.

Scarcely was Charles established on the soil of the Netherlands, when an unexpected piece of news threw him into the greatest alarm. Lambert, imprisoned in the Tower since the middle of March on a charge of fomenting a military conspiracy, had escaped from his dungeon on the 16th of April by the connivance of certain Republican leaders. He was traversing the counties of Warwick and Northampton at the head of some insurgent squadrons in the name of the Commonwealth, summoning all malcontents to his standard. Certain corps already showed signs of wavering. No one yet could estimate the proportions which this movement might assume.

For a moment Monk had entertained the idea of marching against Lambert; but he judged his presence in London to be even more necessary. He sent for Colonel Ingoldsby, and informing him what troops would be available, "Be at Northampton three days hence," he said, "and pursue Lambert till you overtake him." Ingoldsby obeyed. On the 22d of April (Easter Sunday) he found himself face to face with the enemy. A little watercourse separated the two armies. There was a parley. Lambert proposed to restore Richard Cromwell. "It is you who overthrew him, and now you would raise him again," said Ingoldsby. "My orders are not to discuss with you, but to fight you." One of Lambert's squadrons approached the enemy's line. Ingoldsby advanced alone to meet it, conversing in a friendly way with the soldiers; the entire squadron came over to his side; a second followed its example. "Now to end the business,"

said Ingoldsby; and he marched forward, giving the order to his troops not to fire till they were close to the enemy. Lambert's cavalry dropped their pistols without firing. Ingoldsby urged on his horse towards the general. "You are my prisoner," he cried. Lambert put spurs to his horse. Ingoldsby pursued him: he was well mounted and overtook the fugitive. Lambert surrendered, irretrievably beaten and still more humiliated. On the 24th of April he returned to the Tower.

It was the last expiring effort of the republic; the elections gave it the death-blow. With difficulty a few of the old leaders, respected or influential in their counties or their boroughs, — Ludlow, Scott, Robinson, Hutchinson, — succeeded in obtaining re-election. Even an express recommendation from Monk was not enough at Bridgenorth to insure the candidature of Thurloe. Royalists of every shade, old or new, Presbyterian or Cavalier, carried the elections. The Cavaliers were the most numerous, but they were still prudent and unassuming. The Presbyterians obtained the selection of one of their number, Grimstone, as speaker of the new House. The peers, a small number of whom had assembled in their House, were presided over by Lord Manchester, a moderate Presbyterian. As soon as the two Houses had assembled, they passed a vote of thanks to Monk; the Lords decreed him a statue; the Commons extended their gratitude also to Ingoldsby, who had suppressed Lambert's insurrection. It could have been nothing less than Monk's influence and advice which determined a House so Royalist to forget the regicide, and honor thus the soldier's courage and obedience.

The Royalist reaction burst forth on all sides with violence and disorder. The Cavaliers in certain parts took possession again of the estates which had been taken from them.

They even laid hands on some which had never been theirs. The widow of Cromwell, Lady Elizabeth, fled from London, leaving behind her, it was asserted, concealed goods and jewels which she had taken from the royal palaces. Terror spread among the revolutionary party; the Royalists everywhere rushed to enjoy their triumph. The change of masters was signalized by redoubled anarchy throughout the country.

On the 27th of April Sir John Grenville presented himself at the door of the Council of State, requesting leave to speak with the lord-general. Monk came out from the house; Grenville placed in his hands a packet sealed with the king's arms. Monk seemed surprised. The messenger was desired to enter. The president inquired from whom he had received these letters. "The king, my master," he answered, "gave them to me with his own hand." It was determined that they should be handed to Parliament, who alone had the right to receive them. Some one proposed to place Grenville meanwhile under arrest. "I have not seen Sir John Grenville for some years," said Monk, "but he is my near kinsman, and I will answer for his presenting himself before the House." Grenville retired at liberty.

Three days later, on the 1st of May, he was introduced to the House of Commons, and handed to the speaker a letter from the king, dated from Breda, "in the twelfth year of our reign." As soon as Grenville had retired, Grimstone, standing and uncovered, read aloud the king's letter. The House listened also standing and bareheaded. In the House of Lords the president rose, and went to meet Grenville, accompanied by forty-one peers who were then present; and the messenger, recalled shortly afterwards into the House, received the thanks of the assembly.

The king's letters, written by Hyde, were elegant and

simple. They promised a general amnesty and liberty of conscience, with only such exceptions or limits as Parliament should think well to assign. All difficult questions were in like manner referred to Parliament. The king preserved his freedom of action under the pretext of his responsibility. Similar declarations addressed to the city, the army, and the fleet, were received with acclamations. Admiral Montague dispatched on the morrow a message to the king. "I rejoice," he said, "that the king has no need of aid from foreign powers. He will find a sufficient stay in the affection and loyalty of his subjects. I covet nothing so much in the world as the honor of presenting myself before your Majesty, which I hope will not long be delayed."

The two Houses on their part lost no time, and the Lords declared on the 3d of May that, in accordance with the fundamental laws of the realm, the supreme power resided, and ought to reside, in King, Lords, and Commons. The House of Commons immediately adopted the same resolution, and also decided that a gift of £50,000 sterling should be at once offered to the king; £10,000 and £5000 were also voted for his brothers. A jewel valued at £500 sterling was voted to Grenville. But the treasury was exhausted. It was necessary to have recourse to the city, who provided at once for pressing needs. When Grenville arrived at Breda the bearer of £30,000 in bills of exchange or specie, the king, overjoyed at the sight, sent for the Princess of Orange and the Duke of York, desiring that they should see this gold, so long strange to their hands, taken out of the messenger's portmanteau.

The two Houses had sent commissioners charged with their answers to the king; many other deputations had preceded or followed them. Clarges conveyed to Charles II. a letter from Monk; the delegates from the city and the Presbyte-

rian ministers met at Breda. Parliament had just proclaimed the king in public at the gate of Westminster, before Whitehall, and in the city. Workmen were busily engaged in repairing all the royal palaces. "Mistress Monk, with a zeal void of all vanity," wrote Broderick to Hyde, "is taking care that his Majesty shall be provided with all the linen he will require, saying frankly that she has not forgotten her old occupation, and that she is assured that she will be able to make a saving of one half in the king's household."

In the presence of all these facts, what had become of the intention of the Presbyterians and the political reformers to treat with the king and secure strong guaranties for the liberties of the people and for themselves? The work of the restoration was accomplished, hurried forward by the national feeling: the most resolute of the moderate party had lent a hand, and were lending a hand every day, to this spontaneous re-establishment of the monarchy. The royal declaration of Breda, the assurances of moderation and respect for old laws, and the promise to settle all great questions in concert with Parliament, these were the sole guaranties which the restoration of the Stuarts offered to England.

Above all the numerous civil and religious questions which were thus about to be discussed, the fate of which might already cause anxiety to the faithful friends of liberty, one question arose paramount—a question of life or death—that of the amnesty. It seemed to have been settled. In the first communication with the king Monk had expressly advised a general amnesty, with four exceptions only, and the king appeared disposed to clemency; but the danger still existed. "We grant a free and general pardon," said Charles in the Declaration of Breda, "save and except to such persons as shall hereafter be excepted by act of Parliament." And in his letter to the House of Commons: "If there is

a crying sin by reason of which the nation is stained with dishonor, we doubt not but you will be as forward as ourselves in redeeming it, and cleansing the nation from that odious crime." On Monday, the 9th of May, on the first reading of the Amnesty Bill, the question of the regicides arose. After a violent debate, in which those of the inculped persons who were present—Ingoldsby and Hutchinson—vainly sought to defend themselves, they left the House, and the Commons resolved that seven exceptions should be made in the Amnesty Bill. At the same time the arrest was ordered of all the judges of the High Court, and their property was placed under sequestration. Others also, who had not been implicated in the king's trial, Thurloe being at their head, were sent to the Tower. The reaction spread, and became more bitter every day. The Amnesty Bill remained in suspense, like all those measures which were destined to settle the great questions opened by the Declaration of Breda. The promised concessions became doubtful. The crowd of courtiers increased at the Hague, whither the king had gone on the invitation of the States-General. Royal favors and approbation were lavished upon the Parliamentary commissioners; the Presbyterian ministers, though well received, were put off with vague promises. But, in the midst of the general joy, a certain distrust appeared on their part, and on the part of the king and his intimate friends much reserve and haughtiness. The country was eager to receive the king, and Charles was the more disposed to hasten because he feared the conditions of the Presbyterians. Admiral Montague had arrived in sight of the Hague, in the Bay of Schevelingen, aboard his ship called the "Naseby,"—a sad reminder of the great defeat of King Charles I.

The king took his leave of the States-general, from whom he had received the most magnificent hospitality. He recom-

mended to them his sister, the Princess of Orange, and his nephew, Prince William, then a child. "I will remember," he said, "all the effects of your good affection towards them, as if I had received them in my own person." John de Witt replied in the name of the States, overflowing with protestations of respect and friendship. As politic as he was proud, the republican patrician, who was contending in Holland against the House of Orange, sought with a certain solicitude the good-will of the new ruler of England, with which country he desired peace, whatever might be the name and the form of her government. All proper ceremonies having been accomplished, the king left the Hague on the 23d of May, 1660, accompanied by a brilliant suite, and stepping aboard the "Naseby," which he immediately renamed the "Royal Charles," he set sail for England with his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester. On the morning of the 25th he landed at Dover in the presence of a great multitude, at the head of whom came Monk, saluting the king "with such humility," says an eye-witness, "that he seemed rather to be asking pardon than receiving thanks." The king embraced him with filial reverence, more in haste to testify his gratitude by presenting him with the Order of the Garter than to take his advice regarding the government of the country, or appointments to great offices. The general handed to the king a list of persons whom he judged fitted to compose the privy council. The greater part of the names suited the views neither of Charles nor of Hyde. They intimated this to Monk, who made scarcely any opposition, confining himself to recommending some persons in particular "whom the king would find it better for his affairs to have within than without." Charles, no longer dreading the obstinacy of Monk, continued his advance towards the capital, reviewed the army, which, sullen and resigned, awaited


BENTINCK, EARL OF PORTLAND.

MONK SALUTING THE KING.

him on Blackheath, and at length entered London amid the ringing of all the bells, the music of the regimental bands, the acclamations of an eager, joyous, and triumphant crowd.

"I was in the Strand," says an eye-witness. "I beheld this sight, and I was thankful to God. All this was done without the spilling of a drop of blood. It was indeed the Lord's will; for since the return of the Jews from captivity in Babylon, no history, ancient or modern, has had to record a like restoration." The king himself expressed his surprise at it with a touch of irony. "It is assuredly my own fault," he said, "that I did not come back sooner; for I have not met any one to-day who did not protest that he always wished for my return."

The restoration was accomplished; but the obstacles which had so long prevented it had not disappeared. The nation, however, entirely occupied with its joyful demonstrations, either did not see them or did not care for them. Having gotten back the king and the Parliament, they fancied their troubles at an end and their wishes fulfilled. The public is short-sighted, but its lack of foresight neither affects the bottom of its heart, nor changes the course of its destiny. The epoch of civil war was past; that of party struggles and Parliamentary compromises was about to begin. The triumph of the Protestant religion and the decisive influence of the nation in its own government — this was the end for which Revolutionary England had struggled. Royalist England was to struggle for it still, and to find no repose till she had attained it.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHARLES II. 1660-1685.

MONARCHY and the Stuarts had together regained possession of the throne unconditionally and without striking a blow. The English nation, with a few exceptions, gave itself up to joy and hope. The government, however, must be carried on, and the difficulties which at once presented themselves were considerable.

Charles II. ruled, evading or cutting the knot of the difficulties which opposed his progress in many ways, and with the support of men of profoundly different characters. Personally, however, he pursued constantly one line of conduct, and remained always consistent with himself. The nation had accepted him blindly, voluntarily embracing illusions respecting the monarch whom she had chosen out of regard for the monarchical principle, and from weariness of revolutionary shocks. As she became able to judge of the principles, or rather the lack of all principles, which characterized him, a gradual estrangement set in. The history of Charles II.'s reign presents the spectacle, more flagrant day by day, of the defects and vices of the government, as well as of the reaction which at the same time was at work within the nation. Three periods may be noted in the history of that decline in the joyous illusions of the English people — three very different conditions of the people as of

the government under the reign of King Charles II. First, the constitutional and legal *régime* under the ministry of Lord Clarendon (1630–1667); secondly, the government of intriguing and corrupt statesmen under the rule of the Cabal (1667–1674); thirdly, the epoch of conspiracies for changing the succession to the throne, the ministries of coalition and compromise: the attempts at arbitrary government, and the great political trials, ending with the death of the king (1674–1685).

Surrounded in the days of his exile and poverty by numerous adventurers and profligates, Charles Stuart, disinherited and a fugitive, had the good sense and judgment to remain faithful to his old friends—to the devoted advisers who had long served his father, and who would have protected him against his worst errors if he had known how to trust himself to their wise and honest counsels. Hyde, above all, who had been almost uninterruptedly attached to the fortune and the person of Charles II., and who directed all the negotiations with Monk before the Restoration, was naturally singled out to govern in the name of the restored monarch. From 1657 he had received the title of Lord Chancellor of England: this empty name became a reality; and the Lord Treasurer Southampton, the Marquis of Ormond, General Monk, and the two secretaries of state, Morice and Nicolas, composed, with the chancellor, that secret committee which, under the name of the Council of Foreign Affairs, was charged by the king to deliberate on all his affairs before they arrived at the stage of public discussion, and there could not have been an association of men more united in mind and feeling.

In this ministry, wherein General Monk and the two secretaries of state alone constituted an element that was a stranger to the old Royalist party, Clarendon was at once

the most distinguished and the most politic. His principles were honest, his views upright and pure. Two faults obscured his better qualities: he was grasping, and he brought with him into England the passions and the blunted perceptions of an exile. These disadvantages were not long in making themselves felt.

In presence of a Parliament, the summoning of which had been neither regular nor legal, — a Parliament which at that time was called a Convention, a title destined later to acquire a sad celebrity in the history of France, — the great questions which it had become necessary to deal with were all the more urgent since the country demanded the election of a new Parliament. The king was in haste to disband the army, a permanent menace to himself and his friends, and a bitter remembrancer of the past. More than fifty thousand men inured to arms, kept down but discontented, were suddenly dismissed into civil life; they were well treated as regarded pay, but were irreconcilably hostile to the new power, and held in check by habits of discipline and by public opinion, — not by repentance for the past or a return to Royalist ideas. The soldiers, in great number, were still partisans of Cromwell, or, at least, Republicans.

Their old leaders were Republicans: they were about to pay dearly for their attachment to the order of things which they had desired to establish. At first an amnesty had been granted to all. Monk had required that the exceptions should be limited to four; they had now become ten. The king had then referred the question to the justice of Parliament. The passions of men acting collectively are the more violent and cruel by reason of the fact that responsibility rests upon no single one. Before the arrival of Charles the spirit of vengeance had already been awakened in the two Houses. Some arrests had been made and thirty per-

sons were excluded from the amnesty by the House of Commons, all who remained of the old leaders of the revolution — Scott, Harrison, Sir Henry Vane, Sir John Haslerig, Desborough, Lambert, Fleetwood, Lenthall, all either statesmen or soldiers. Some had already left England, distrusting, like Ludlow, the promises of the amnesty. The greater part were arrested. The House of Lords had voted that one victim should expiate the death of each of the members of the Upper House executed during the rebellion, and they had ended by exempting from the general pardon all those who had signed the sentence of Charles I., adding to this fatal list Hacker, Vane, Lambert, Haslerig, Axtel, and Peters, who had not sat among the revolutionary judges. This was too much. Monk and some persons of moderate views remonstrated. Twenty-nine persons were condemned; ten only perished by the death inflicted on traitors, inflexible in their convictions and their courage. “Where is now your good old cause?” cried a bystander to Colonel Harrison, as he was being drawn to Charing Cross on a hurdle. “Here!” exclaimed the old soldier, placing his hand upon his heart; “and I am going to seal it with my blood.” Indifferent to the cruelties which he believed to be necessary, Cromwell nevertheless had not accustomed the English people to the sight of political executions. The spectacle soon became shocking. The executions ceased, political vengeance was suspended. The ecclesiastical question had become urgent, and the king’s embarrassment was great.

At Breda, under the solicitations of the Presbyterians, who were then all-powerful, Charles II. had made promises and allowed hopes to be entertained of union and toleration. Profoundly royalist and conservative, the Presbyterians were separated from the Church of England by questions of form and of ecclesiastical organization much more than by fun-

damental doctrines of religion. In 1660 the king promulgated an ordinance known as the Healing Declaration, which satisfied the Presbyterians without gravely offending the Anglican Church. Some distinguished theologians among the Presbyterians had already accepted episcopal ordination and had become bishops, when Parliament rejected the royal Declaration, refusing to give it the force of law. At the same time began the restitution of Church property and of the domains of the Crown, very soon definitively settled by the new Parliament. The lands of private individuals were in part restored to them after some delays, but voluntary sales were respected, whatever might have been the conditions under which they were effected.

The reaction was beginning, violent and spontaneous. Charles II., cautious and indifferent, took in all this no personal part. He left full play to individual passions, which became more and more excited. The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were torn out of their tombs, hung at Tyburn, then decapitated. King Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster beheld its sanctuary violated in the search for the remains of persons buried under its roof during the revolution. The tombs of the mother and daughter of Cromwell, and those of Pym and Blake, were opened, and the coffins broken. Everywhere popular vengeance exhibits the same hideous and cowardly traits. The English Royalist party were furnishing an example to the revolutionary populace, who were one day in France shamefully to profane the vaults of St. Denis.

The agitation out of doors found a counterpart in the sorrows and troubles of the royal household. The young Duke of Gloucester, an amiable and popular youth, fell a victim to the small-pox. His sister, the Princess of Orange, who had come to England to enjoy the spectacle of the restora-

tion of her family, died soon afterwards of the same malady. Queen Henrietta Maria had lately arrived in London; she was not popular. In spite of the splendor of her reception, the prejudices formerly excited against her were not forgotten; the English Court, moreover, furnished her with a bitter source of discontent. The secret marriage of the Duke of York with Anne Hyde, daughter of the chancellor, had been made public through the birth of a child. The anger of the queen was great; the chancellor pretended to share in her feeling; he contrived, however, to have his daughter recognized as Duchess of York. The marriage was declared almost at the same time with negotiations for a union between the Princess Henrietta and the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., which was celebrated in March, 1661. The House of Stuart had resumed its position among the reigning families of Europe.

The public emotion in England had not yet subsided. A plot had revealed itself in London; a handful of fanatics, led by a Fifth Monarchy man named Venner, had rushed through the streets of the city, crying "Hail to the King Jesus, who is coming to reign upon the earth!" They had been easily arrested; but they had made a noise, and had broken the heads of some of the city watch. This furnished a pretext for the levy of troops and for doubling the regiments of guards. The military despotism of Cromwell had impressed upon the mind of the nation, and particularly on that of the Cavaliers, a dread of a standing army. It was by the Royalist Parliament that Charles II. and his honest councillors desired to govern. The Convention Parliament had restored the king, but the Presbyterians among them were numerous. They embarrassed the plans of Clarendon, who was passionately devoted to the Anglican Church. A

general election was decided on, and the Parliament met on the 8th of May, 1661.

It was the triumph, the lasting triumph, of the Cavaliers. Fifty or sixty Presbyterians at the most had been re-elected. For eighteen years (1661–1679) the Royalist Parliament was destined to sit, in spite of the law which prescribed new elections every three years. Great changes were to be effected in its internal economy as well as in its tendencies. From its opening the new Parliament entered without reserve upon a course of imprudent action. The control of the military power placed in the hands of the king alone; all armed resistance to the authority of the king declared unlawful and criminal: such were the results of the proceedings of Parliament in its first session. All constituted bodies, cities, towns, and corporations, were called upon to take an oath in these terms: "I declare that it is not lawful upon any pretence whatsoever to resist the king, and I abhor the treason which would pretend to take up arms by the king's authority against his person, or against those who are commissioned by him. In this, so help me God. Amen."

The bishops had been restored to their seats in the House of Lords. It was the first step, quickly to be followed by the complete triumph of the Anglican Church. The English nation had never been deeply penetrated with the Presbyterian spirit. The respect which the Puritans inspired had been greatly weakened during their ascendancy, when many hypocrites had associated themselves with the sincere believers, in the hope of securing influence and power. Their narrowness of mind and the rigidity of their principles, together with certain ridiculous traits in their manners and their habits, had alienated the popular favor. The Anglican Church, ancient and persecuted, liberal for many years and indulgent in the application of her laws, saw England

return to her with passionate ardor. She took advantage of this change without moderation or forethought, carried away, like the political parties, by the delight of triumph. The Presbyterians had hoped that the project conceived by Archbishop Usher would be adhered to; this was a skilful combination of the rule of the bishops and of the synod. After a series of ecclesiastical conferences, as eloquent as they were fruitless, Parliament, in the month of January, 1661, passed an Act of Uniformity, which re-established in the Church of England the Episcopal *régime* in all its strictness, leaving no alternative to the numerous Presbyterian pastors who had been appointed to benefices under the Commonwealth but to conform in all matters both to the doctrine and the practice of the Anglican Church, or else to abandon their livings to clergymen absolutely submissive to the established discipline. The Covenant, which had been solemnly sworn to by the king himself in Scotland, was ignominiously burned in the public streets. The Presbyterians were driven out of the Church as they had previously been out of Parliament.

The Presbyterian clergy exhibited no hesitation. By a strange coincidence it was on St. Bartholomew's day that two thousand of them, followed by their families, took leave of their parishes and their congregations. They retired from the homes wherein they had hoped to end their days, abandoning the care of souls to the former pastors, who had been driven out like themselves by a revolution, and who now resumed possession of their benefices. The Long Parliament had of old shown this favor, though often a sterile one, of applying a fifth part of the ecclesiastical revenues to the dispossessed ministers. The Royalist Parliament did not take the same precaution. The Presbyterian ministers remained long deprived of resources, and long the victims of the ill-will of

government. The Church of England, transformed by her triumph, and become more complete and dominant than she had hitherto been or desired to be, henceforth enjoyed an undisputed reign. She had regained possession of all her advantages, both spiritual and temporal.

This was in great part the work of the lord chancellor, recently created Lord Clarendon, who pursued with enthusiastic ardor a labor which the king regarded with indifference. Yielding to the obstinacy or to the enthusiasm of his ministers, Charles contemplated the measures which had been taken neither with satisfaction nor personal sympathy. Inclining at that time, in the bottom of his heart, towards the Roman Catholic faith, he would willingly have granted toleration to the Nonconformists in the hope of including the Catholics in the universal indulgence. This his Parliament would not permit; at the same time they hurried him along a road which led to rigors of which Charles was already weary. "I am tired of hanging!" he said to Clarendon. Illustrious victims excited the furious passions of the Cavaliers. Sir Harry Vane and Lambert in England; and the Marquis of Argyle in Scotland, had believed themselves to be safe when the political executions had ceased. They were deceived, and their friends had rejoiced prematurely. Argyle died first (1661), finally ruined by some old letters which he had written to Monk, and which the latter had forwarded to his judges. "I placed the crown upon the head of the king at Scone," said the Marquis, "and this is my recompense!" The able defence of Vane troubled the Crown lawyers charged with his indictment. "If we do not know what to say to him, we know what to do," muttered the Chief Justice Foster. The king was struck with the attitude of the accused. "He is too dangerous a man to let live if we can honestly put him out of the way," he wrote

to Clarendon. Vane was executed on the 14th of June, 1662; Lambert was condemned to imprisonment for life. He was sent to the Island of Guernsey, where he soon after died.

The execution of Vane had followed, with only an interval of a few days, the marriage of the king, an event not at all popular in England, for Charles had espoused a Catholic princess. Clarendon feared the influence of Spain; and it was a princess of Portugal, Catherine of Braganza, to whom he destined the sad honor of marrying King Charles II. The king had been able to find objections against every proposal for a Protestant union. Her dower was considerable; the fortress of Tangier appeared to be an acquisition of territory. The Portuguese princess arrived in England in the month of May, 1662. Honest folk founded great hopes upon the marriage of the king, whose disorderly life caused some scandal; but men of foresight were not deceived. After the rigid rule of the Puritans and the heavy yoke of their moral and religious ordinances, the reaction of license and immorality, of which the king gave the example, extended to his followers, and in part corrupted his supporters throughout the entire country. Those innocent diversions which had been forbidden by the government of the Commonwealth yielded place under the Restoration to a vortex of pleasure and debauchery which soon gave alarm to the serious and rational part of the community.

The vices and the errors of men are linked together and bear inevitably their deplorable fruits. The wild prodigality of Charles II. left him poor in spite of the considerable revenue which Parliament had assigned to him. He had relinquished all the former revenues of the crown, relics of the feudal system which shocked those ideas of justice and personal liberty which for centuries had gradually been ripening in England,

and had definitely taken shape under the revolution. In lieu of these an annual sum had been fixed. All these resources, however, had been exhausted when Charles II. decided to sell Dunkirk to the young king, Louis XIV., then beginning his reign, possessor of that sovereignty which he was destined to exercise so long, almost always for the military glory, but often for the misfortune of France. Cromwell had acquired Dunkirk at the price of his brave soldiers' aid in the war against Spain. Charles II. sold it to Louis XIV. for five millions of livres—a step profoundly unpopular and one which bitterly hurt English pride, long wounded by the loss of Calais, and for a while consoled by the acquisition of Dunkirk. The merchants of London had offered the king enormous advances, in order to avert what they regarded as a national dishonor. Charles II. hoped to obtain from Louis XIV. something more and better than the price of Dunkirk; he concluded the treaty notwithstanding the public discontent.

Queen Henrietta Maria had conducted for her son the negotiations with France. It was to her that Louis XIV. explained his reasons for remaining faithful to his alliance with the Dutch when, in 1665, Charles II., under a frivolous pretext, declared war against the United Provinces. "I desired the Queen of England, who was at that time in Paris," says the king in his memoirs, "to explain to her son that in the particular esteem which I felt towards him, I could not without sorrow take the resolution to which I found myself obliged by the engagement of my word; for at the commencement of this war I felt persuaded that he had been carried by the wishes of his subjects further than he would have gone if he had consulted only his own feeling."

The fidelity of Louis XIV. to his engagements did not

induce him to afford to the Dutch substantial assistance. Defeated in the outset off Lowestoft (June, 1665), the Dutch, under the command of Ruyter and Cornelis de Witt, fought Monk and Prince Rupert with success, from the 1st to the 4th of June, 1666. "The court," says Burnet in his *History of his Own Times*, "gave out that it was a victory, and public thanksgivings were ordered, which was a horrid mockery of God and a lying to the world. We had in one respect to thank God — that we had not lost our whole fleet." A secret treaty had just then been concluded between Louis XIV. and Charles II. Meanwhile the Dutch fleet again ascended the Thames as far as Sheerness, insulting English pride at the very gates of London. Charles II. had neglected the defence of his ports; at the moment when Ruyter and De Witt were sailing proudly on his waters, the king and his courtiers, assembled at Lady Castlemaine's, were chasing a moth which had lost its way in her splendid apartments. Negotiations were already begun at Breda; three treaties of peace were concluded there in the month of July, 1667, with Holland, with France, and with Denmark.

An ancient commercial and maritime rivalry had at one time excited the hatred of the English against Holland. The conformity of manners and religion, and the principles of liberty which existed in the two countries, counterbalanced the former animosity. The war had been more royal and less popular than Louis XIV. imagined. Charles II. had never forgiven the Hollanders for the decree of exclusion which they had pronounced against his house at the instigation of Cromwell. It had been felt in England that the war was not a righteous one; the misfortunes which soon afterwards overtook the capital seemed like a punishment for it. The Plague broke out in London in 1665; in five months it destroyed more than one hundred thousand persons. "This

did dishearten all people," says Burnet, "and coming in the very time in which so unjust a war was begun, it had a dreadful appearance. All the king's enemies and the enemies of monarchy said here was a manifest character of God's heavy displeasure upon the nation; and indeed the ill life the king led and the viciousness of the whole court gave but a melancholy prospect."

The king and the court left London; the Parliament had been convened at Oxford: the aged Monk alone had solicited the government of the capital. The expelled Nonconformist pastors returned in crowds into the midst of their old flocks now bewildered with terror. The Parliament of Oxford had just rejected an act of indulgence of the king tending to suspend penal legislation against the nonjurors; it had forbidden the dispossessed ministers to approach the scene of their old functions. When the Plague was at an end, the Five Mile Act once more banished the old pastors from the congregations whom they had edified and consoled during the infection. The king had but just returned to his capital when a fire of unparalleled extent devastated it anew. Thirteen thousand houses were burned, eighty-nine churches destroyed in the City, sixty-three in the Liberties. Two hundred thousand persons, it is said, found themselves homeless, compelled to take shelter under tents in the fields. The king and the Duke of York displayed a courage greatly to their honor; but so many calamities began to weary the nation. In Scotland the tyranny of Lord Lauderdale and Archbishop Sharp had provoked an insurrection which was more religious than political. The people had remained ardently attached to the Presbyterian Church and the Covenant. The pressure exercised for the establishment of Episcopacy roused the Covenanters of the West at the moment when the Fire of London occupied all minds; it cost some trouble to reduce

ARREST OF THE KING.

GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

them ; punishments were not successful in subduing the excitement. Smouldering in England, whilst it burst forth in Scotland, discontent was everywhere the same. The national loyalty still protected the king. It was against his ministers, and particularly against the Earl of Clarendon, that the public displeasure was directed.

The chancellor succumbed under the burden both of his virtues and his defeats. "Raised by the Restoration to the summit of authority, he succeeded to power with a hatred for all that had passed during twenty years, and with an intention of restoring everything in Church and State to the point at which the revolution had found it. But he had what is often wanting, or is quickly dissipated in active and elevated spheres of life, namely, opinions and a sense of duty. He was often in error ; he committed, or suffered to be committed, iniquities ; but truth and honesty were not in his eyes chimeras. Often irrational and unjust in his relations with the national party, he was towards his own party firm, enlightened, even virtuous. A severe censor of the corruption of Charles II., avowedly Protestant in a papist court, and notwithstanding his personal hatred towards the Presbyterians ; grave and austere in the midst of frivolous and greedy courtiers ; moderate by reason, though his nature was harsh and perhaps even vindictive, — he constantly set his face against that overflow of disorder, that reckless and capricious tyranny, into which the government was unceasingly impelled by the vices of the king and the passions of the Cavaliers. As a returned exile he did not control the evil genius of the Restoration, and did not even conceive the idea of controlling it. An Englishman of the old type, he opposed to the perverse nature of his party all his strength, ability, and virtue." *

* M. Guizot, *Memoires sur la Révolution d'Angleterre. Notice sur Clarendon*, prefixed to his *Memoirs*.

The virtues of Clarendon alienated from him the mind of the king. Weary of the constraint which his minister's principles imposed upon him, the king deprived him of the seals in the month of August, 1667. "The chancellor was as much surprised as if one had presented to him an order for his execution," says Clarendon himself in his memoirs. He had believed himself assured of the heart and the fidelity of the king against all his enemies. The House of Commons at once proceeded to the impeachment. Clarendon was avaricious, yet at the same time lavish. His princely dwelling was the object of jealousy among all the Cavaliers, who had been ruined by the sequestrations or by the disadvantageous liquidations which they had been obliged to make under the Commonwealth. "The Act of Indemnity for the enemies of the king had become an act of oblivion for his friends," said the country gentlemen, who found themselves definitively deprived of their property. They accused the chancellor of having enriched himself more rapidly than was consistent with honor. The House of Lords defended him without success. Charles pressed his old servant to leave England in order to prevent, as he said, the evils that might result to the kingdom from the division which had manifested itself between the two Houses. Clarendon resisted; the king at length gave him the order to depart. "It is absolutely necessary that he should go promptly; I answer upon my salvation for his safety." Such was the language addressed to the fallen minister by the Bishop of Winchester, who was charged to deliver the royal message. Clarendon, old and feeble, set out immediately. It was on the night of the 25th November, 1667. Scarcely had he touched the soil of France when the two Houses voted his banishment; at the same time making it unlawful to grant him pardon without the authorization of Parliament. Dejected

EARL OF CLARENDON.

MILTON.

and hopeless, Clarendon established himself first at Montpellier. There he wrote his admirable *History of the Rebellion*, his memoirs, and several devotional works. When he died at Rouen, in 1674, he had not seen England again, nor received from the king any testimony of affection or remembrance, — a striking example of the royal ingratitude, as well as of the incapacity of an exile to govern a country whose life he had long ceased to share or to understand.

With the downfall of Clarendon began the reign of the intriguers, corrupt and corrupting, and the moral decline of the government party, composed at first of men who were honest even in their excesses, but were soon bought by money or favors, and led into concessions and a line of policy which were disgraceful to them.* The ministry of the Cabal, as it was called, from the initials of the names of the courtiers who composed it, — Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale, — had not been formed in the name of any settled principles either political or social. By turns flattering liberals and arbitrary absolutists, complaisant for the whims of the king, and lavish of their favors towards men whose votes or support were necessary, they sought abroad the alliance of the King of France, and soon sank into dependence upon him, impelled towards that degradation by the need of an *éclat* which they could find only in war, with the all-powerful succor of Louis XIV.

The first effort of the king's new advisers had been wiser and more prescient. Popularity among the Protestants in England and on the Continent was the object to which their views were directed. They had sent to Holland Sir William Temple, an able and honest diplomatist, qualified to appreciate the elevated and patriotic views of the Grand Pensionary, John de Witt. Naturally favorable to the French alliance, which he had long sought and sustained, John de

Witt had been rendered uneasy by the progress of the power and ambition of Louis XIV. He desired to protect Europe against his encroachments by drawing closer that ancient union of the Protestant countries promoted of old at the instigation of Burleigh and under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth. The treaty of the Triple Alliance, signed at the Hague on the 23d of January, 1668, engaged England, Sweden, and the United Provinces, to defend against France the weak monarchy of Spain. A secret article bound the allies to take up arms to restrain Louis XIV., and if possible to bring him back to the conditions of the peace of the Pyrenees. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was the fruit of that prudent and wise policy.

John de Witt and the Dutch were destined to pay dearly for their courageous initiative. "In the midst of all my prosperity in my campaigns of 1667," writes Louis XIV. in his memoirs, "neither England nor the Empire, convinced of the justice of my cause, offered any opposition, however much their interests were opposed to the rapidity of my conquests. On my way I found only my good, faithful, and old friends the Hollanders, who, instead of interesting themselves in my good fortune as furnishing the foundation of their State, attempted to impose conditions on me and compel me to make peace. They even dared to employ threats in case I should refuse to accept their mediation. I confess that their insolence wounded me to the quick, and that I was tempted to risk what might happen to my conquests in the Spanish Netherlands, and to turn all my forces against that haughty and ungrateful nation. But having called prudence to my aid, I dissembled, and concluded a peace on honorable conditions, resolved to postpone the punishment of that perfidy to another occasion."

The first care of Louis XIV. in his operations against

Holland naturally was to detach Charles II. from his alliance with that country. In this business he employed his sister-in-law, Madame Henrietta of England, an adroit and agreeable person, tenderly attached both to her brother and to France, and not regarding the subjection of Charles II. to the all-powerful Louis XIV. as a thing disgraceful or humiliating to her native country. The position of the King of England in his kingdom, in the presence of his Parliament, became every day more difficult. The excesses of the court party, their corruption, their flagrant vices, had at last brought about a national reaction which was felt even in Parliament, at one time so ardently and blindly loyal. A national party was formed in opposition to the ministry of the Cabal, which was divided within itself, being now drawn towards the Dutch alliance by the Earl of Arlington, now driven towards France by the Duke of Buckingham. The nation was awaking from her loyal ecstasy, and aspired to resume her share in the government.

Shrewd and penetrating under his external appearance of indifference, Charles II. understood better than his ministers the change of public opinion, and the dangers with which it threatened him. The constraint of constitutional government was burdensome to his licentious selfishness, as it had been to the timid pride of his father. He desired to free himself from the trammels which Parliament imposed upon him. But he had no army; a few regiments of guards, silently recruited, were insufficient to sustain a struggle for which he had moreover no pecuniary resources. He could find support nowhere except from abroad; the alliance which his sister came to offer him in the name of Louis XIV. assured him the aid of which he had need. A secret treaty was concluded at Dover in the month of May, 1670, signed

only by the Catholic advisers of the king. The greater part of the ministers were ignorant of its existence.

Secrecy was necessary, and the terms of the treaty such as it was desirable to conceal. The King of England undertook to declare publicly his return to the Roman Catholic Church, as his brother, the Duke of York, had done. Louis XIV. promised to assist him to that end with a sum of two millions of livres, as well as with an annual subsidy of three millions when the two princes should have declared war against Holland. Peace with Spain, always popular in England, Spain being the natural enemy of France, was to be respected by the two sovereigns.

Charles II. knew what his people were capable of enduring, and what were the limits of their patience. The declaration of Catholic faith was delayed, and the article concerning it was passed over in silence in the modified treaty brought to the knowledge of the king's Protestant ministers, the representatives of the old Cavalier party — Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. They obtained from Charles II., in the place of the war which the king proposed to declare against the Dutch, a declaration of indulgence for the Protestant Nonconformists. The Catholics were not included, and the Nonconformists began to breathe freely. Parliament voted a sum of £800,000 sterling for the support of the Triple Alliance; at the same time Ashley declared that the advances deposited in the hands of the government by the merchants of London would not be refunded as usual, and that only the interest on them would be paid to the legitimate owners. A sum of £1,300,000 sterling was thus added to the king's resources. Little did Charles heed the financial disasters which this arbitrary and unjust act entailed upon the city. He was now rich; he desired to be free.

~~~~~  
**HENRIETTA OF ENGLAND.**

**DUKE OF MONMOUTH**



He prorogued Parliament, and declared war against Holland, (March, 1672.)

Louis XIV. had just entered the Netherlands. Already his conquests were beginning to disquiet Europe, and caused in Holland the internal revolution which cost the brothers De Witt their lives, and placed at the head of the Dutch forces the young Prince of Orange. England took part in the struggle by a series of naval engagements. The first, and the most important of all, the battle of Sole Bay, cost Admiral Montague, who had become Lord Sandwich, his life. The struggle was bitter. "Of thirty-two battles in which I have taken part," said Ruyter, who was gloriously defeated on that day, "I have never seen one like it." "He is admiral, captain, pilot, sailor, and soldier, all at the same time," said the English. The Duke of York had himself been in the greatest danger during the action.

The war continued. The Prince of Orange and the Dutch were resolved upon a desperate resistance. "You do not perceive that your country is lost!" the Duke of Buckingham, who had been sent by Charles II. to the Hague, said to William. "There is always a way of not witnessing her loss," replied the hero; "it is to die in the last ditch." All the dykes were filled with water; the country was inundated, winter had arrived, hostilities were suspended, and the King of France returned to St. Germain's. Before his departure he wrote in his diary the memorandum: "My departure; I desire that nothing more be done." The resources of Charles II. were exhausted; it was necessary to summon Parliament.

The war was unpopular; but the Houses were occupied with other affairs, and voted without resistance, if not without ill-humor, the subsidies which the king demanded. Religious questions assumed in the public mind a predomi-

nance over political or military affairs. Parliament had been enthusiastically loyal; its attachment to the king and its confidence in him diminished day by day. The two Houses remained steadfastly attached to the Established Church which they had reinstated, and were ready to defend her against all her enemies. The royal declaration of indulgence was the object of a hostile address; Charles had already received, through Colbert, the representations of Louis XIV.: he withdrew his measure. This was not enough to appease the fears of Parliament: Protestant England felt that she was delivered up to the Catholics by a monarch whose faith began to appear doubtful. The Test Act was passed by the two Houses; every public functionary was required to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy, to sign a declaration against the doctrine of transubstantiation, and to receive the communion according to the rites of the Church of England. The king wished to resist, but a dissolution would have brought him a House of Commons more violent than that of the royalist Long Parliament: he yielded. The Duke of York, declaring openly his conversion to Catholicism, immediately resigned the post of Lord High Admiral; Lord Clifford left the ministry; in all the public offices a great number of men, whose attachment to the Roman Catholic faith was previously unknown, successively sent in their resignations. Parliament, triumphant at the success of its measure, regarded with terror the danger which had threatened it. All confidence in the king's word disappeared from the public mind. The cabinet was already shaken by the resignation of Clifford; the Chancellor Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury, who had long been in special favor with Charles, and who was worthy to serve him by reason of his caustic wit and moral corruption, was wounded by the secret which the king had withheld from him. He deemed the

public liberties and religion in peril, and allied himself with the national party in the House of Commons in the month of November, 1673. This Parliament was scarcely prorogued when Charles commanded him to surrender the seals. "Now to pull off my robe and buckle on my sword," said Shaftesbury; and he put himself at the head of the opposition.

The Duke of Buckingham followed Shaftesbury in his political movement, at the moment when Parliament was appealing to the king to banish him from his councils, as well as the Earl of Lauderdale. The impeachment of Lord Arlington was debated in the House of Commons. Less honest than Clifford, but like him a Catholic at heart, Arlington, renouncing an active part in politics, entered the household of the king. Lauderdale alone remained intrusted with the affairs of Scotland, and suffered the accumulated hatred which fell upon him in consequence of his indefatigable tyranny. The ministry of the Cabal was at an end; with it ended the war with Holland, which had been burdensome, unpopular, and little glorious for the arms of England. In vain had Louis XIV. sent to London the Marquis of Ruvigny, a person of importance among the French Protestants, and justly esteemed in England. Parliament desired peace, and refused the subsidies. Charles II. yielded, as he always did, to the clearly expressed wishes of the nation; and, with like conformity to his custom, he reserved his private opinions and secret manœuvres. "Pity me; do not blame me," he wrote to Louis XIV. On the 21st of February, 1674, Charles II. appeared before Parliament to announce to the two Houses that he had concluded with the United Provinces "a speedy peace, in accordance with their prayer, and he hoped also an honorable and a durable one." The English and Irish auxiliaries, commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, the king's illegitimate son, remained quietly in

the service of France. Louis XIV. did not withdraw his subsidies from his royal dependant.

The ladies who had served as a connecting link between the two crowns, and had negotiated the humiliating conditions of the alliance between the two kings, had died during the ascendancy of the ministry of the Cabal — Queen Henrietta Maria in the month of August, 1669, in France, where she habitually resided with her second husband, Lord Jermyn; the Duchess of Orleans, Madame Henrietta, in June, 1670, at the moment when she had just concluded the treaty of Dover — the latter not without a suspicion of poison. Both were eulogized by Bossuet in the most magnificent language; both in a measure and with a different degree of responsibility had been fatal to the destinies of England. Monk also had died on the 3d of January, 1670, as calm before the progress of his malady as in the face of the enemy. Old and ill as he was, he had hastened personally to encounter the Dutch when they entered the Thames. As they were re-embarking, their bullets whistled in the ears of the general. His aides-de-camp pressed him to retire. "If I were afraid of bullets, gentlemen," said Monk, "I should long ago have quitted this business."

He died erect, turning his head in silence to breathe his last sigh. "A man capable of great things, though he had no grandeur in his soul; born at once to command and to obey; sensible, patient, and bold; attached to his own interest, and yet devoted in every great position to his duty as a soldier and an Englishman; without political ambition and not aspiring to govern his country, — he knew how to recognize and restore to her the government which had become indispensable." \*

Charles II. had not forgotten the services rendered to him

\* M. Guizot, *Vie de Monk*.



by Monk; he was neither shocked by his pecuniary greed nor by the grossness of his manners. He had loaded him with wealth and honors, and he followed him to his tomb in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. The general had never played any political part and his death left no void in the direction of affairs, which were becoming every day more complicated and more violently conflicting. The court party and the country party divided the two Houses. Out of doors the country party was strikingly superior. The conviction of this fact alone prolonged the existence of the royalist Long Parliament. The time had now gone by when courtiers, probably with the assent of the king, dared to set miserable hirelings to mutilate the face of Sir John Coventry, a prominent member of the opposition in the Commons. From this time forth the country party counterbalanced the royal authority, and raised its pretensions even to the question of the succession to the throne. The enthusiasm and the confidence which marked the first days of the Restoration had given way to a gloomy disquietude. It was not with his ordinary exaggeration that Lord Shaftesbury said, "If the king had had the happiness to be born a simple gentleman, he might have passed for a man of sense, good breeding, and good disposition. As a king he has brought his affairs to such a point that there is not a creature in the world, man or woman, who can feel the least confidence in his word or his attachment."

The refusal of the Duke of York to take the test oath, and his marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Modena, Mary Beatrice d'Este, in 1673, had filled the measure of the Protestant anxieties of the nation. In vain the two daughters of Anne Hyde, who had died in May, 1671, were publicly reared in the faith and practice of the Church of England; all feelings of security had departed from men's

minds, and the rumor which began to spread abroad of a secret treaty, concluded some time before, between King Charles II. and Louis XIV., increased the suspicions of the people. The choice which the king had lately made of a new minister served for some time to reassure men's minds. Sir Thomas Osborne, soon afterwards raised to the peerage as Earl of Danby, had appeared favorable, in the House of Commons, to the country party. He was a Protestant, a thorough Englishman, and without being over conscientious or scrupulous, he was yet not absolutely so wanting in principles as his predecessors in power. Ardently devoted to the royal prerogative, he endeavored to restore authority to the hands of the king, by relying not on the court party, but on the old Cavaliers and the Established Church. One element of his popularity was his antipathy to the alliance with France. Before his advent to power he had given as a toast at a public dinner in the city, "War with France!" The people felt assured that he would never lend his hand to those transactions, humiliating for the honor of England and her sovereign, of which no one yet ventured to speak openly. The ambition and the weaknesses of men sometimes surpass the most gloomy apprehensions; of this Danby was destined soon to furnish a proof.

Like the ministry of the Cabal, the new government began by making advances to the Dutch. Peace had just been concluded. Sir William Temple had been charged with foreign affairs, and was shortly afterwards dispatched as an envoy to the Congress of Nimeguen, there to settle the terms of a general pacification. But Danby continually oscillated between the royal and the national policy, sometimes urging Charles to unite himself with Europe in a war against France, sometimes lending himself privately to the secret negotiations with Louis XIV. In the course of the year 1676

a new agreement assured to Charles II. a pension of £100,000 sterling and the assistance of such French troops as might be necessary in his dominions. Danby's own letters do not permit us to doubt the knowledge that he had of the situation, if not his connivance at the treaty. Charles II. undertook to prolong the prorogation of Parliament, the Houses having endeavored to force upon him an effective action in the general pacification of Europe. The war on the continent still continued when Parliament at length assembled again in 1677. The Duke of Buckingham and Lord Shaftesbury maintained that the length of the prorogation amounted to a dissolution, but Danby was an accomplished master of the art of corruption; and he had French money at his command. The country party was defeated in the House of Commons, and the authors of the proposition for a dissolution were sent to the Tower, where they were detained for several months.

Meanwhile the increasing successes of Louis XIV. began to alarm Danby as they alarmed England. Suddenly looking towards Holland, he obtained from the king authority to invite William of Orange to visit London, and negotiating secretly with that prince, concluded his marriage with the eldest daughter of the Duke of York, the Princess Mary, whose hand had been before offered him without his manifesting any eagerness for the alliance. The importance of this concession was keenly felt in Paris. "Louis XIV. sent immediately for Montague, our ambassador," says Burnet, "who when he came to Versailles saw the king the most moved that he had ever observed him to be. He asked him when was the marriage to be made. Montague understood not what he meant, so he explained all to him. Montague protested to him that he knew nothing of the whole matter. The king said he always believed the journey would

end in this, and seemed to think that our court had now forsaken him. Lord Danby, who had recalled Montague to London, asked him how the king had received the news of the marriage. The ambassador answered, 'As he would have done the loss of an army.'"

In England the joy was great. "The first tokens that I had of the marriage were the bonfires which were lighted in London," wrote Louis XIV. The alliance, offensive and defensive, concluded with Holland, which at length compelled Charles II. to recall his auxiliary regiments, broke for the moment the secret relations between Louis XIV. and his crowned pensioner. The quarrel was not of long duration. The understanding constantly maintained by France with certain members of the English Parliament, as well as with their sovereign, kept the policy of England in a state of indecision and inconsistency, which gave powerful aid to the firm and resolute conduct of Louis XIV., who was absolute master of his kingdom, his army, and his finances. "I do not envy the Grand Signior, with his mutes and their bow-strings always ready to strangle according to his pleasure," said Charles II. to the Earl of Essex; "but I shall never think myself a king as long as these fellows keep watch on all my actions, interrogate my ministers, and demand an account of my expenses."

This was just what the Parliament had attempted to do. Dreading at once the prodigality of the king and the growth of his power, demanding a war with France, and fearing lest the sums voted for that purpose should be wasted, or troops, raised for the struggle with Louis XIV., should turn their arms against the liberties of England, the House of Commons had endeavored to limit the application of the sums voted to specific purposes, and had required that an account should be rendered of expenditure. Such arrogance

had excited the indignation of the king, and his anger had increased the anxieties of Parliament.

As a consequence of his treachery and contradictory manœuvres, the King of England had ceased to have any weight on the Continent, even in the quality of mediator, when the general peace was concluded at Nimeguen. It was signed in July, 1678, under the influence of the States-general of Holland.

Thenceforth Louis XIV. was the arbiter of Europe. The English nation had learned to distrust its king; but he was at the head of a small army, the subsidies from France were not yet exhausted, and Lord Danby was menaced in Parliament over which he had so long exercised a paramount influence. Convicted of having taken part in the secret negotiations between Louis XIV. and his master, he was impeached in the House of Commons in 1678, and soon afterwards thrown into prison, where he remained until the death of Charles II. The court dreaded a trial which must reveal the comparative innocence of the Lord Treasurer at the same time that it exposed the king's shame. Lord Shaftesbury was more eager to obtain the dissolution of Parliament than to bring his rival to trial. The Parliament of 1661, "the pensioned Parliament," as it had been nicknamed during the latter years of its existence, at length succumbed. A new Parliament assembled on the 6th of March, 1679.

One thought, one passion alone — terror and hatred of the Catholics — filled the breasts of the new members. Some months before the downfall of Lord Danby a terrible and unparalleled occurrence had distracted the public mind, clouded the strongest judgments, and impelled to violence the most moderate. King Charles, while taking a walk in St. James's Park, had received from a certain Captain Kirby, an unknown and insignificant person, the revelation of a plot stated to

have been hatched against his life. The informer, Kirby, referred to Dr. Tonge, a clergyman of the Church of England, and known to some persons of the court. Tonge affirmed the existence of a great Papist conspiracy. Letters were seized; the king and the Duke of York judged them to be forgeries. Tonge produced his principal witness, Titus Oates, son of an Anabaptist preacher, but having taken orders in the Church of England, a chaplain in the navy, thence soon dismissed, a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and twice ignominiously expelled from the College of Jesuits. As audacious as he was corrupt, he maintained with effrontery that his relations with the Jesuits had given him opportunity to discover the entire plot; that the documents had passed through his hands, in which the Pope had assigned the government of England to the Jesuits, who were scattered throughout the three kingdoms for the work of the general conversion; that the king's life was threatened, as well as that of all obstinate Protestants; that the Fire of London had been the work of the Jesuits, and that a second fire was preparing for the port of London, when all the shipping was to be destroyed; and that the Pope had already named the ministers who were to govern England for him.

The good sense of the king, favored by his secret confidence with regard to the Catholics, enabled him at once to reject this monstrous tissue of falsehoods and calumnies. Some persons, however, were mentioned by name, and public opinion began to be excited. The papers of Coleman, who had been occasionally employed by the Duke of York, were seized just as he was beginning to burn them. Enough remained to furnish evidence, not of a plot properly so called, but of the hopes which the religious opinions of the heir to the throne, as well as the personal inclinations of the king, had engendered in the Church of Rome. "We have a great

work in hand," wrote Coleman to Père La Chaise, confessor to Louis XIV.; "it is a question of nothing less than the conversion of the three kingdoms, and perhaps by this means of the destruction of that odious heresy which has so long prevailed over the people of the North. Never have such hopes been able to flourish since the death of our Queen Mary. God has given us a prince who has, by a miracle, become ardently desirous of being the author and the instrument of this glorious enterprise; but we are certain to meet with so many obstacles and so much opposition, that it is important to afford us all the help that one can." Coleman had fled the country.

This was more than was needed to inflame the minds and excite the fears of all the members of the council, before which Oates and Tonge appeared. A terrible incident came to add indignation to the public anxiety. Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, a London magistrate, who had received the depositions of Titus Oates, and perhaps even the confidences of Coleman, whose friend he was, had disappeared from his house for some days, and was finally found murdered in a ditch not far from the church of St. Pancras. His sword was plunged into his breast. An attempt was made to represent this as a case of suicide; but both the medical examination and the popular feeling declared it a murder. The body remained exposed for two days. "Many went to see it," says Burnet, "who went away much moved by the sight; and indeed men's spirits were so sharpened upon it that we all looked on it as a very great happiness that the people did not vent their fury upon the Popish about the town." An immense crowd gathered at the interment of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey; he was regarded as a martyr to Protestantism.

The fears of Parliament were as great as those of the

people of London. The king had announced his intention of bringing the affair before the ordinary tribunals. The Houses of Parliament summoned Titus Oates before them; voted him their thanks and a pension of £1200 sterling; they indicted all the Roman Catholic lords named by the renegade; the prisons were crowded with Papists, and for the first time the question of the succession to the throne was agitated in Parliament. The Duke of York had ceased to take his place in the Privy Council; this prudent course secured him exemption from the general measure which soon afterwards forbade the Catholic peers to sit in Parliament. The Test Act had already excluded Papists from the House of Commons. Denunciations continued, and to Titus Oates was now added one Bedloe: executions commenced; a few obscure Catholics had already paid with their lives for the terrors of England when the new Parliament assembled at Westminster.

The state of parties had undergone an important change. The great divisions which were destined so long to distinguish opinions in England, began to appear in the legislature of 1675: the Tories, under the direction of Lord Godolphin and Lawrence Hyde, second son of Lord Clarendon, had taken the place of the court party, and were devoted to the royal authority; the Whigs, having for their leaders Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Essex, and Lord William Russell, were the country party, more concerned for the rights of the nation than for the prerogatives of the crown; and an intermediate group, distinguished by the insulting name of "Trimmers," inclined, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, according to the impulse of the lively, penetrating, and critical mind of their chief, Lord Halifax. Lord Sunderland, clever and unpopular, was as a rule in accord with Halifax. Nearly all formed part of the new council of thirty members which Sir William Temple had pro-



posed to the king as a constitutional experiment. That wise diplomatist hoped, by thus engaging in the royal council the Parliamentary leaders, to protect the crown against the encroachments of the Parliament, and to secure in equal degree the nation against the pretensions of the crown.

The nature of things and the necessity of the case were not slow in prevailing over the scheme thus ably planned; the new council had scarcely entered upon its duties when an inner council began to direct all its deliberations, and found itself alone in charge of the government. Sir William Temple, Lord Essex, Lord Halifax, and Lord Sunderland were the real ministers. Lord Shaftesbury was president of the council.

It was the latter who placed himself at the head of the Protestant party in Parliament. The nation had become alive to the danger which threatened its faith as well as its liberties under the future reign of the Duke of York. The king had in vain removed his brother, who had retired to Brussels. The House of Commons solemnly voted his exclusion from the throne. Before the bill could be carried to the House of Lords, Charles prorogued Parliament.

The indignation was extreme. "I will bring to the block those who have advised the prorogation," cried Shaftesbury in a transport of rage; the king had not consulted his council. The Whig leader had, however, on that very day obtained the success of a measure which he had long cherished; the royal assent had been accorded to the Habeas Corpus Bill, securing the personal liberty of every English subject, and the right to be released on bail from the prisons of detention. This guaranty of the rights rendered sacred by Magna Charta was hailed with enthusiasm by the people, who justly attributed the credit of it to the president of the council. This title was not destined to be long accorded to him. In July, 1679, the king dissolved Parliament. Some months later he

recalled his brother from Brussels and dismissed Lord Shaftesbury. The friends of the latter shared his fate; Lord William Russell, Lord Cavendish, and Lord Essex retired from the council. Sir William Temple, disgusted by the failure of his new plan of government, returned to his country-house to cultivate the beautiful gardens, which he had never wished to leave. Halifax and Sunderland alone remained in power. Lawrence Hyde and Sidney Godolphin were soon associated with them. Under the presidency of the chief of the Trimmers the power passed once more into the hands of the Tories.\*

Up to this time the ministry had kept in its midst, at the head of Scottish affairs, an abettor of tyranny who had already more than once caused grave embarrassment to the government of the king. Lord Lauderdale, supported in Scotland by Archbishop Sharp, had transgressed the limits of Presbyterian patience. In spite of his ordinances, and of the atrocious penalties by which he punished offences against them, conventicles multiplied on all hands. Once already the Archbishop had been threatened by assassins who failed in their purpose. He pursued them with pitiless vengeance, exacting from all the landed gentry of the west an engagement not merely not to be present at the forbidden religious assemblies, but never even to tolerate them on their estates. On the refusal of these gentlemen, they were required "to deliver up their arms and to keep no horse of greater value than £4 sterling." To this edict, as to the former one, they refused obedience; and at the news of this, Lord Lauderdale fell into such a fit of rage that in full council he turned his sleeves up to his elbows and swore by Jehovah "that

\* The appellations Whig and Tory were originally given to the fanatical Covenanters and to the Catholic outlaws in Scotland and Ireland. From them they passed to the political parties.

he would know how to put them in irons again." Halifax persuaded the king to examine for himself the complaints broached against his minister. "Kings," says Burnet, "naturally love to hear their prerogative magnified; yet on this occasion the king had nothing to say in defence of the administration. But when May, the Master of the Privy Purse, asked him, in his familiar way, what he thought now of his Lauderdale, he answered, as May himself told me, that he had objected to many things that he had done against them, but there was nothing objected that was against his service." Strange infatuation of a sovereign so long a prey to the vicissitudes of fortune, but who had not yet learned that his interests were inseparable from those of his people.

The Duke of Monmouth had been charged with the affairs of Scotland. He arrived there in the midst of a sudden increase of religious ardor. The Presbyterians felt that Lauderdale was beaten. They repaired in crowds to their conventicles. Some worthless fellows carried their rage further; Archbishop Sharp was passing in his carriage through the environs of St. Andrews; his servants were in advance, or following at some distance; he was alone with his daughter, when his carriage encountered a group of armed fanatics. "Behold the day of the Lord," cried the Covenanters; "the Eternal has delivered our enemy into our hands." The archbishop understood his danger. "God have pity upon me!" he exclaimed to his daughter; "I am lost." The horsemen followed the carriage; the horses and the coachman were wounded; the murderers presented themselves at the doors of the vehicle. "Come forth, Judas!" they cried. The old man and his daughter knelt to implore for mercy. The hatred of their persecutors was too violent for them to allow their prey to escape; the archbishop fell pierced by daggers. "Take away your priest," cried the assassins to the terrified

servants; and they retired into a cottage to return thanks to God.

The forbidden assemblies had become so numerous that they were able to repulse the regiments sent to disperse them. The Covenanters had taken possession of Glasgow, when the Duke of Monmouth marched against them, on the 22d of June, 1679, at Bothwell Bridge on the Clyde. The insurgents were completely defeated, and the massacre would have been great if the duke had not imposed a limit to the vengeance of Graham of Claverhouse, already famous, who had once been himself defeated by the fanatics. When Monmouth returned to England, the king remarked to him that if he had been engaged in the affair, he should not have concerned himself so much about the prisoners. "I do not kill in cold blood," replied the duke; "that is the work of a butcher."

The moderation which the young general exhibited in victory may have been politic as well as charitable and humane. Some fumes of greatness had begun to mount to his head: he imagined that he foresaw a future hitherto un hoped for. Moved by a personal hostility towards the Prince of Orange, the cause of which has never been made known, Lord Shaftesbury, who pursued with ardor his campaign in favor of the Bill of Exclusion, extended his animosity to the Protestant children of the Duke of York. A rumor began to spread that the birth of Monmouth was legitimate, and that the king had secretly espoused his mother, Lucy Walters. Long known under the name of James Croft, because he had been confided in his infancy to the care of Lord Croft, Monmouth had recently married the daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, the greatest heiress in Scotland; he bore her family name joined to the title of the Duke of Monmouth, which the king had given him. Handsome, brave, thoughtless, he had inspired in

Charles II. an attachment of which the adroit Shaftesbury reckoned upon availing himself in the rivalry which he sought to establish between this young man and the Duke of York. When James was recalled from Brussels by his brother, he required of the king that Monmouth should be deprived of his appointments and sent back to the Continent.

Meanwhile the new Parliament had met (October, 1680), and was more ardently Protestant and patriotic than its predecessors. The Exclusion Bill was passed by a great majority; for a moment there was reason to believe that it would be adopted by the House of Lords. Godolphin advised the king to yield to the public feeling; the Duchess of Portsmouth, the French favorite of Charles, implored him not to rush upon his ruin. He hesitated for some days, endeavoring to conclude a compromise with the Legislature. But the mutual distrust was inveterate, and was carefully nourished by very different influences. The royal honor and a remnant of natural affection mingled with the anger of a sovereign upon whom his people seeks to impose an unjust law. Charles II. adopted his course, and engaged in a contest against the Exclusion Bill, being present himself at the sittings of the House of Lords. The debate was long and violent; more than once hands grasped the hilts of swords: the eloquence of Halifax prevailed over the alliance of Shaftesbury, Essex, and the treacherous Sunderland; the Bill was rejected by a very large majority.

The threatened Catholics were destined to pay for this check to national and Protestant anxieties. Several small plots, fictitious or real, had been discovered; but the ordinary tribunals seemed weary of condemnations. It was the House of Lords itself which pronounced the sentence against Lord Stafford, youngest son of the old Earl of Arundel, and consequently uncle of the Duke of Norfolk. "He was a weak,

but a fair-conditioned man," says Burnet. Titus Oates and one of his compeers, named Turbervil, accused Lord Stafford of having plotted the assassination of the king. The charge had not a shadow of foundation; the viscount was nevertheless condemned by fifty-five votes against thirty-one. The royal favor exempted him from the odious punishment of traitors. Charles II. was convinced of the innocence of the victims; he had too much sense to believe in this perpetual succession of plots which so alarmed England; but his cold selfishness troubled itself little with the warrants which he signed, or the lives which he sacrificed to his repose. "The king appeared very calm, and his mind very cheerful," wrote Algernon Sidney, "although one might then have thought that he would be overwhelmed with cares, having no other resource but to dissolve the Parliament, and trust himself to the good pleasure of his subjects; but the embarrassment in which he was did not seem to trouble him."

A renewed attempt in the House of Commons in favor of the Exclusion Bill led to the dissolution foreseen by Algernon Sidney; and it was a token of the royal intentions that the new Parliament was convened for the 21st of March, 1681, not at Westminster, but at Oxford. Charles had concluded with Louis XIV. a new treaty, kept profoundly secret, by which the King of France engaged himself to give for the current year a subsidy of two millions of livres, which was to be reduced to fifteen hundred thousand livres during the three following years. At this price Charles broke the alliance which he had contracted with Spain for the maintenance of the treaty of Nimeguen, and thus returned to his dependence upon Louis XIV.

The violence of Shaftesbury and his adherents went on increasing; it had passed the bounds of the national temperament. The sentiments of passionate loyalty which had

hailed the Restoration were not completely extinguished, and when the Whig leader, arriving armed at Oxford, affixed to the hats of his servants the motto from one of his speeches, "No Popery! no slavery!" the echo which it occasioned in the hearts of the people was not powerful enough to sustain him in his audacious designs. The nation rejected, as he did, Popery and slavery; but it was not yet disposed to attribute to its king all the sinister views which Shaftesbury laid to his account. In the last Parliament Shaftesbury had proposed to deprive the Duke of York, upon his accession to the throne, of the right of veto and the power to treat with foreign governments and appoint civil and military functionaries. At Oxford he offered to leave to the legitimate heir the empty title of king, while intrusting the power to the Prince of Orange as the representative of the Princess Mary. These various expedients, more specious and ingenious than practicable, were insufficient to satisfy the violent passions excited in the House of Commons. The proposition of Halifax was rejected. On the 26th of March a new Exclusion Bill was presented and carried. "On the 28th," says Burnet, "very suddenly and not very decently, the king came to the House of Lords, the crown being carried between his feet, in a sedan. And he put on his robes in haste, without any previous notice, and called up the Commons and dissolved Parliament." This was the fifth Parliament dissolved by King Charles II. The Parliament of Oxford was the last which was convoked during his reign.

He hastened, however, to reassure the nation, and to explain the motives of his actions. A royal manifesto was immediately published, complaining of the undutiful behavior of the three last Parliaments towards him, and of their disrespectful conduct in many instances. "Nothing, however," he added, "shall ever alter my affection to the Prot-

estant religion as established by law, nor my love to Parliament, for I will still have frequent Parliaments." The Whigs replied to the royal protestations, insisting upon the necessity of the exclusion of the Duke of York; but their passions had blinded them regarding the state of the public mind. A mass of addresses were presented to the throne, some ardently Protestant but assuring the king of their fidelity and confidence; others asserting the law of the regular succession to the throne as a point fixed by the constitution of England, while a considerable number openly accepted the doctrine of non-resistance, and absolute submission to the king's will. The country gentlemen and the inhabitants of towns scented in the air the spirit of 1641; the remembrance of the Civil War had not yet faded from men's minds; the king found himself once more supported by the national sentiment; and he believed himself powerful enough to employ it against his enemies. Prosecutions were set on foot against the men who had insulted the royal dignity. Fitzharris had written a seditious pamphlet; College was accused of having endeavored to corrupt the king's guard; both were condemned and executed. Lord Shaftesbury, indicted as a suborner of false witnesses, was sent to the Tower. The sheriffs of London were still Whigs; the grand jury chosen by them triumphantly acquitted Shaftesbury. The wretches lately concerned in the proceedings against the Catholics now reappeared in the proceedings against the Whigs. Lord Howard, arrested for a moment, owed his liberty to the Habeas Corpus Act. The king determined to release himself from the trammels imposed upon him by the opinions of the magistrates of London. By a movement of doubtful legality, it was contrived to have sheriffs elected who belonged to the Tory party; the latter, in their turn, chose juries devoted to them. Certain Whig magistrates were



sued, and condemned in enormous damages. The king prepared his measures against the charters of the city, and the municipal liberties which everywhere protected the corporations of towns. A visit of the Prince of Orange did not suffice to arrest the absolutist reaction. "The Whigs seem to me in a majority," said the prince to the king, his uncle. "You see only them," replied Charles.

The Duke of York had reappeared in London. During his absence from court, he had exercised in Scotland a harsh and perfidious rule. The rigor to which the Nonconformists had been subjected had excited the hot-headed. A preacher named Cameron, a name still remembered among his partisans, had raised the banner of revolt against a king faithless to the Protestant religion and the government to which he had sworn. He was killed in an engagement. His successor, Donald Cargill, was arrested and soon afterwards executed with a large number of his disciples. Men and women walked to the scaffold with songs of triumph. The Scottish Parliament instituted an oath of submission to the royal authority, which went so far as to require passive obedience. Fletcher of Saltoun and Lord Stair demanded the insertion of a clause for the protection of the Protestant religion. The Duke of York would not sanction it under this form; when it was proposed to dispense with it, Lord Belhaven declared that the utility of the oath was to exclude Papists from the succession; he was sent to prison. The Earl of Argyle, son of him who had been executed at the commencement of the reign, made some reservation in taking the oath of submission; he was arrested in his turn. The Duke of York disclaimed on his part any sinister intention towards him. "God forbid that the life and fortune of the earl should be imperilled," he said. Yet on the 12th of December, Argyle

was condemned by a jury presided over by the Marquis of Montrose. He was assured of the royal pardon; but the earl put no faith in the protestation of his enemies. The Duke of York refused to grant him an audience. Argyle escaped, disguised in the clothes of his daughter-in-law, Lady Sophia Lindsay's page. Condemned, *per contumaciam*, to all the horrors of the punishment of traitors, his property had been confiscated, and his children declared to have forfeited their inheritance; but the king, more considerate and wiser than his advisers, returned a part of his fortune to Lord Lorne, the earl's eldest son. Argyle prudently remained in Holland.

The Duke of Monmouth did not act with the same wisdom. When he found the Duke of York established at court, recognized again as Lord High Admiral, and lodged by the king in St. James's Palace, he regarded as void the promise he had given to remain on the Continent so long as his rival should govern in Scotland, and returning to London without the king's permission, was received with exclamations of joy by the population. Leaving the city with an escort almost regal, he journeyed slowly through the kingdom, received by the gentry and by deputations from the towns, mixing with the crowd wherever he went with a proud but amicable and popular condescension, and saluted on the road by enthusiastic cries of "Monmouth! Monmouth!"

This triumphant progress led the imprudent young man as far as Chester. The chief justice of that city was George Jeffreys, already known for his violence, his ability, and his unscrupulousness in the furtherance of his unbridled ambition. Corruptly attached at that time to the interests of the Duke of York he easily found a pretext for arresting the Duke of Monmouth at Stafford, June, 1682. On being conducted to

London, the duke was immediately liberated but was held to bail.

Shaftesbury did not put his trust in the Habeas Corpus Act. Alarmed by the measures which he saw in progress against the Whigs, he sought refuge in the city. It was an old saying of his that he "would constrain the king to leave his kingdom quietly, but as for the Duke of York, he would compel him to wander on the face of the earth, a vagabond like Cain!" The king's attitude towards him, the fears that he entertained for his party and for himself, his own restless disposition, again impelled him to dangerous projects. The national party demanded that Charles II., in disinheriting his brother, should with his own hands destroy the monarchy. Charles required that the national party should at all risks submit to a prince who evidently aspired to destroy the religion and constitution of the country. Both thus urged on to extremes, the king determined to try tyranny; the national party resolved to attempt insurrection. In 1682 two statesmen, Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Russell, were at the head of the contest; Shaftesbury, now an old man, ambitious, indefatigable, corrupted by every source of corruption — by the court, by power, and by popularity; accustomed from his youth to seek and find his fortune in intriguing and plotting; bold and supple in mind; sagacious and fertile in expedients; powerful in influencing men; equally skilled to render service and to injure, to please and to irritate; attached nevertheless by pride and foresight to the Protestant and national party, in his eyes unquestionably the stronger and the ultimate victor; and determined, in any event, to preserve his life in order to enjoy the fruit of his schemes or to pursue them afresh: Lord William Russell still young, sincere, ardent, inexperienced, endowed with an inflexible temper, a heart full of faith and honor, conscien-

tious in conspiring; ready to sacrifice his life for his cause, but incapable of doing anything for the mere sake of success or for his own personal safety. The web was woven; Lord Shaftesbury rallied around him all the malcontents.

The conspirators met occasionally; they were not always the same persons; they were suspicious of each other, and mutually concealed the ultimate objects of their plans. Russell proposed armed resistance to the royal tyranny, accepting, perhaps, though almost unconsciously, the results of such a resolution. Shaftesbury perfectly understood his own design, and prepared at all risk the overthrow of the king and the advent of a successor other than the veritable heir. Some meditated a sudden attack and the assassination of Charles. There were among them republicans who cherished their dreams, and there were traitors either already in the pay of the court or ready to deliver up to it their secret and their accomplices, in order to extricate themselves from danger. At one of their meetings Russell saw enter with Colonel Sidney and Mr. Hampden, a man whom he despised — Lord Howard. “What have we to do with that fellow?” he asked of Lord Essex, his intimate friend, and he was about to leave; but Essex detained him, having a better opinion of Lord Howard, and not suspecting that this was the man whose testimony was destined soon to ruin both.

Lord Howard was already sold to the court. By a lucky accident Shaftesbury was informed of this, and he immediately decided to leave England. The order had been issued for his arrest when he stealthily left his house, and concealing himself for some days, embarked at Harwich to take refuge in Holland, hoping to find with the Prince of Orange an asylum and an avenger. When chancellor he had eagerly favored the war with Holland, and more than once had repeated, “*Delenda est Carthago!*” On arriving at Amsterdam

he requested permission to remain there from the burgomaster, who replied, "Carthage, not yet destroyed, willingly receives the Earl of Shaftesbury within her walls."

He had forever bidden farewell to England. Two months after his flight, while his imprisoned accomplices were undergoing their examination before the judges, the troubled soul and restless mind of Shaftesbury for the first time found repose. He died on the 21st of January, 1683.

Lord William Russell was already in the Tower when Shaftesbury landed in Holland. As he passed under the Traitor's Gate, he said to his valet, Taunton, "I am sworn against; my enemies will have my life." And when Taunton expressed a hope that they would not succeed: "They will have it," Russell repeated; "the devil is loose."

The conspirators were all arrested. Grey had succeeded in making his escape. Howard had purchased his life by treason; Essex, in despair, cut his throat in prison. Algernon Sidney and Hampden refused to reply to the interrogatories. "Seek elsewhere for evidence against me," answered the republican Sidney proudly. It was proposed to Baillie of Jerviswood, to save himself by giving information. "Those who talk to me thus know neither me nor my country," replied the Scottish gentleman.

Witnesses, true or false, were not wanting to the proceedings. Several obscure conspirators had already been executed when Russell was brought to the bar of the Old Bailey, on the 13th of July, 1683. He asked for a pen and ink to take notes; then turning towards the judges, "May I have somebody to write and help my memory?" he asked. "Yes, my lord, a servant." "My wife," he replied, "is here to do it." Lady Rachel Russell rose to express her assent; all present knew her virtuous character, and the passionate affection which united her to her husband. She served him

as his secretary during the entire trial. When he was condemned she made every endeavor to obtain his pardon. "All you tell me is true," replied the king to Lord Dartmouth; "but it is equally true that if I do not take his life he will very soon take mine." And when informed that the Marquis of Ruvigny, uncle of Lady Russell, was on the way to England with a pressing letter from Louis XIV., "I am well assured that the king, my brother, would not advise me to pardon a man who would have shown me no quarter," said the king to Barillon, then ambassador of France at the English court; and he added, "I have no wish to prevent M. de Ruvigny coming here, but my Lord Russell's head will be off before he arrives."

On the 21st of July, 1683, Russell died upon the scaffold. "The bitterness of death is past," he said to Tillotson and Burnet, after embracing his wife for the last time; and looking at his watch as he handed it to Burnet, he said, "I have now done with time, and am going to eternity."

The confusion of different plots and plotters had served the purpose of the royal vengeance. A criminal design, the importance of which was much exaggerated, formed by certain obscure men and known under the name of the "Rye House Plot," had been mixed up, whether accidentally or intentionally, with the revolutionary designs of the great lords. Algernon Sidney had indulged the dream of the return of the republic; he defended himself with an ability and self-possession which for a moment embarrassed Chief Justice Jeffreys himself. When sentence was pronounced, Sidney lifted his hand towards heaven: "I implore thee, O Lord," he said, "to sanctify my sufferings, and not to impute my blood to this nation or this city. If one day it should be avenged, let vengeance fall entirely on those who have unjustly persecuted me in the name of justice." He was







executed on the 26th of November, 1683. Several of the conspirators shared his fate. The trial of Hampden did not take place till February, 1684. Condemned to imprisonment, he ransomed himself afterwards by payment of a sum of money. The royal power was thenceforth freed from every trammel as well as from all anxiety. The subsidies of Louis XIV. rendered Charles independent of his people. He refused to summon a Parliament; the Court of King's Bench declared that the city had exceeded its privileges; the charter was withdrawn in 1684; the franchises of all the towns known for their liberal opinions were abolished, like those of the capital. The Duke of York had resumed his place in the Privy Council.

While the absolutist reaction was daily acquiring more strength and audacity, the influence of Lord Halifax with the king diminished. The minister himself was weary of the struggle which he maintained in the Council against Lawrence Hyde, lately created Lord Rochester, who was devoted to his brother-in-law, the Duke of York. "Life would be worthless," he exclaimed one day, when they were discussing the Charter of Massachusetts, "if we had to drag out existence in a country in which liberty and prosperity were at the mercy of an absolute master." The Duke of York was irritated by this language. "How can you keep about you a man nourished on the worst principles of Marvell and Sidney?" he asked the king. Charles laughed. More sagacious and prudent than his brother, he knew how to conquer without needlessly exasperating the vanquished. Rochester, convicted of malversation while Lord Treasurer, was transferred from the control of the finances to the dignified but not lucrative post of President of the Council. "I have often seen people kicked down stairs," said Halifax; "my Lord Rochester is the first person that I have ever seen kicked up."

The day had arrived when the Duke of York was to find himself free to apply without stint his theories of government. The king seemed weary and ill. His mood, habitually cheerful in exile and in the midst of the most severe misfortunes, had of late become gloomy. On the 2d of February, 1685, as he rose from bed in the morning, the courtiers in attendance were struck by his altered looks. His utterance was hesitating, and his mind seemed clouded. A doctor who happened to be at hand to assist the king in his chemical experiments, bled him without delay. Charles recovered his senses. A second attack soon destroyed all hope of restoration to health. The Duke of York at once took possession of the government. He gave his orders in all directions. The king's favorite, the Duchess of Portsmouth, was the only one who, in this depraved court, took thought for the soul of the dying monarch. She confided her anxieties to Barillon, and the latter hastened to inform the Duke of York. "It is true," cried James, "my brother is a Catholic at heart; he will assuredly declare it, and fulfil the rites of his religion; there is not a moment to lose." Some difficulty was experienced in procuring a priest. The Anglican bishops had not delayed so long to implore the king to be mindful of his soul's salvation. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Sancroft, and the Bishop of Bath, the pious Ken, had addressed Charles in the firmest language. "It is time to speak out, sir, for you are about to appear before a Judge who is no respecter of persons." The king had made no reply.

The Duke of York at last succeeded in finding a priest; it was a poor Benedictine monk, Huddleston by name, who had saved the king's life after the battle of Worcester. Charles had remembered this with gratitude, and had caused Huddleston to be excepted by name from all the proceedings against the Catholics. This priest James himself now

.

introduced into his brother's chamber. All present were desired to retire with the exception of Louis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, and the Earl of Bath. The fidelity of both could be relied on. "Sire," said the duke, "this holy man once saved your life; he now comes to save your soul." "He is welcome," said the king in a feeble voice. The poor monk was so illiterate that he did not know how to deal with a case of such importance, but he was hurriedly instructed by a Portuguese ecclesiastic in the suite of the Count de Castelmelhor. When the rites were completed, all the natural children of the king were admitted to his presence. He kissed and blessed them. Monmouth alone was absent. He had sought his safety in exile; the king did not mention his name.

The queen was in too much distress and agitation to appear at the bedside of the dying monarch. She sent her excuses by Halifax, asking pardon of the king. "Poor woman," murmured Charles, "I ask hers with all my heart!"

The death-scene was protracted. The king asked that the curtains might be drawn, so that he could see once more the light of day. "I beg your pardon for giving you so much trouble," he said to those who stood around him; "I am a very long time dying." His utterance failed him; at noon on the 6th of February, 1685, King Charles II. expired gently. He was not quite fifty-five years of age.

"He had received from nature," says Lord Macaulay, "excellent parts and a happy temper. His education had been such as might have been expected to develop his understanding, and to form him to the practice of every public and private virtue. . . . He had been taught by bitter experience how much baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude may lie

hid under the obsequious demeanor of courtiers. He had found, on the other hand, in the huts of the poorest, true nobility of soul. . . . From such a school it might have been expected that a young man, who wanted neither abilities nor amiable qualities, would have come forth a great and good king. Charles came forth from that school with social habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with some talent for lively conversation, addicted beyond measure to sensual indulgence, fond of sauntering and of frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and of exertion, without faith in human virtue or in human attachment, without desire of renown, and without sensibility to reproach. According to him every person was to be bought, but some people haggled more about their price than others. . . . Thinking thus of mankind, Charles naturally cared very little what they thought of him. . . . He was a slave without being a dupe. . . . He detested business. . . . He wished merely to be a king such as Louis XV. of France afterwards was."

Without regard for the state of his kingdom, shut up in the selfish circle of his material pleasures, indifferent to all religion, hostile to the Puritans from the memory of the past, from contempt for their ridiculous characteristics, and from fear of their austerity; without faith or rule of conduct; absolutely wanting in principles and moral sense, he had worn out the respect of the nation without completely exhausting its affection, for he was sagacious, prudent, little addicted to hazardous enterprise; and he had measured with a cool and practical judgment the degree of oppression which his people were capable of enduring. The popular saying did him injustice in affirming that "he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one." He was wise enough more than

once to stop in the path of despotism. His brother, who had often impelled him in this direction, was now about to plunge into the depths of the abyss. England wept for the loss of Charles II. Without being fully conscious of the feeling, she regarded James II. with apprehension and with dread.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## JAMES II. AND THE REVOLUTION. 1685-1688.

ENGLAND felt no love for James II. The country dreaded his religion and that severity of character of which he had so often given proof; some of her statesmen, far-seeing and large-minded men, had done their utmost to exclude him from the succession. And yet he was proclaimed king without disturbance, and accepted by the nation without a murmur. The great revolution which was to take place during his reign, and make England forever a free country, had not as yet commenced, and nothing presaged its approach. The drama was destined slowly to develop itself, marked by successive steps in royal tyranny and in national resistance. At first, James II. profited by the triumph of absolute power achieved by Charles II. during the last years of his reign. There was a period of tranquillity and of apparent good feeling, false in reality, in spite of the royal protestations and the assurances of confidence lavished upon the king. As early as November, 1685, disquieting acts and sinister forebodings began to disturb the security of the friends of liberty, and it is from this date that we must reckon the commencement of that progressive tyranny which was in time to give rise to secret conspiracies as well as to provoke overt opposition and constitutional resistance, both in and out of Parliament. In the third epoch, so to speak, of the reign of James II.—from July, 1687, to De-

JAMES II.





cember, 1688, — the nation and the king had evidently broken all bonds: the latter unreservedly aimed at making his own will absolute; the former proudly defended their menaced liberties. The struggle ended only with the overthrow of the king and his flight from England. We are to follow, step by step, the events of this great struggle, the germ of which existed from the moment of his accession to the throne, in the very character of the king who had just taken possession of the crown. To clear-sighted men, the accession of James II. was the certain guaranty for tyranny.

The mass of the people, however, were content enough. Anxieties arising from political plots had counterbalanced the indignation awakened by Papist plots, and popular feeling rallied round the throne: the great national disasters that had marked some of the years of the reign of Charles II. — wars, the Plague, and the Great Fire — had not recurred to disturb their minds and lives. There was now no bold innovator in the ranks of men of letters, to cast among the people those firebrands of agitation and discord that Lilburne had once known so well how to use in spite of the Long Parliament and in spite of Cromwell. Milton had died in 1674, exclusively occupied, after the Restoration, with his great poem of *Paradise Lost*, that masterpiece of religious and philosophical poetry, worthy, he alone, to walk with Dante in those sublime excursions towards the invisible world. The political writings which had once served his cause, and which had raised Milton to the first rank of English prose writers, have remained eclipsed, if not forgotten, in the presence of that splendor of poetic genius which had kept silence almost completely during the fierce strife for liberty. Cowley and Butler were dead also; Otway and Waller alloyed their poetry with political intrigue. Hobbes was opening the door to a

dangerous school of thought, against which Bunyan, a poor artisan and wandering preacher, defended his country, without knowing it, by writing from his prison-cell his *Pilgrim's Progress* — that book at once quaint and profound, and destined to take in the popular libraries of England the first place after the Bible. Dryden alone shone upon the stage with verse and prose, at once elegant and vigorous, rich and strong, too often corrupt and corrupting, without principle and without literary or personal self-respect, as his pretended conversion to Romanism very soon proved. Men's minds were busy but not excited: the Revolution and the Commonwealth had not been favorable to literary activity. The Restoration, though profiting by Milton's leisure, had not at the time fully appreciated the value of his poetic work; and it was in an interval of intellectual quiescence as well as of political calm that James II. ascended the throne. The peace of Ratisbon had given Europe reason to hope for some respite from the ambitious projects of Louis XIV., while the emperor and Spain had acquiesced in his new conquests, "recognizing," says the Marquis de la Fare, "that the rule of France was for other nations a necessary evil." After so many and so cruel shocks, a brief period of calm seemed to be dawning on the world.

James II. was destined before long to trouble this repose. According to himself, his sole desire when he ascended the throne was to make his people happy. He said, on the 6th of February, to the council assembled a few hours after the death of Charles II.: "I have been reported to be a man fond of arbitrary power; but that is not the only falsehood which has been reported of me: and I shall make it my endeavor to preserve this government, both in church and state, as it is now by law established. I know the principles of the English Church are favorable to monarchy; and

the members of it have shown themselves good and loyal subjects; therefore I shall always take care to defend and support it. I know too that the laws of England are sufficient to make the king as great a monarch as I can wish; and as I shall never depart from the just rights and prerogatives of the crown, so I shall never invade any man's property. I have often before ventured my life in defence of this nation, and shall go as far as any man in preserving it in all its just rights and liberties."

This declaration was favorably received. The courtiers of Charles II. were soon thrown into the shade, for James II., though as profligate as his brother, did not make a parade of his licentiousness. "The face of the whole court was exceedingly changed into a more solemn and moral behavior, the new king affecting neither profaneness nor buffoonery," writes Evelyn. Parliament had been summoned for the 15th of May.

The elections assured the Tories an overwhelming majority. "There are not more than forty members in the House of Commons I should not have chosen myself," said the king. At the opening of the session he repeated the promises he had already made to the council. One remark alone betrayed the autocratic temperament of the new monarch. When asking that there should be granted to him, as had been to the king his brother, a certain fixed revenue for life, he added: "There is, indeed, one popular argument which may be urged against compliance with my demand: men may think that by feeding me from time to time with such supplies as they think convenient, they will better secure frequent meetings of Parliament. But as this is the first time I speak to you from the throne, I must plainly tell you that such an expedient would be very improper to employ with me, and that the best way to engage me to meet you often,

is always to use me well." Parliament voted the desired subsidies. James II. had already committed an act of irresponsible authority in continuing to levy the tonnage and poundage which had been granted by Parliament to Charles II. for his life only. Even the Whigs did not protest against this: they relied upon the sincerity of James's character. "We have now for our Church the word of a king," said a zealous preacher, "and of a king who was never worse than his word." Bitter reminiscences of the House of Stuart, of which James II. soon proved himself the worthy son!

Already some disquieting symptoms had begun to trouble far-seeing statesmen. The king had thrown open the doors of his private chapel, thus asserting from the commencement his right to hear mass publicly. When Holy Week arrived and services became frequent, James required that the most considerable personages of his household should be present at the religious ceremonies of his faith. Lord Godolphin belonged to the queen's household, and was accustomed to accompany her to the chapel, so he made no resistance. Lord Rochester, however, although he was corrupt and arrogant, had been taught by his father, Lord Clarendon, a passionate respect for the Anglican Church, and he refused to accompany the king to mass, and obtained permission to withdraw into the country till after Easter day. The Duke of Ormond and Halifax went as far as the antechamber. The Duke of Norfolk, whose duty it was to carry the sword of state in front of the king, stopped at the door of the chapel. "Your father would have gone further, my lord," said James. "Your Majesty's father would not have gone so far," replied the duke. The religious ceremonial of the coronation, which was celebrated according to the Protestant rites, failed to reassure men's minds. It was

remarked that the crown was too large for the king, and that it was placed awry on his head. The supports of the dais moreover gave way, and superstition thus united with foreboding to implant in the public mind the germs of growing uneasiness.

It was, however, with real though confused sincerity that King James had promised religious liberty to his people. In his intention to protect the Anglican Church and to give tranquillity to the persecuted dissenters, he had, however, first in view the relief of the Catholics, who had been so long and so cruelly oppressed. This was precisely what the Church and the nonconformists agreed in dreading.

One of the king's earliest measures after ascending the throne had been to throw open the prison-doors to those who had been confined on points of conscience; but no sooner had Parliament reassembled than a motion was presented to ask from the crown the rigid application of the laws against all dissenters whatsoever from the Church of England. James, forewarned, was furious against this attempt to compel him to persecute the Catholics, and the motion was modified. "The House relies on his Majesty's repeated declaration to support and defend the religion of the Church of England as it is now by law established, which is dearer to us than our lives." The king did not reply to the address presented by the Speaker, and the persecution of the Scottish Puritans was the only favor he accorded to the representations of the House.

The Parliament of Scotland went further than that of England in its submission and monarchical zeal. The resources of the Stuarts' hereditary kingdom were inconsiderable, but to the small subsidies it was in their power to grant, the Scottish Houses added a decree which must satisfy King James, if they had judged him rightly during his

government in Scotland, for by it every preacher in a private meeting, every preacher and every hearer in a conventicle in the open air, became, by and from the simple fact itself, subject to the penalty of death. The persecution was redoubled with fury. Graham of Claverhouse, at the head of his dragoons, scoured the country in every direction, dispersing all assemblies, and seizing suspected persons even in their own houses. A poor carter in the county of Lanark was shot before the very eyes of his wife, who was standing by with her child in her arms. Meanwhile, the fervent prayers of the victim had disturbed and intimidated Claverhouse. "Well, sir, well; the day of reckoning will come!" exclaimed the poor widow, beside herself with grief. "To man I can answer for what I have done," replied the madman, "and as for God, I will look to that!" Men and women died with equal courage. A young girl was fastened to a stake in face of a rising sea, which approached to engulf her. "Recant! recant!" they shouted to her. "Leave me in peace; I belong to Jesus Christ!" she cried in reply, as the waves closed over her head.

The severity exercised against the Scottish Presbyterians did not, however, weaken the king's position. In England the idea of liberty of conscience often occurred to the persecuted: James himself had sometimes been struck by it when he suffered the penalties which were then attached to the Catholic faith; but, raised to power, he soon forgot the sublime principle, and his people forgot it as well as himself. The composition of his council, the dislike which he manifested towards some popular men, and the confidence he bestowed on others who were distrusted by the people, caused more serious anxiety than the sufferings of a few Covenanters who had revolted against the yoke of Episcopacy. Upon his accession to the throne, James II. had openly announced his

intention to keep near his person all his brother's counsellors, but meanwhile he was friendly to only a few of them, and they soon became aware of this fact. Sunderland and Godolphin had voted for the Bill of Exclusion, which Halifax had frustrated by the force of his eloquence. These two ministers were, however, less objects of suspicion to the king than the brilliant chief of the Trimmers. Irrevocably enrolled as he was against Popery and tyranny, Halifax was received by the king with flattering words. "I will remember only one day in your life, my lord," said James; "that on which you spoke against the Bill of Exclusion." At the same time, however, he said to Barillon, "I know him, and I cannot trust him; he shall have no hand in public affairs." Halifax soon replaced Lord Rochester, who was at the head of the Treasury, in the Presidency of the Council. The latter with Judge Jeffreys alone enjoyed the king's confidence. Rochester's eldest brother, Lord Clarendon, replaced in Ireland the old Duke of Ormond, a veteran devoted to monarchy, honored by all, but too sincere in his Protestantism and too independent in character to suit the Government or to serve the views of King James. When he learned his disgrace, the old servant of Charles I. collected around him at a banquet all the officers of the garrison of Dublin. He proposed the health of the king, raising a brimming glass to his lips with a steady hand. "I have not spilled a single drop, gentlemen," said he; "and my heart is as steady as my hand, although they accuse me at Court of having fallen into dotage. Long live King James!" His journey to London resembled a triumph, a crowd of gentlemen feeling it an honor to form his escort.

Though disquieted by the king's religious and political tendencies, the English nation felt grateful to him for the lofty attitude of independence which he assumed with regard

to France and Louis XIV. England had never pardoned Charles II. for the sale of Dunkirk and the treaty of Dover, and what had come to light about the disgraceful bargaining which had so often taken place between the two monarchs. A few days after James's accession, Barillon had received from the French Court a sum of five hundred thousand livres, a sum equivalent to about thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds, to be handed over at once to the new sovereign. James II. received it with thanks, and, as he had been from the first, was modest and caressing in his language to the ambassador of France. He excused himself for having convoked a Parliament without the advice of Louis XIV. "I know I can do nothing without the king's protection, and what it cost my brother, his not having remained faithful to France. I will take care that the House does not meddle in foreign affairs, and if I see it disposed to act with evil intention, I will send it about its business." As a proof of his devotion, James had renounced the engagements he had made with Spain for the protection of the Low Countries. Lord Churchill, the young favorite of the new king, destined to be famous throughout the world as the Duke of Marlborough, was charged to bear to Louis XIV. the homage of the King of England in a solemn embassy. "My attachment will last to the end of my days," said James II. to the Grand Monarque. He was yet in ignorance of the claims Louis XIV. would have to his gratitude.

But Parliament was scarcely assembled before James had changed his tone a little towards France. He had found more docility and generosity in his people than he had hoped, and his revenues were assured to him for life. He therefore raised his head; and proudly assuming equality of rank, made known his resolution to maintain with a firm hand the balance of power in Europe. When Marshal Lorges came to



London in reply to Lord Churchill's embassy, James received him sitting and with covered head, in the same way that his envoy had been received at Versailles. "Our brother, the King of England, blusters a little," said Louis XIV., smiling; "but he is as fond of my pistoles as ever his brother was;" and in fact a few months had scarcely elapsed before James II. was soliciting new subsidies. The resources which Parliament furnished him with no longer proved sufficient for his expenses, for he found himself confronted by an insurrection, and felt obliged for the future to maintain a regular standing army, always an object of terror to the English.

The Earl of Argyle and the Duke of Monmouth, the former for the last four years, the latter only during a few months, had been living in exile in Holland, the refuge of all men hunted from their country for their political and religious opinions. Around them had gathered a little band of fugitives, members of different parties and belonging to very different ranks in life: men of law, like Ayloffe and Wade, compromised in the Whig conspiracies; old partisans of Cromwell, like Rumbold; courtiers, like Lord Grey of Wark; and ecclesiastics and pamphleteers like Ferguson. When King Charles died, and the hopes which Monmouth had entertained from his father's attachment to him were suddenly dashed to the ground, the more turbulent spirits among the exiles conceived the idea of raising a revolt in England. They hoped to profit by Monmouth's popularity, while dazzling his eyes with hopes of a crown.

The young prince had meanwhile left the Hague. William of Orange, always prudent and circumspect, had given an asylum in his Court to the beloved son of Charles II.; but he begged him to withdraw as soon as James II. had ascended the throne. It was at Brussels therefore that the conspirators sought him, but it was only with great difficulty they prevailed

on him to place himself at the head of the insurrection. Even before his departure, and from the very commencement, he thought ill of the undertaking and despaired of its success.

Simultaneously with the English expedition, an attempt was preparing against Scotland. Argyle counted on the fidelity of his clan, for he knew the Campbells would die to the last man for his name and in his cause, and he thought himself sure of a rising of the persecuted Presbyterians. The two conspiracies, at first distinct and almost hostile to one another, soon merged into one, and it was resolved to begin by an attack on the west coast of Scotland, while Monmouth, making a descent on England, should second the Earl of Argyle's movement. Ayloff and Rumbold were to accompany Argyle to Scotland. Fletcher, of Saltoun, an aristocrat though a republican, an eloquent and learned man, was to follow Monmouth's fortunes. The young chief began to take heart; ambitious hopes awoke within him; letters from England urged him to act. "The Earl of Richmond had only a handful of men when he landed in England two hundred years ago," wrote Wildman, one of the most dangerous plotters in England; "some days later, after the battle of Bosworth, he was called Henry VII.!" "Quite true," replied Fletcher of Saltoun; "but then Richmond could count on the barons, each of whom brought a little army with him, and Richard III. had not at command a single regiment of regular troops."

Argyle set sail on the 2d of May, 1685, with three small vessels armed for war. King James, warned of the preparations being made, had requested the States-general of the Netherlands to arrest them; but the town of Amsterdam remained obstinately hostile to the House of Nassau, and its magistrates took pleasure in going counter to the politics of the Prince of Orange, who was just then very desirous

of pleasing his brother-in-law. The Scottish expedition, therefore, set off, and on the 6th Argyle arrived at the Orkneys. The earl was head of the enterprise only in name, for he was fettered at every step by a committee commissioned to counsel him and watch over his movements. While precious time was thus wasted in discussions and quarrels, King James, with better judgment, had had all the places in the neighborhood of the Argyle estates occupied by his own troops, and when the earl sent his son on shore to call the Campbells to arms, only the herdsmen and fishermen responded to the call; the heads of the clan were, many of them, absent or in prison, and the gentlemen were indisposed to move, so that in all only about eighteen hundred men collected together at Tarbet. Meanwhile the fiery cross had travelled through the length and breadth of the land; a manifesto, drawn up by a Scotch lawyer, James Stewart, recapitulated the causes of national complaint against King James. In the name of the sufferings of the Presbyterian Church, so dear to all her children, Scotland was called on to revolt. Against his own judgment, Argyle was obliged to divide his little army; he remaining himself in the Highlands with Rumbold, while Sir Patrick Hume and Cochrane, more jealous of their chief than eager for the combat, directed a small expedition against the Lowlands. They had been led to hope that the whole country would rise at their approach.

But the conspirators and their friends were deceived as to the state of mind of the persecuted Covenanters. Argyle's religious faith did not inspire them with more confidence than King James's popery; pursued, tracked, massacred, they had come to look only for a miraculous deliverance: they did not desire, they did not hope for any other. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon appeared to them the only one

worthy of accomplishing the salvation of the Church, and they did not recognize this holy weapon in the hands of the invaders. The enthusiasts who had defended their conventicles with arms in their hands, let Cochrane's little force pass by without joining it; and it was after a bootless journey that the two detachments rejoined Argyle at Bute. Disorder was now added to discord, and each day some defection diminished the strength of the insurrection. The castle of Ealan Ghierieg, which contained stores of all kinds, had been given up to the royal troops without striking a blow; the earl's vessels had all been captured, and a panic seized the conspirators, even the most enthusiastic of them refusing to march to Glasgow, as Argyle wished. A strong detachment of red-coats appeared in the distance, and the soldiers became panic-stricken. The chiefs separated and sought safety in flight. Hume escaped to the Continent; Cochrane was arrested and sent to London; the Earl of Argyle, after having wandered about for several days in the country, was finally surrounded by some of the militia. He tried to defend himself, but, borne down and with hands at his throat, he told his countrymen his name. Tears came into their eyes at seeing the misfortunes of the celebrated earl; but love of gain got the better of their compassion, and they took Argyle to Renfrew. The earl was already condemned, for an unjust sentence of death had long been hanging over him. "I understand nothing of Scottish law," said Halifax, "but I know that here we should not hang a dog on such a pretext as they have adduced for the condemnation of Argyle." When the prisoner entered Edinburgh Castle, after having passed through the town on foot and bareheaded, his approaching death was announced to him, while they threatened him at the same time with torture. The king's orders were explicit. All ways were to be em-

ployed to obtain from the earl full particulars concerning his plan, and the accomplices and partisans of his insurrection.

An indifferent commander, unskilful in the management of his party, Argyle was great and firm in prison and when confronted with death. Thinking only of the evils which he had drawn upon his clan, unmindful of his own suffering, piously absorbed by the idea that he was going to appear before God, Argyle inspired all who approached him with respect. "God has softened their hearts," he said, "I did not expect so much goodness from them." Torture was not applied. "I have named none to their disadvantage," he wrote on the morning of the execution (30th of June); "God in his mercy has marvellously sustained me." Detained a few hours on his way to the scaffold, he wrote to his wife: "Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath been always good and gracious to me, and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in Him in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu." Rumbold had died a few days before his chief; seized in the same way by a troop of militia, he had fought so valiantly that scarcely a breath of life remained when he was led out to execution. Supported under the gibbet by two men, he raised his dying voice to make himself heard by the people. "I die faithful to what I have believed all my life!" he exclaimed. "I have always detested Popery and tyranny; I have supported limited monarchy, but I never would believe that Providence had sent into the world a handful of men booted and spurred, in the face of millions of other beings with bits in their mouths and saddles on their backs. I bless God's holy name that I am here, not for any wrong that I have done, but for adhering to

his cause in an evil day. If every hair of my head were a man in this quarrel, I would venture them all without hesitation." The drums of the soldiers drowned his last words. The Rye-House Plot never entered into the mind of Cromwell's veteran as a subject for repentance. "I have always held assassination in horror," Rumbold said; and yet it was in his very house and beneath his roof that they had planned to lay an ambush for the life of King Charles and the Duke of York.

Ayloffé had attempted suicide with a small penknife; but he had strength left to bear a journey to London, where James interrogated him himself. "You will find it to your advantage to be frank with me," said the king; "you know it is in my power to pardon you." "It may be in your power, but it is not in your nature," replied the prisoner calmly, at the very foot of the gibbet judging like a Stoic philosopher the man who had sent him thither.

Meanwhile persons of minor importance were punished daily in Scotland, many of the clan Campbell being hanged without any trial at all. But before all the Scottish conspirators had undergone their punishment, England was thrown into agitation by Monmouth's descent on Lyme, a port on the coast of Dorset. Like Argyle, he had escaped from Dutch waters by the connivance of the magistracy and the admiralty at Amsterdam, but he had been detained by bad weather, and it was not till the 11th of June that he landed on English soil. A cry was at once raised, "A Monmouth! a Monmouth! the Protestant religion!" A declaration, the work of Ferguson, written in a most libellous style, was read at the cross in the market-place, in which King James was accused of having set fire to London, strangled Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, cut the throat of Essex, and poisoned King Charles; and for all these crimes was pronounced de-

posed in the name of menaced religion. The Duke of Monmouth, who could prove his legitimate birth and his rights to the crown, aspired to no title but that of Captain-General of the English Protestants in arms against Popery and tyranny.

The people in the west of England had not forgotten the triumphant young soldier who, five years before, had passed through their towns and villages amid the acclamations of the populace. The country people gathered in crowds under his banners, and nearly fifteen hundred men had already assembled around him, when on the 14th of June he sent a detachment against Bridport, where the royal troops were beginning to muster. Parliament launched one declaration after another against Monmouth's pretensions. King James profited by the alarm of Parliament to obtain a subsidy; and the members dispersed to their counties in order to maintain the fidelity of their constituents. The Duke of Albemarle, son of General Monk, commanded a body of militia in the west, while Churchill and Lord Feversham advanced against the insurgents at the head of the regular troops.

Lord Gray had been easily repulsed before Bridport, and had himself escaped by shameful flight. Fletcher of Saltoun, in consequence of a duel in which he had killed his adversary, had been obliged by the general outcry to take refuge in one of the Duke's vessels, and finally make his way to Hungary, where he served for many years against the Turks. In the meantime Monmouth continued to advance, while Albemarle dared not offer him combat, so disaffected did the royal troops appear. The city of Taunton had opened its gates to the insurgents; the population was rich, devoted to Parliament during the civil war, and counting in its ranks a great number of nonconformists. A deputation

of young girls of the best families came to meet the Duke and presented him with a standard and a Bible. He received the holy volume respectfully. "I come," said he, "to defend the truths contained in this book and, if necessary, to seal them with my blood."

Monmouth thus laid claim to the title of Defender of the Faith, one of the royal appellations. He soon went further, and on the 20th of June allowed himself to be proclaimed king in the market-place in Taunton — not without some repugnance on his part, it was affirmed. To avoid the confusion which the name of James II. might create, most of his partisans saluted him under the fantastic name of King Monmouth.

From town to town the ceremony of the proclamation was repeated, to the great indignation of the partisans of the Princess Mary. The great lords and country gentlemen did not join the little rebel army, while the peasantry and artisans of the towns who flocked to it were for the greater part without arms, and the former fastened their scythe-blades to handles as the Vendean peasants did a hundred years later. Monmouth was without money; he planned an attack on Bristol, where he expected to find abundant resources; but the king's troops had occupied the town before him. Falling back, therefore, on Wiltshire, the rebels called in vain upon Bath to open her gates, and, obliged to take refuge at Philips-Norton, whither the Duke of Grafton pursued him, Monmouth felt his courage give way. He thought of abandoning his scheme, and seeking on the Continent that safety which seemed, with all chances of glory, to be escaping him. Opinions were various among his partisans. Lord Gray maintained with warmth that the Duke could not abandon the poor peasantry who had risked everything for him, and Monmouth finally gave up the design of flight.



But he was in doubt about the plan of the campaign, wandering from Wells to Bridgwater, when the king's troops, commanded by Feversham, appeared in sight of the insurgents. About four thousand men were encamped on the plain of Sedgemoor. The Duke from a distance beheld the standards of the Dumbarton regiment, lately so well known to him. "I know what those men are worth," said the young invader sadly, "and how they will fight. If I only had them with me, all would go well."

Feversham was an indifferent general. Monmouth possessed much more of the military instinct than his opponent; but it was in vain that his plans were skilfully laid, and his night attack well arranged; he commanded men who were badly armed, inexperienced, undisciplined, and all their courage availed them nothing in the presence of regular troops, and before volleys of artillery which it was impossible for them to return. Lord Gray was checked with his cavalry in front of a trench, the existence of which he had not suspected, and he lost no time in taking to flight. The peasants defended themselves heroically; the miners who had come from the Mendips felled all who approached with the butts of their muskets, and persisted in fighting even after Monmouth had left the field, abandoning his partisans to their miserable fate.

Fifteen hundred rebel corpses lay heaped on the ground, and the royal troops had made five hundred prisoners, when the struggle finally ended. Two days later Monmouth himself fell into the hands of a detachment of soldiers who were seeking him. "Now," said Barillon with a sagacity as sound as it was malevolent, "all the zealous Protestants will put their hope in the Prince of Orange."

No one put any hope in the king's mercy. If Monmouth had thought for a moment that he should escape

with his life, his interview with James soon undeceived him. "Remember, sir, I am your brother's son," exclaimed the unfortunate young man, throwing himself at the monarch's feet; "it is your own blood you shed in shedding mine." "Your crime is too great," replied the king coldly. The queen showed, they say, even less pity. Weak and spiritless until then, crushed by the fear of punishment, and forgetting even personal dignity in his entreaties for pardon, Monmouth recovered his courage when confronted with this pitiless determination. "Well," said he, "I have nothing left but to die."

For one moment the unfortunate prisoner had been base enough to ask to redeem his life by the abjuration of that Protestant faith of which he had entitled himself the Defender; but, deprived of all hope, he refused the absolution which the priests of the Chapel Royal offered him. The Anglican bishops were not completely satisfied with his repentance. They wished to obtain from him a formal profession of that doctrine of non-resistance which he had openly and knowingly violated. The disorders of his private life equally excited their pious indignation. The Duke had refused to see his wife, and when he finally consented to receive her, their interview had been cold and short. "I die very penitent," repeated Monmouth, and, as the bishops insisted, again at the foot of the scaffold, "I am come here to die," said the young man; "pray for me, my lords." The king's name was mentioned in the episcopal intercessions. "Do you not pray for the king with us?" asked one of the clergymen. Monmouth remained silent for a moment; and then, as if making a supreme effort, he said at last, "Amen." He turned to the executioner. "Look well to your axe," said he; "do not torture me as you did Lord Russell." He placed his head



Guilford, the Keeper of the Seals, had just died, sad and broken in spirit after a life of vile servility, and James promised his post to Jeffreys on his return from the circuit which he was commencing in the western counties. This was to be the glorious recompense for "the bloody assizes" which were just beginning, and the chief justice resolved to merit it.

Naturally cruel and basely corrupt, habitually excited by constant intoxication, Jeffreys had devoted an indomitable energy, great oratorical powers, and rare judicial faculties, to the service of the worst passions. He had never pleased Charles II., who had often employed him at the instigation of the Duke of York. "This man," he said, "has neither knowledge, good sense, nor manners, and he has more impudence than ten whores." In the reign of King James, himself hard and cold even to cruelty, Jeffreys gave loose rein to his savage humor: he was not contented with condemning, torturing, and applying the severest penalties permitted by the law, — he amused himself by insulting the accused, following them with sarcasms and scoffs to the foot of the gibbet. The odious task with which he was intrusted after Monmouth's execution was suited to his character. While in London, Lord Gray, Sir John Cochrane, and several others bought their lives with money and cowardly revelations, the chief justice carried from town to town his bloody tribunal and his band of executioners. Everywhere cynical and cruel, obliging his victims to confess themselves guilty in order to obtain a day longer to live, and causing those to be immediately executed who protested their innocence, he spread such terror around him that men feared to say a word in behalf of the condemned.

The friends of Lady Lisle ventured, however, to advocate her cause. She was old, the widow of one of the judges

of Charles I., Lord Lisle, who had been assassinated in Switzerland, where he had taken refuge. She had given an asylum to more than one Cavalier during the Revolution, and "no woman in England," she said, "more bitterly deplored the death of the king." Always compassionate, she had given shelter to a nonconformist minister named Hickes, and a lawyer compromised in the Rye-House Plot. Both were found in her house; she was ignorant, she said, of the cause of their accusation. Neither of these two men had as yet been brought to trial, when Lady Lisle was summoned to appear before Jeffreys. The witnesses were intimidated one after the other by the iniquitous violence of the judge. The accused was aged, and, overpowered by emotion, fainted in her seat. The jury hesitated and drew back before the odious verdict required of them. "What liars these Presbyterians are!" cried Jeffreys; "show me a Presbyterian and I'll show thee a lying knave!" and threatened the jury that he would shut them up all night if they did not make haste and decide. Lady Lisle was condemned to be burned alive. The king's clemency, however, mitigated the sentence, and the pious woman walked without fear to the scaffold. Some months later, in London, another woman in a more humble condition, animated by the same spirit of charity, expiated at the stake the assistance she had given to James Burton, compromised, like Lady Lisle's protégés, in the plots of 1683. "My fault was one of those which a prince might pardon," said Elizabeth Gaunt, while she arranged around her the straw of her pyre. "I have only helped an unfortunate family, and for this I have to die. It is required of us that we should hide him who fleeth and not betray him that goeth astray." "The crowd melted into tears around her," says William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania, who was present at the execution.

A long wail of despair went up from the western counties. Dorset, Wilts, Devon, and Somerset were strewn with corpses, covered with gibbets, depopulated by exile, by transportation, and by the sale of prisoners who were given up to the avidity of the courtiers and sent into slavery in the West Indies. The queen's maids of honor divided among them the fines imposed on the young girls of Taunton who had composed the deputation sent to Monmouth. Some of the accused succeeded in making their complaints reach the throne. The sister of Benjamin and William Hewling, two young men of great promise, presented herself at Whitehall with a petition. Lord Churchill took upon himself to introduce her. "I wish you success," said he in showing her the way, "but do not flatter yourself with vain hopes; this marble," and he rested his hand on the chimney-piece, "is not harder than the king's heart." James was inexorable, but even the soldiers wept while conducting the young men to the gibbet.

"Jeffreys' campaign," as the king himself called it, was concluded at last, and he re-entered London stained with the blood of his victims and laden with curses which yet weigh upon his memory. "The air of Somersetshire is poisoned with the stench of death; one cannot take a step without meeting with some horrible sight," wrote Bishop Ken to the king. Then commenced the London assizes, directed against the citizens, who were, so said the king's party, obstinate rebels. Several perished, compromised in the Rye-House Plot, like Cornish; among others Dr. Bateman, convicted of having bathed the wounds of Titus Oates, when, at the commencement of James II.'s reign, that cowardly and cruel instigator of so many crimes had suffered a dreadful punishment. Religious persecution united itself with political malignity. Never before in England had non-

conformists been prosecuted with such vigor. Jeffreys received the seals as a reward for his zeal. Less than four years later, when he was imprisoned in the Tower, trembling beneath public indignation, Jeffreys protested that he had never outstripped his master's orders, and that he had even softened their tenor. At St. Germain, James threw all the blame of "the bloody assizes" on Jeffreys. The king and the judge will forever share it in public estimation.

National feeling had supported James in his struggle against the insurgents, both Parliament and Church had even made parade of loyalty; but the cruelty of the revenge after the triumph of victory had revolted honest hearts, and disquieted foreseeing minds. An occurrence unfortunate for the good understanding between the king and the nation happened just at this time, and inspired the country with an overwhelming sympathy, the outcome of an overwhelming anger. Led away by the dangerous intoxication of absolute power, beguiled and betrayed by flatterers or by fanatics, Louis XIV. thought himself powerful enough to impose his will on the consciences of his subjects, and convinced that no one would resist him, and that the work of conversion was already well advanced by preliminary persecutions, he had revoked the Edict of Nantes on the 22d of October, 1685. Already a crowd of fugitives, pouring into the non-Catholic countries, proved to Europe the religious fidelity of the French Protestants, as well as the little value arbitrary sovereigns place on the most solemn promises they make to their subjects. At the first rumor of Louis XIV.'s projects Barillon had written to the prince: "What makes the English most angry is, that they see no remedy or way of preventing your Majesty from succeeding in your enterprise. They speak very freely in England of what takes place in France, and many people fancy and even say aloud that it is in conse-

quence of England not being governed by a Protestant king." And some days after the revocation: "I spoke to the King of England of what they say about your Majesty at Court, and of the little restraint people put on themselves. I told him I had not yet communicated these facts to your Majesty, but I begged him to see to it, and to repress insolence which should be crushed."

But it was not in the King of England's power to impose silence on the national feeling. He could not even refuse to conform to it in a certain measure; the Protestant fugitives were welcomed in England, and public charity supplied their immediate wants. I have said that James cherished in his heart certain notions of religious liberty; the horror which his people felt at the persecution of the Reformed Church on the Continent reawakened in the king's heart the desire to relieve his Catholic subjects from the burden which weighed upon them. More powerful than he had ever been, and deceived by the victory he had so easily gained over the insurrection, James resolved to complete his triumph. But the oppression which Louis XIV. exercised towards his Protestant subjects interfered with the plans of James II. in favor of the liberty of the Catholics, so the King of England declared himself free from all engagements with France. He had just concluded a treaty of defensive alliance with the Netherlands. The policy of Halifax seemed to be carrying the day in the royal councils, when on the 20th of October, 1685, on the eve of the opening of the session, the marquis was suddenly informed that the king no longer required his services. James thus gave the rising opposition the most experienced and able chief it could have had.

The struggle now about to take place between James and his subjects was waged in the name of the principles dearest



to the English nation. The king had announced his intention of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, which had been obtained with so much difficulty in the preceding reign, and was an object of national pride both to Whigs and Tories. He projected the increase of the standing army, and already the number of troops maintained gave anxiety to the most faithful supporters of the throne, those old Cavaliers who had seen the Republican army impose law upon the Parliament and the king. Finally, in spite of the most solemn engagements made with his people on his accession, he proposed to throw open all public offices to Catholics. Already, in anticipation of the repeal of the Test Act, the king had placed at the head of his troops a certain number of Catholic officers. The final disgrace of Halifax was due to his obstinate resistance. "I shall never," he had said in so many words, "vote for the abolition of the Test Act or of the Habeas Corpus."

The Habeas Corpus Act is to this day one of the guaranties of individual liberty, so justly dear to the English. The Test Act has been swept away, as it deserved to be, by the progress of justice and religious toleration. But both then formed part of the English law, and the king could not violate them without breaking his oath. The profound distrust which the king's principles inspired even in that Parliament so devoted to him, burst forth on the day of the opening, when James in his speech from the throne announced the increase he had made in the regular army, and expressed his contempt for the militia, referring to the weakness of which it had given proof during the insurrection. "Let no man," said he, "take exception that there are some officers in the army not qualified, according to the late provisions as to tests, for their employments. The gentlemen, I must tell you, are most of them well known to me,

and have formerly served with me on several occasions, and always approved the loyalty of their principles by their practice; and I will deal plainly with you, that after having had the benefit of their services in such a time of need and danger, I will neither expose them to disgrace nor myself to the want of them, if there should be another rebellion to make them necessary to me."

His language was haughty and his declarations absolute, and the House of Commons at once showed its disapproval. It proposed reforms in the organization of the militia, offered the king seven hundred thousand pounds sterling instead of the twelve hundred thousand pounds demanded by the ministers, and promised that the Catholic officers actually appointed to the army should be relieved from the disqualifications which the law imposed upon them, since they could not be legally employed without the authority of Parliament.

The reproof was respectful notwithstanding its firmness. James was irritated by it, and in his reply to the House of Commons he reproached them roundly for their jealousy and distrust. "I flattered myself," he added, "that my reputation for sincerity would have sufficed to satisfy you of the value of my promises." "We are Englishmen," exclaimed John Coke, member for Derby, when he heard the king's speech read, "and not to be frightened out of our duty by a few high words." The House sent the audacious member to the Tower. But the Lords had followed the example of the Commons, and protested against the irregular appointments in the army. On the 20th of November James prorogued Parliament until the 10th of February, resolved to accomplish alone, and by his absolute authority, that reform which the public sentiment of his people denied him.

"The Catholics here are not altogether of one mind," wrote

Barillon to Louis XIV. "The most able and those who have the most confidence in the king recognize the juncture as the most favorable they can possibly hope for, and feel that if they let it slip they will have a long time to wait for such another. The Jesuits are of this opinion, and it is without doubt a most sensible one; but the rich and well-to-do Catholics are anxious about the future, and apprehend a turn of affairs which might ruin them. Those who are most intimately connected with the Court of Rome are of this opinion." Innocent XI. had in fact given this prudent instruction to his nuncio: "The safety and welfare of the Catholics lies in a good understanding between his Britannic Majesty and his Parliament." "This quarrel is a great disgrace," replied the nuncio. Italian sagacity understood the advantages which the Catholics would derive from a constitutional policy, as well as the dangers which awaited them from unconstitutional privileges.

French intrigue in the service of Louis XIV. aimed at quite different results. The secret efforts of Barillon and his coadjutor Bonrepaux urged the members of Parliament to discontent, while exciting the religious zeal and despotic cravings of the monarch. The advances which the Spanish court had made to the King of England alarmed France. "News from Madrid is disquieting," the king wrote; "we are menaced by the union of England and Austria, the moment that the king feels assured that his Parliament will not cause him embarrassment." "It pleases James to be thought to hold the balance of power in European affairs, and to be regarded as the only person capable of keeping a check on your Majesty and French designs," replied Barillon. The interest of France was, therefore, evidently to keep alive the discord between the King of England and his Parliament. The narrow-minded obstinacy of James II., the incon-

siderate zeal of a small Catholic faction, and the audacious ability of the Jesuits, served the views of Louis XIV. most efficiently.

“I will make no concessions,” James repeated; “my father made concessions, and they beheaded him.” The nation begged the king to keep his promises faithfully, but he considered a prince’s fidelity as a concession, and absolute submission as the simple duty of his subjects. Only one principle remained of his Anglican education: he admitted the doctrine of non-resistance, and expected the bishops to push it to extremes. The speech of Compton, Bishop of London, delivered on the 19th of November in the House of Lords, had astonished and irritated him. “The civil and religious constitution of the country is in peril,” the prelate had dared to say. One resource only remained for the king, that “power of dispensation” which gave him, so he thought, the right to suspend the action of penal laws, and he resolved to have recourse to it before the meeting of Parliament.

The composition of the council favored the development of arbitrary power. Rochester had fallen beneath the double weight of his attachment to Protestantism and a scandalous intrigue which he had plotted, to fortify his influence by the aid of the king’s favorite, Catherine Sedley. Father Petre, a clever Jesuit recently admitted into close intimacy with the king, had succeeded by his pious exhortations in obtaining that favorite’s disgrace; he seconded at the same time the efforts of the convert Sunderland to supplant Rochester. A solemn embassy had already been dispatched to Rome, and at the same time James renounced all his foreign projects. “I am not in a position to concern myself about what passes on the Continent,” he said to the Spanish ambassador; “I have made up my mind not to trouble myself about foreign affairs, but to establish my authority at home, and to do

something for my religion." The revival of French influence soon manifested itself. A collection which had been made on behalf of the Huguenot refugees was larger than the king approved of. "The prince shows a great aversion to them," wrote Barillon; "if he could he would have done away with the collection made in their favor, for he knows that all those who have given the most liberally are those who are the worst disposed towards himself." The funds were given into the hands of the royal commissioners with the chancellor at their head, and as the fugitives presented themselves to receive help, "It is the good pleasure of his Majesty," announced Jeffreys, "that no alms shall be given except to those who receive the sacrament according to the Anglican rite." The Huguenots were attached to the traditional forms of the Presbyterian Church for which they had suffered so much, and "they retired sad-hearted," writes Lady Russell to her chaplain, Dr. FitzWilliam. Some days later James ordered a pamphlet written by a well-known clergyman, named Claude, then a refugee in Holland, entitled "The Complaint of the Protestants cruelly persecuted in France," to be burnt in front of the Exchange by the hands of the public executioner. The chancellor had not advised this concession to the pride of Louis XIV., but James was furious. "I have taken my resolution," he said; "even dogs defend each other when they are attacked, why should not kings do as much?" The effect was so great on the public that Barillon wrote: "Perhaps your Majesty does not judge this affair as important as it appears here; but nothing has happened during the king's reign which has made more impression on men's minds."

Twice already the meeting of Parliament had been postponed. The king meanwhile was at work among the magistrates, determined to obtain an opinion favorable to his power

of dispensing with legal penalties. Several judges and the attorney-general had already been removed from office, and the question affecting Sir Edward Hales, who had recently been converted to the Roman Catholic faith and created colonel of a regiment of infantry, was decided in his favor; this was equivalent to recognizing the principle that the king's authority was sufficient to overcome all obstacles. One judge alone, of inconsiderable reputation, named Strut, gave an opinion in opposition to the royal wishes. The door was therefore in future open: four Catholic lords — Powys, Bellasyse, Arundel, and Dover — were admitted to the Privy Council, while Catholic officers who had till then been silently tolerated were multiplied in the army. "It is annulling all legislation from the accession of Elizabeth to our days," said the Attorney-General Sawyer.

King James did not content himself with his triumph over the laws, he wished to carry his victorious standard into the Church. "God has permitted," he said to Barillon, "that all the laws which were made to establish the Protestant religion and destroy the Catholic, should serve for the foundation of what I wish to do for the establishment of the true religion." In virtue of the Act of Supremacy, ecclesiastics suspected of being Catholics at heart were raised to vacant bishoprics. "I should have liked to place avowed Catholics there," said James to the Nuncio Adda, "but the time has not yet arrived. Parker (the new Bishop of Oxford) is with us in heart, he will soon bring back his clergy." Mass was celebrated every day in the college of Christchurch under the direction of John Massey, who was made dean, and the Anglican clergy were forbidden to make use of any controversy in the pulpit. Dr. Sharp, Dean of Norwich and Rector of St. Giles, a man of great piety and much learning, disobeyed this injunction; the Bishop of London received an order to suspend him. Compton

hesitated, excused himself, begged Sharp to keep silence ; an ancient tribunal, odious to the nation and abolished by two Acts of Parliament, the Court of High Commission, was therefore revived against the Church it claimed to govern. This court was presided over by the chancellor, savagely violent even in ordinary tribunals where he was restricted by legal forms, but henceforth without any restraint towards the ecclesiastics who were arbitrarily placed under his jurisdiction. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Sancroft, designated by the king, declined to sit in this tribunal. The Bishops of Durham and Rochester had the weakness to accept their appointment, and the Earl of Rochester basely gave way to the tyranny which menaced the Church. The Bishop of London was called before the new tribunal. He had refused to suspend Dr. Sharp, and was in consequence himself suspended from his ecclesiastical functions, and the care of his vast diocese intrusted to the bishops who had consented to judge him. The magistrates told the king it was impossible to expel Compton from his palace, and to sequester his revenues. "We shall be obliged to decide against the Crown," said Chief Justice Herbert.

The same attempts were made in all parts of the kingdom. Convents were established ; Catholic chapels were everywhere opened ; the city council protested against the consecration of a place of Catholic worship in Lime Street. "Lawyers are of opinion that the thing is illegal," said the lord mayor, and for this he was summoned before the Privy Council. "Observe this," said the king : "you have only to obey me, and not think of what other people say." The populace menaced the Catholics ; in many places the chapels were surrounded, and the service interrupted. The king collected his troops on Hounslow Heath, and established a camp there with the intention of intimidating the capital. But the Lon-

doners went thither in crowds, and chatted familiarly with the soldiers. The influence of public sentiment proved more efficacious than terror, and the troops were gained over by the citizens. A clergyman named Johnson, more zealous than judicious, was condemned to degradation and flogging for having circulated in the army an appeal for the defence of Protestantism, and the trial and punishment raised public indignation to the highest pitch. The king had refused to use any clemency. "Mr. Johnson has all the making of a martyr in him, I would not deprive him of the chance," said James. Some years later, William III., in pardoning an obstinate Jacobite, said pleasantly, "He is longing to become a martyr, but I am resolved to disappoint him." The English Church had not countenanced Johnson in his virulent and almost revolutionary attack. She had undertaken a peaceful campaign, enunciating her principles and defending her doctrines by the pens of the most distinguished theologians of the day, — Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Sherlock, Prideaux, — almost all celebrated writers, experienced dialecticians, and renowned for their wisdom and eloquence. The defenders of the Roman Catholic faith were few in number, for the most part brought up on the Continent, and strangers to English ideas; their defeat was complete, and public feeling was satisfied by the superiority of the champions of Protestantism. King James, however, resolved to employ more efficacious arguments for the maintenance and propagation of his religious convictions. The Scottish Parliament was convoked for the 12th of February, 1687; it was there the monarch proposed to launch the first declaration of his absolute power. The Duke of Queensberry, Lord Treasurer of Scotland, a decided Protestant, was replaced by the Earl of Perth, who had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith. He was a relation of Rochester, whose long political death-struggle had just



ended in his complete disgrace. The attachment of Clarendon's son to the Anglican Church had triumphed over his ambition for power and fortune. He had consented to receive instruction from the royal chaplains, but had never been able to make up his mind to become a Catholic. The two brothers-in-law of the king left his service at the same time, Rochester loaded with honors and favors, and Lord Clarendon replaced in Ireland by the violent Tyrconnel, who was a zealous Catholic, Irish by race, character, and prejudices, and determined to establish the royal supremacy in Ireland. "There's a work to be done in Ireland which no Englishman can perform," said King James. Under the sway of Tyrconnel all authority soon passed into the hands of the Catholics. "We have become slaves to our servants," said the Protestants bitterly, and a great number of distinguished families left Ireland with Clarendon. "Tyrconnel is mad enough to ruin ten kingdoms," his friends said publicly.

The Scottish Parliament was submissive by force of habit and precedent; it admitted without making any difficulty the royal power of dispensation. But James understood well that he could not abolish the penal laws which weighed on the Catholics without granting at the same time effectual relief to the Protestant nonconformists who also groaned beneath their rigor, and it was with regret he saw himself constrained to do so, for his repugnance towards the latter was extreme. "I really think," said Barillon to Louis XIV., "that if no other but the Anglican religion and the Catholic faith were by law established, the King of England would be more contented." The principle of religious liberty was, however, the only one which could protect the Catholics, and it was therefore in its name that James proclaimed at Edinburgh, on the 12th of February, 1687, a declaration of indulgence "by our sovereign authority, royal prerogative, and absolute power." Catholics

and Quakers were for once united in an equal and complete tolerance, but numerous restrictions were imposed on the religious liberty of the Presbyterians.

The temperament of the English Houses differed from that of the Scottish Parliament; the Anglican Church, always powerful over men's minds, was directly engaged in the struggle; James exercised prudence, and set to work to prepare the way for the declaration of his purpose, before the meeting of Parliament. One after the other all the public functionaries sitting in either House, as well as a great number of important and independent members, were sent for to the palace to the king's private apartments, and were there besought, urged, compelled to promise their support to the measure. Many were bought over, and those who resisted were threatened. Nevertheless, the members of the House of Commons, thus closeted with the king, did their best to convince him of the opposition which was preparing. James, however, took the proposed step on the 4th of April, 1687, but his declaration to the Parliament of England was more moderate in its tone and form than that which he had sent to the Scottish Parliament. Addresses of thanks from the Independents, the Quakers, the Presbyterians and Catholics, were quoted and published everywhere. The king was convinced that conscience could not be forced, the declaration said; that persecution was fatal to the development of population as it was to that of commerce, and had never attained the aim which its persecutors proposed. The dissenting ministers came out of prison and their places of worship were reopened. The court made a great talk about the universal joy and gratitude of the nonconformists, but the reports were considerably exaggerated, and confidence was less general than gratitude. Baxter, Howe, Bunyan, and Kiffin, eminent in

their different denominations, made a stand against the abuse of royal power, foreseeing a snare. The moderate dissenters were ready to respond to the advances of the Anglican Church, which was menaced in her turn, rather than lend their help to the emancipation of Catholics. With few exceptions English Protestantism presented a compact body, resolved to withstand royal seductions as well as royal violence. Parliament was dissolved on the 4th of July.

The day before, the Pope's nuncio, recently instituted "*Archbishop in partibus d'Amasie*," arrived at Windsor in the most magnificent equipage, and was received by the king in public audience. Innocent XI. had received Lord Castlemaine, King James's disreputable ambassador, with great coldness, and it was in vain that he importuned his Holiness, in his master's name, for the necessary authority for the elevation of Father Petre to the episcopal dignity. At length the envoy threatened to leave Rome. "Your Excellency is the best judge," said the Pope with a smile; "I hope you will take care of your health on the road;" and Castlemaine went away without having effected anything. The prudent counsels of the Catholic moderate party were not listened to in England. Father Petre was admitted to the council, but a Jesuit could not be made a bishop without the consent of the Pope, and this consent Innocent XI. persistently refused. Some great English lords also proved themselves rebellious to King James's will. For instance, the Duke of Somerset, when selected to head the escort of the nuncio, declared his resolution of not being present at the ceremony of installation. "I cannot obey your Majesty without violating the law," said he. "I know how to make myself feared as well as the law," replied the irritated monarch; "don't you know I am above the law?" "Your Majesty is so, but I am not," was Somerset's answer; "and

so long as I obey the law I fear nothing." He immediately lost his posts both at court and in the army.

Other removals and promotions astonished England at this time. Eager, like all innovators, to seize upon charitable and educational establishments, the king had made an attempt to oblige the governors of the Charter House, in London, to admit sick Catholics into their hospital. "An Act of Parliament forbids it," replied the governor. "What does that matter?" asked the courtiers. "It matters much," replied the old Duke of Ormond; "in my opinion an Act of Parliament should not be lightly violated." James had required from the University of Cambridge the degree of doctor for a Benedictine monk, and on the refusal of the dignitaries, the Vice-chancellor Pechel being summoned before the Court of High Commission and brutally reprimanded by Jeffreys, was suspended from his functions. A similar struggle, still more violent, broke out at Oxford on the election of the President of Magdalen College. The Fellows claimed their rights, and asserted their independence, but the king wished to impose his candidate upon them. "I will make you feel all the weight of my hand," said he, with anger, to the dignitaries of the university. The Fellows were deprived of their revenues, the doors of the president's house were broken open, and the royal candidate forcibly installed. The Catholics thus took possession of this foundation, one of the richest in Oxford. The struggle with the Anglican Church was thus irrevocably commenced, and, by a good fortune which for some years past had not attended her, that Church was henceforth enrolled among the defenders of the rights and liberties of the English people.

The king meanwhile was preparing for the new elections, and not without some uneasiness as to their result. The House of Lords itself had shown signs of hostility, and the

new hopes of becoming a mother which the queen, after many disappointments, again gave, inspired James more than ever with the desire to go on with a work which in future might be completed by his son. All lord-lieutenants of counties received orders to interrogate their subordinates, and strictly assure themselves of their intentions in the coming election. Catholics and dissenters were to occupy civic posts as soon as possible. But the king had wrongly judged the pride of the great English lords, and half the lord-lieutenants refused to lend themselves to the services which the king required. They were at once degraded, and the crown had some difficulty in finding successors for them. But no mute indication, no official or officious warning, sufficed to open King James's eyes, infatuated as he was by his real power and his imaginary rights, without foresight or prudence, and persistently wrong-headed in his mad enterprise. "The world has much exaggerated the intellectual powers of his Britannic Majesty," said Bonrepaux, who had known him well and judged him rightly; "he has less brains than King Charles, without having more virtues."

It was the English Church for whom was reserved the honor of striking the first blow in behalf of the menaced liberties of England. On the 27th of April, 1688, the king published a new Declaration of Indulgence, repeating and commenting on his previous declarations, and announcing his intention of convoking Parliament in the month of November. On the 4th of May he ordered this declaration to be read on the 20th of the month in all the churches.

This step was at once bold and clever. The Anglican clergy disapproved the measure religiously and politically; but the delay was short, the means of communication still difficult, and uniformity of action almost impossible to establish. The king had counted upon their weakness, upon

their separation, and on the doctrine of submission. London gave as usual the signal for resistance. A meeting of the clergy, simultaneously with a council of the bishops, resolved not to yield to the king's illegal demands. The most eminent of the dissenters seconded with their advice the courage of the prelates. On the 18th, at Lambeth, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a petition was signed by the primate and the bishops of his see, St. Asaph, Ely, Chichester, Bath, Peterborough, and Bristol. Compton, Bishop of London, the foremost in the struggle, could not sign because of his suspension. Drawn up by the archbishop himself in a cumbrous and confused style, the petition tediously exculpated the prelates from all intolerance as well as from all rebellion, setting forth that the laws did not give the king by himself the right of modifying ecclesiastical statutes, and that the Declaration of Indulgence not being a legalized Act, the bishops could not cause it to be read in their dioceses.

The same evening six prelates presented themselves at Whitehall. The archbishop was ill, and his doctors had forbidden his going to court. The Bishop of St. Asaph desired to hand the petition to Sunderland, but the minister refusing to read the document, introduced the bishops to the king. Their secret had been carefully kept, and James expected merely some objections to the form of the declaration. "This is my lord of Canterbury's handwriting," said the king, opening the paper. "Yes, sire." He commenced reading, and his face grew dark. "It is a standard of rebellion!" he exclaimed at last. The Bishop of Bristol, Sir John Trelawney, fell on his knees. "Rebellion, sire! I beseech your Majesty not to say anything so hard of us: a Trelawney could not be a rebel. Let your Majesty remember how I served you in the time of Monmouth's

invasion." "We have crushed one rebellion," said Lake, Bishop of Chichester, "we shall not raise another." "Sir, I hope you will give that liberty to us which you allow to all mankind," said Ken, the pious Bishop of Bath. As usual, James repeated his own words. "I tell you that it is a standard of rebellion. My declaration shall be read, and I will have it so." "Sir," said Ken, "we have a double duty to perform, — towards God and towards your Majesty. We honor you, but we fear God." "Have I merited this," cried James, "I who have been so well disposed towards your Church? What are you doing here? Go back to your dioceses. My declaration shall be read, but I will keep this paper, and I will remember you who have signed it." "The will of God be done!" said Ken. The bishops retired with these pious words. The next morning, by an accident it has been affirmed, the petition of the bishops was published everywhere. The king said nothing. On the Sunday appointed only four clergymen read the Declaration of Indulgence in the London churches. Their congregations went out and left them alone.

The country followed the example of the capital, and a great number of bishops sent in their adhesion to the petition. In the dioceses where the prelates showed some complaisance towards the royal injunctions, the majority of the clergy disobeyed them. "I cannot hope for your lordship's protection," wrote one poor pastor of the diocese of Rochester; "God's will be done! I would rather suffer than sin." The enthusiasm of the populace was equal to the resolution of the clergy. "The Anglican Church has grown in public esteem in the most incredible way," wrote the Dutch minister to the States-general. "The nonconformists everywhere go about declaring that they would rather suffer all the

penalties of the law than separate their cause from that of the bishops."

The king now grew uneasy; in his blind obstinacy he had foreseen neither the resistance of the Church nor the popular indignation. For a moment he inclined towards conciliation; but the chancellor was of a different opinion, and advised taking legal steps. Summoned to appear before the council on the 8th of June, the bishops, carefully instructed by their lawyers, maintained a prudent reserve, but they refused to accept the order to appear before the Court of the King's Bench, and intrenched themselves behind their privileges as peers. "You believe everybody before me," exclaimed the king angrily; and the seven bishops were sent to the Tower.

The populace thronged around them on the way, and the cry, "God bless your lordships!" resounded from every side. The soldiers who formed in line before the Traitor's Gate, knelt down to receive the episcopal blessing. In the garrison their healths were drunk; and at the entrance to the prison the carriages of the aristocracy were drawn up in double row. A deputation of nonconformist ministers had been charged to compliment the bishops, and the king sent for the delegates to reproach them with their ingratitude. "We have forgotten all old quarrels," replied the dissenters, "and we are resolved not to abandon the men who defend the Protestant religion."

On the 15th of June, at the opening of the assizes, the prelates were admitted to bail and allowed to re-enter their palaces; twenty-one peers of the highest rank had offered to be their sureties, and one of the richest dissenters of the city had begged the honor of being responsible for Bishop Ken. The attitude of the bishops was as pious and modest as it was courageous. "Honor the king, and remember us in your







prayers," was their exhortation to the crowd assembled along their route. Sir Edward Hales, the Catholic governor of the Tower, menaced them with irons and dungeons, if the judges sent them to prison, but the prelates replied, "We lament the king's displeasure, but every other man loses his breath that attempts to intimidate us." The Archbishop of Canterbury had great difficulty in preventing the grenadiers stationed before his palace from lighting bonfires in his honor, and everywhere the people asked for his blessing.

While the bishops were still in the Tower, on the 10th of June, 1688, in St. James's Palace was born, in the midst of the most insulting suspicions, the unfortunate heir of the Stuarts, destined to wander about the world for seventy-seven years, a prey to every kind of misfortune. Throughout all England the queen's pregnancy had been questioned, and when the Prince of Orange sent his minister, Count Zulestein, to congratulate his father-in-law on the birth of the Prince of Wales, the envoy wrote back word to his master, that the child was generally held to be supposititious. Thus public conviction agreed perfectly with the interest of William of Nassau. The prayers that had been ordered for the little prince were soon suppressed in the royal chapel at the Hague, and when King James angrily protested, his daughter assured him that the omission had arisen from forgetfulness—but the error was never repaired. History has judged King James very severely, but, less prejudiced or less suspicious than the Prince of Orange, it has ceased to dispute the legitimacy of his son.

On the 29th of June, at break of day, the precincts of Westminster were crowded with people. A jury carefully selected by the agents of the crown were assembled on the king's bench. All awaited the arrival of the bishops, who came at length accompanied by the most distinguished jurists

of the bar, thirty-nine peers of the realm being also among the audience. The discussion was long, close, and often violent, turning on the right of subjects to present a petition, so long as it was not a libel. Two of the judges summed up in favor of the bishops. "The declaration of indulgence is void in my opinion," said Powell, "and the power of dispensation such as has lately been exercised is absolutely contrary to law, and if such a dispensing power be allowed there will need no Parliament. All the legislative authority will be in the king, and the result of this, gentlemen, I leave to God and your consciences."

Night came, and the jury retired. "It is now late," wrote the nuncio, "but the sentence is not yet passed. The judges and accused have returned to their homes, but the jury are still sitting. To-morrow we shall know the issue of this great struggle." Discussion was lively among the jury. Those who kept guard on the staircase of the Tower heard confused voices and sometimes accents of anger. Nine members immediately pronounced in favor of acquittal. The animosity of two other jurors soon gave way to the resolution of their colleagues; Arnold, the king's brewer, remained alone. "I am ruined whatever happens," he had said in taking his place on the tribunal; "if I acquit the bishops, I shall brew no more for his Majesty; if I condemn them, I shall brew for nobody else." He remained, however, obstinate in his resolve. "I am not," he said, "accustomed to discussions and arguments, but my conscience is not easy, and I will never acquit the bishops." "Listen to me," said Austin, a rich land-owner, who was passionately in favor of the bishops. "I am the strongest and stoutest of you all; before I will admit that the petition in question is a libel, I will remain here till I am no thicker than a pipe-stem." It was six o'clock in the morning when Arnold gave way at last.

The court reassembled at ten o'clock. "Not guilty," said Sir Robert Langley, the foreman of the jury.

Lord Halifax sprang from his seat and waved his hat, and at this signal cries of joy burst from the benches, the ante-chambers, and the courtyard. The crowd which thronged all the streets, catching the distant sound of the acclamations, replied by shouts and cheers. Strong men burst into tears, so great was their sense of relief and thankfulness. Cries came from the shipping which crowded the Thames, and the soldiers in garrison at Hounslow-Heath heard the news just as the king, who had inspected them that day, was leaving the camp. Behind him resounded the acclamations of the troops. "What is the meaning of those cries?" asked James. "It is nothing," they replied; "it is only the soldiers rejoicing at the acquittal of the bishops." "Do you call that nothing?" exclaimed James; and he repeated what he had muttered in French on receiving the news by Sunderland's messenger: "It shall be so much the worse for them." In spite of his narrow obstinacy and the sincerity of his self-deception, James felt his defeat keenly; he became more obstinate than ever in his views, and more determined to gain the end he was striving for. The question of the government of England became a challenge between the king and his people. In the midst of what dangers and what rivals did James rule! Could he forget the constant menace presented him by the Prince of Orange, his son-in-law, the recognized chief of Protestant Europe, and head of the great coalition which was slowly forming against Louis XIV.!

Great-grandson of William the Taciturn and Louise de Coligny, William of Nassau was born on the 4th of November, 1650, at a time when the fortunes of his family were giving way under the blows of the republican patriciate of the province of Holland. Carefully brought up by John de

Witt, who had never had absolute confidence in the destinies of his party, he had shared from childhood in the most important political movements and in the rudest fortunes of war. At the age of twenty-one he had saved his country from imminent danger. As cold in appearance as he was ardent and resolute at heart, he had learned to govern himself before he governed others, with an ability and power which made Pope Innocent XI. exclaim, "The Prince of Orange is the master of Europe."

Adored by his wife, and by a few friends to whom he showed in return a touching devotion, he had received from all marks of the most sincere attachment. His friend Bentinck had nursed him during an attack of small-pox. "I don't know whether Bentinck slept or not while I was ill," said the Prince once tenderly; "but what I do know is, that for sixteen days and sixteen nights I never asked for anything without finding Bentinck by my bedside." For a long time a lack of sympathy had existed between his wife and himself. Mary was in ignorance of the rights which her birth conferred upon her to the exclusion of her husband; but at last, Dr. Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, who was wandering about on the Continent from mistrust of King James, and who had just settled down in Holland, took upon himself to enlighten the Princess. She went at once to her husband. "I did not know," she said to him, "that the laws of England were so contrary to the law of God, as Dr. Burnet has explained to me. For my part, I cannot admit that the husband could ever owe obedience to his wife; you shall always be master, I promise you; but—" and she sighed, gently alluding to the grief which William had sometimes caused her—"I beg you to remember the precept, 'Husbands, love your wives;' as I am resolved to observe that other which says, 'Women, submit yourselves

to your husbands in all things as to the Lord.' " It was afterwards in accordance with his wife's wishes that the Prince of Orange resisted all James's attempts to gain him over to his views. "You ask me," he said, "to give my consent to an attack against my religion. I could not do it conscientiously, and I will not do it, either for the crown of England or the empire of the world." "It is the duty of my nephew to give me his help," said the king angrily; "but he has always taken a pleasure in contradicting me." To which Dykwelt, William's envoy in London, protested respectfully: "You cannot expect a Protestant prince to second you against the Protestant religion, Sire."

While defending his master, the clever Dutchman silently pursued the work for which he had been sent to England. Since the fall of Monmouth, especially, men of every shade of dissent had been grouping themselves silently round the Prince of Orange, a leader remote, circumspect, prudent, and skilful in maintaining a certain unity among the diverse elements which were preparing in England for resistance. In his great design of one common effort of all the European powers against the unbridled ambition of Louis XIV., England held an important place, and William was preparing in advance and secretly his own personal action. Firmly resolved to decline all enterprises against the power of his father-in-law, as Lord Mordaunt had lately pressed him to do, he had too able a mind not to discern the clouds which were gathering over the head of the imprudent and obstinate monarch who now walked blindly to his ruin. On Dykwelt's return in 1687, the envoy had brought confidential letters from all the chiefs of the opposition — Halifax, Danby, and even Lord Churchill, who was all-powerful with the Princess Anne through the singular and romantic friendship which James's second daughter entertained for his wife, Sarah Jennings, a

woman as clever and ambitious as himself. "The Princess has charged me," wrote the future Duke of Marlborough, "to assure her illustrious parent that she is resolved, with the help of God, to lose her life rather than be guilty of apostasy. As for me, if I have not led the life of a saint, I could, if needful, suffer the death of a martyr for my religion."

The trial of the bishops, exactly at the time of the Prince of Wales's birth, had opened the eyes of the Tories while closing the door to their religious and political hopes. The king commenced his persecution of the Anglican Church just at the moment when the consoling prospects of a Protestant monarchy had disappeared. For the first time since the Restoration, through different motives and in different degrees, all parties found themselves united in one desire, and aiming at the same end.

"*Aut nunc, aut nunquam*," said William to Dykwelt, when he learned of the acquittal of the bishops. He had refused till then to listen to Edward Russell, the Duke of Bedford's nephew, a hardy and enterprising seaman, burning to avenge his family's wrongs. "I could not attempt anything in England without more formal assurances than you bring me to-day. I know how those who talk of sacrificing their property and their lives, would be silenced immediately if they were menaced with the bloody assizes. I only ask for a few signatures, but they must be those of distinguished men who represent great interests."

When the conspirators' letters arrived at the Hague, they bore the names of the Earls of Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Danby, Lord Lumley, and Compton, Bishop of London. Vice-Admiral Herbert, in the dress of a common sailor, had brought them in person to the Prince of Orange. Soon after, Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney, actively employed in Wil-



liam's negotiations with English statesmen, gave him the assurance that Lord Sunderland himself, though loaded with King James's favors, a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and victorious over all his rivals, manifested favorable intentions towards the secret designs of the Prince. The moment for action approached; political intrigues and military preparations could not remain secret much longer. William's secret agitation, impenetrable to common eyes, appeared in all its bitterness when he wrote to Bentinck: "My suffering and agony are cruel—I cannot see my way—I have never felt so much before the want of God's direction. His grace be with you, and permit you to take part in a work on which, humanly speaking, the fate of the Church depends."

Meanwhile, in presence of the danger which menaced himself as well as King James, the active vigilance of Louis XIV. had not been deceived, and in England he had added warning to warning. But James had given himself up to Sunderland bound hand and foot, and that minister exercised the same influence over Barillon; and both ridiculed the idea of a descent upon England. "Would the Prince of Orange, a prudent and experienced man, renew Monmouth's mad attempt?" they asked. Louis XIV. sent Bonrepaux to London, to offer the king a fleet, while a body of French troops were held in readiness to march on Holland, and the Count d'Avaux received instructions to inform the States-general that the King of France had taken the English court under his protection.

But all these efforts and this foresight failed before the obstinate blindness of King James. He received Louis' offers with displeasure. "My good brother has excellent qualities," he said to the nuncio, "but flattery and vanity have turned his head." He assured the States-general of his amicable

intentions. "My master is by his power as well as by his character above the position that France tries to attribute to him," said the Marquis d'Abbeville, the ignorant and venal ambassador of King James in the United Provinces; "there is a great deal of difference between a king of England and an archbishop of Cologne." Irritated and wounded, Louis XIV. sent his forces into Germany to the aid of that archbishop of Cologne so much despised by James II., and the arms of France were once more triumphant. But the United Provinces had nothing to fear. The States-general had adhered to the project of their Stadtholder; on the 16th of October, 1688, William made his formal appearance before them, wishing, he said, to pay his farewell to the representatives of his native country. He thanked them for the care they had taken of him during his lonely childhood, and for the help they had so long given him; he admitted that he was leaving them perhaps forever. "If I fall fighting," said he, "for the Reformed religion and for the independence of Europe, I recommend my beloved wife to your care." All wept while listening to him. William alone preserved his calm exterior, apparently cold and imperturbable in his indomitable resolution. To the hereditary and characteristic device of his House, "I will maintain," he had added to his standard these significant words, "The liberty of England and the Protestant religion."

The die was cast, and the contrary winds which seemed for a moment to threaten the ruin of the expedition could not stop the liberator in his progress. He prepared to set sail from Helvoetsluys on the 19th of October, after publishing in Holland the manifesto already sent to England, in which the causes of complaint of the English nation were set forth in a style at once moderate and firm. This document was originally the work of the Grand Pensionary

Fagel, and had been translated and abridged by Burnet. Attached to England as he was by bonds of gratitude as well as family ties, the Prince had not felt it right, he said, to refuse the call of so many of the peers, spiritual and temporal, and of the English of all classes, who sought to intrust to him the protection of the national liberties. He denied all idea of conquest. His only aim was the reconstitution of a free and legal Parliament intrusted with the decision in all national or special questions. As soon as England was delivered from tyranny, the Prince's troops should evacuate the country.

The storm was on the point of breaking over James's head when he began at last to open his eyes. An alarming despatch from Abbeville preceded by a few hours the Prince of Orange's manifesto. In this manifesto James pretended not to see his nephew's work, and threw all the copies that were given him into the fire. Nevertheless he multiplied concessions; his haughty character bent at last before the necessity which his narrow mind had so long refused to accept. A solemn declaration promised royal protection to the Anglican Church, and the Bishop of London was reinstated. The king no longer insisted on the admission of Catholics into the House of Commons, and re-established in their posts the local magistrates who had been displaced for resisting his policy. The Court of High Commission was abolished, and the charters of the City of London were restored. The universities were restored to their privileges, and a strange inquiry, designed to prove the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales, was instituted before the Council. One concession alone was obstinately refused: the power of dispensation remained intact. "God has confided it to me for the good of his people," repeated the king,

and all the Catholic officers therefore retained their rank in the army.

James II. was accustomed to intrigues, for he had often seen them plotted and acted before him, and now he felt even in his palace the breath of treason. Sunderland had rendered himself an object of suspicion, and the king demanded from him the seals of office. The minister protested his devotion. "Do not make me the most unhappy man in your kingdom, Sire, by refusing to believe my fidelity," he said in a voice broken with emotion; but Lord Preston was called in, and Sunderland set off at once for the Hague. The Prince of Orange, however, was no longer there: on the 4th of November the Dutch fleet sighted the Isle of Wight. Feeling uneasy about the possibilities of an attack by the royal fleet, "It is not the moment to show one's bravery," he said to Admiral Herbert, "nor to fight if one can avoid it." A mistake of the pilot led the squadron away from the coast at first; on the fifth, towards midday, the sun appeared from behind the clouds, the "Protestant wind," which all hearts prayed for who awaited impatiently the Prince's arrival, at last blew, and the Dutch vessels entered the Bay of Torbay without a shot having been fired. The storm which had in vain buffeted William's fleet, had been fatal to King James's ships. Lord Dartmouth had not been able to put to sea to stop the advance of the invaders: upon damp soil, in the rain, and amid gusts of autumn wind, William of Orange set foot on English ground. When he commenced his march to Exeter, he had with him only his own soldiers, and the fugitive English who had joined him at the Hague. No new additions came to increase his ranks. The nation hesitated as if astonished and troubled at the dawn of deliverance. The conspirators themselves remained motionless.

King James had rallied the chiefs of the opposition about him, and also the bishops. Halifax and Nottingham had not taken part in the conspiracy, and the only prelate who had signed the call to the Prince was Compton. All refused, however, to blame William's conduct publicly. "These are state affairs, Sire," the Archbishop of Canterbury said mildly. "Your Majesty not long ago did that which grieved us, for having meddled in affairs of state." James II. had alienated from him the Anglican Church, once the firmest support of the throne; its pulpits remained silent, the voice of its pastors no longer called the people to the defence of their king. "As ministers of the Church we will assist you with our prayers," the bishops had said, "and as peers of the realm we will advise you in Parliament." "Go, my lords," replied the king, "I urge you no longer; as you will not help me, I will rely on my arms alone."

Meanwhile, the standing army, that last resource long so carefully made ready by the monarch, seemed to be trembling in his hands, and to be on the point of failing him. When men have for a moment hesitated in a cause which they really have at heart, they rush into action with an ardor redoubled by their first uncertainty. The gentlemen of the neighboring counties, the great lords at the head of their dependants, took the road to Exeter, while the prime minister, Lord Cornbury, son of Clarendon, and completely under the influence of the Churchills, brought to the Prince of Orange the three regiments he commanded. "Is it possible my son is a traitor?" asked sadly the son of the great chancellor, himself faithful to his master through all the vicissitudes of fortune; but the Princess Anne expressed surprise at her uncle's consternation. "Many people," she said, "are afraid of Papistry; I think his example will be extensively followed in the army." A few days later Lord

Churchill and the Duke of Grafton at the head of their troops had joined the Prince of Orange. King James had gone as far as Salisbury when he heard of this unexpected defection: everywhere the people were rising; the west and the north were in arms; and the unfortunate monarch, afraid of finding the road to London barred, commanded a retreat. His son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, left him secretly during the march. Heavy in mind as in body, that prince had a habit of replying to the gravest or the most insignificant remark by the invariable exclamation, "Is it possible?" "*Is-it-possible* is gone also," said James when the prince was missing one morning at his levee; "if he were not the husband of my daughter, the meanest trooper would be a greater loss." But when he arrived in London, James heard that the Princes Anne as well as her husband had deserted him, and the blow was an overwhelming one. As blind in his family as he was in his kingdom, he had not guessed the intrigues which were going on about him, nor the isolation in which the intolerant ardor of his religious faith had placed him. He sank into an arm-chair, murmuring, "God have pity on me, even my children abandon me!"

The unfortunate king now felt himself surrounded on all sides by defection. Even those who still remained faithful to him now changed their language. A deputation from the House of Lords had recently urged him to enter into negotiations with the Prince of Orange, and to convoke a free Parliament, and he at last inclined towards accepting this salutary advice. "It is important to this end," said Lord Clarendon, "that the mind of the people should be reassured about the fear of Popery. Now, at the present time his Majesty is raising in London a regiment in which there is not a single Protestant." "It is not true!" exclaimed James. They required a promise of a general

amnesty from him. "I cannot," said the king at first; "I must make examples: of Churchill especially, — of Churchill whom I raised so high, and who has ruined me. He has corrupted my army, he has corrupted my daughter, and he would have given me up into the hands of the Prince of Orange, without God's mercy preventing him. My lords, you seem to be much concerned about the safety of the traitors; have you nothing to say about mine?" He gave way, however, and commanded Halifax to draw up a royal proclamation. Parliament was convoked for the 13th of February. The amnesty was without reserve. Delegates were chosen to treat with the Prince of Orange, while the governor of the Tower, Sir Edward Hales, was dismissed and replaced by Skelton, who had lately been his prisoner.

So many concessions and such reasonable conduct on the part of the king hid as usual a secret resolution. "This negotiation is only a pretence," said James to Barillon. "I send delegates to my nephew in order to have time to place the queen and Prince of Wales in safety. My troops will not support me, and the Irish who still remain faithful would not be sufficient for the struggle. Parliament would be certain to impose intolerable conditions, and I should be obliged to give up all I have done for the Catholics, and to break with the King of France. When the queen and my son are gone, I shall take refuge either in Ireland or Scotland, or with your master." On the 9th of December, the Prince of Wales and the queen, accompanied by three women in waiting, and under the protection of the Duke de Lauzun, who was as bold and adventurous in London as he was in Paris, secretly quitted the palace of Whitehall, crossed the Thames in an open boat, and soon reached Gravesend. The next day the fugitives arrived at Calais, and a gentleman in Lauzun's retinue brought this news to

King James. His most faithful servants, Lords Dover and Dartmouth, had refused their help to facilitate the prince's escape. "I would risk my life to defend the throne," the admiral had said, "but I cannot help in the Prince of Wales's departure for France." Only foreigners, therefore, had consented to serve the King of England.

Almost at the same hour that he was assured of the safety of his wife and son, King James received, through Lord Halifax, the proposals of the Prince of Orange, which were more moderate and conciliating than he had dared to hope. The greatest names in England had gathered round William of Nassau; those who did not personally attend at his audiences collected their servants and retainers in his cause. "What do you intend to do?" murmured Halifax in Burnet's ear in the midst of the crowd. "Do you want to have the king in your power?" "Not at all," replied Burnet; "we would do him no harm." "And if he were to go away?" "Nothing is more desirable," replied the bishop. The crowding of the courtiers prevented further conversation, but the despatches received from Halifax accorded with what Burnet had said. On the night of the 10th of December, King James, simply dressed, and accompanied only by Sir Edward Hales, left Whitehall secretly, after having destroyed all the Parliamentary writs which had not been issued. In crossing the Thames, he dropped the Great Seal into the midst of the stream. Disembarking at Vauxhall, where a carriage was waiting for him, he took the road to Sheerness. "I thank you for your fidelity," he wrote to Lord Feversham before leaving. "I no longer ask you to expose your life for me in fighting a foreign army and a nation infected by the contagion of treason. I seek my safety by flight from my kingdom." On receipt of this letter, Lord Feversham at once disbanded his troops, letting



loose a new element of discord at the gates of a capital suddenly given up to its own direction in the midst of general excitement and the most tumultuous passions. "Assemble the guards and declare yourselves for the Prince of Orange," was Lord Rochester's advice to the young Duke of Northumberland. The peers of the realm who were in London seized the power, formally declaring their intention of rallying round the Prince of Orange, and of carrying on the government in his name till he should arrive. But all the efforts of this self-established authority were not sufficient to preserve London from the most dreadful tumults; for three days and nights the houses of the Catholics, as well as their places of worship, were given up to pillage, their furniture was broken or burned, their plate stolen, and themselves insulted. The report of an Irish invasion redoubled the fury of the populace; no murder, however, was committed, Chancellor Jeffreys being the only man whose life was in danger. He sought to escape in close disguise; but a man lately condemned by him recognized under his disguise that savage look of the chief-justice which had so often frozen with terror the prisoners at his bar. He was at once seized by the mob, and two regiments of militia, immediately called out by the Lord Mayor, were scarcely sufficient to defend the carriage in which he was secured from the enraged multitude. He was imprisoned in the Tower, and there soon after expired, stricken by the hand of God with a dreadful malady.

King James had arrived at Sheerness, but the feeling of the whole nation was everywhere aroused against him, and the sailors were all on the lookout, disposed to find everywhere Catholic priests in disguise. James was seized, searched, and insulted. "It is Father Petre!" they cried, "don't you see his thin cheeks? Stop the old Jesuit!" The king was

quickly set on shore, and there at once recognized by the bystanders; this failure completed the derangement of his faculties. James, who was naturally courageous, as had been frequently proved on the field of battle, now entreated in vain for a vessel in which to escape. "The Prince of Orange pursues me; he seeks my life, and if you do not let me escape to-day it will be too late; my blood will be upon your head." Taken to an inn, and treated with respect, the unhappy king notwithstanding felt himself a prisoner in his own kingdom. "What have I done?" he repeatedly asked. "What fault have I committed?" The compassion due to a great misfortune closed the mouths of all who listened to him.

When the news of the king's arrest reached London, it threw the government into the deepest consternation. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided in the council, at once resigned his seat. Halifax took his place, bitterly exasperated by the part James had made him play at Hungerford. Orders were at once given to send a body of troops commanded by Feversham to meet James, and the king was thus brought back to Rochester, broken down in mind and body by the troubles he had endured. He wrote to the Prince of Orange: "I have returned to Whitehall, and desire to have a talk with you. The palace of St. James will be prepared for your Highness."

William's prospects, however, had been darkened by the king's arrest; and he secretly cursed the officious zeal of the sailors. He was obliged to decide immediately whether the abdication should be complete and voluntary, or the civil strife should be prolonged between the two parties. He refused the proposed conference, and begged King James to remain at Rochester.

It was too late, however, for the king had just re-entered

London, where compassion, habit, and a reaction from past anger had collected a numerous crowd in the streets as he passed by, and he was saluted by a few acclamations. But well informed and far-seeing men were not deceived. "There are acclamations and fireworks," wrote Barillon, "but in their hearts the people are for the Prince of Orange." James, who was always easily deceived, for a moment believed it a return of his former popularity. He convoked a council, again gathering around him those who had not legally the right to be there, and severely blaming the peers of the realm who had dared to exercise a usurped authority in London. The Count of Nassau-Zulestein had just arrived, and the message of the Prince of Orange, cold and hard, damped the king's reviving hopes. "I hope, however, my nephew will come to St. James," he said, excusing himself for having left Rochester. "I am obliged to warn your Majesty," replied Zulestein, "that his Highness will not enter London so long as he finds troops there who will not obey his orders." Some hours later a deputation, with Halifax at its head, arrived at Whitehall. The English troops in the service of the States-general were already beginning to occupy the streets of London. The king was in bed when the messengers entered his room. "The Prince will be in Westminster to-morrow morning," they said; "he begs your Majesty to go to the Duke of Lauderdale at Ham." "It is a cold, ill-furnished house," said James, who did not, however, appear troubled by the message; "I would rather return to Rochester." William's permission was not long in arriving, and the next morning at ten o'clock the royal barge slowly descended the Thames. All eyes were wet, all hearts were moved, for it was indeed a sad spectacle to see their king, lately so powerful, obliged to-day, by his own fault as much as by the high-spirited resolution of his sub-

jects, to fly the country from which he had been exiled when scarcely more than a child, and had recovered only to lose again. The joy of deliverance reigned in men's hearts, but compassion and respect were not wanting in their demeanor.

Four days later, on the night of the 22d of December, the king, carelessly guarded, but pursued by a mortal terror, slipped out of the house which he occupied at Rochester, accompanied by the Duke of Berwick. A boat awaited him near the shore, and before daybreak he was on board a little merchant-vessel sailing out of the Thames.

Four kings of the House of Stuart had for a long period and with varying pretensions laid on England the weight of an unjust yoke. For the second time, and forever, a free people had rejected them. When the Prince of Orange, immediately after his arrival in London, received a deputation of the bar, presided over by Maynard, the old lawyer, who had been charged forty-seven years before with the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford, presented himself, still in the vigor of life, before the liberator of England. "Sergeant," said William, "you must surely have outlived all the lawyers of your time?" "Yes, my lord," replied the old man, "and without your Highness, I might also have outlived our laws." It is to the eternal honor of the Prince of Orange, as to that of England, that they both defended without violence or bloodshed those civil and religious liberties once obtained at the expense of so much effort and so many crimes, and worthy of being thus preserved and defended by the hero and statesman who was destined at the same time and by the same act to save the independence of Europe menaced by King Louis XIV.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## WILLIAM AND MARY. ESTABLISHMENT OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT. 1689-1694.

**K**ING JAMES II. had escaped from England, fleeing before the tempest which he had aroused, but obstinate in his opinions and steadfastly hoping for a return which his people were resolved at any cost to prevent. William of Orange had just entered London. He had not established his quarters in Whitehall, and he refused to accept the crown by right of conquest. Prudent and foreseeing, he would not be false to the promises of his manifesto, nor irritate by publishing its defeat that English army which he hoped soon to command. He had not conquered England: she had called him to her aid and had voluntarily submitted to him, and it was therefore by her free consent that he would hold the supreme power. A provisional assembly was formed, composed of the Lords who chanced to be in London and the members of the House of Commons who had sat in Parliament during the reign of King Charles II.; the aldermen of London and a deputation of the City Council being also invited to join it. At his departure the king had left a letter, and when some peers made inquiries for it, Lord Godolphin replied, "I have seen this document, and I can assure your lordships that it contains nothing which could give you any satisfaction." Fully assured therefore of the fugitive monarch's blind obstinacy, the peers of the realm presented their address to

the Prince on the 25th of December, and a few days later the Commons followed their example. "Your Highness, led by the hand of God, and called by the voice of the nation, has saved our dearest interest," said the address, "the Protestant religion, — which is primitive Christianity, — and restored those laws which are the best title to our lives, liberties, and estates, and without which the world were a wilderness. To this divine commission our nobles, our gentry, and amongst them our brave English soldiers, tender themselves and their arms upon your appearance." The same expressions of thankfulness and the same requests were presented by the Scottish lords who were in London — one excepted, the Earl of Arran, son of the Duke of Hamilton, who had proposed entering into negotiations with King James. "All cry out Hosanna! to-day," said the Prince of Orange to Dykwelt and his other Dutch friends who had brought him the congratulations of his native country, and expressed their joy at the enthusiasm which was everywhere manifested in England, — "but in two days' time they will cry out quite as loudly, Crucify! crucify!" Firmly resolved to reign in England, William foresaw, without however fully realizing their extent, the difficulties and obstacles which the great enterprise he had been invited to undertake would meet with in England itself.

But he accepted the task without flinching, and on the 22d of January, 1689, a Convention, which soon declared itself a Parliament, was formed at Westminster, elected by circular notes sent out in the name of the Prince of Orange. Already parties began to be formed — the great national union which had decreed and brought about the revolution yielding to individual passions and different opinions. In this supreme crisis of the government of England, the Tories, very numerous in the House of Lords but feeble in the







House of Commons, hesitated, according to their political or religious bias, between negotiations with King James and the institution of a regency, thus leaving the fugitive monarch the empty title of king on the one hand, or, on the other, declaring that the throne was vacant, and calling in the Princess Mary as rightful heir to the crown. No one dared to affirm the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales. Among the Whigs, who counted in their ranks a certain number of dissenters, some proposed that Parliament should proclaim the right of the nation to depose a prince guilty of misgovernment; others, less advanced in revolutionary views, although firmly resolved to deliver England from King James's bad government, sought to cloak with legal forms the national will. "Kings, so they say, rule by right divine," exclaimed Sir Robert Howard, "but the people also have their divine right." On the 26th of January the House of Commons concluded its sittings by voting a resolution couched in these terms: "King James II. having attempted to subvert the constitution of the kingdom by breaking the original contract between the king and the people, and by the advice of the Jesuits and other wicked persons having violated the fundamental laws of the kingdom, and withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, has abdicated the government, and the throne is thereby vacant." The form of the declaration was open to criticism, its substance only was important. The Commons added to their declaration that the throne was vacant a second decision equally grave, namely, that "The reign of a Catholic monarch is incompatible with the security and well-being of the Protestant nation." And the two resolutions were transmitted to the House of Lords.

The Protestant declaration was voted unanimously: the King of England, as chief of the Anglican Church, must necessarily, it was said, belong to that Church. In respect

to the vacancy of the throne, the Tories insisted on discussing, first of all, the question of the regency originally proposed by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and afterwards supported by Lords Rochester and Nottingham. Divided between their conviction of the dangers to which King James exposed the country and their sentiments of monarchical loyalty, the members of this section of the Tory party hoped to remain faithful to their oaths of allegiance by treating the fugitive monarch as a sick man, incapable of governing, and consequently obliged to delegate his power to the Prince of Orange. When, however, this proposition was thrown out, Lord Danby admitted the vacancy of the throne, and asked that the Princess Mary be proclaimed queen in accordance with the principle that the throne could not remain empty; but the Whigs, with Halifax at their head, boldly asserted the right of the nation to choose its monarch. King James they said was alive, the princess therefore could not be his heir; the throne had become elective, and the Prince of Orange was the only person worthy to be called to it.

The discussion between the two Houses, as well as within the House of Lords itself, increased in ardor, and crowds surged round the gates of the palace. Lord Lovelace notified the peers that he was charged with a petition demanding the immediate proclamation of the Prince and Princess of Orange as King and Queen of England. "By whom is the petition signed?" they asked. "No one has yet set hand to it," replied the bold nobleman, the first who had joined the Prince of Orange at his landing; "but when I bring it here there will be enough." The same threat was uttered before the House of Commons. The Princess meanwhile was detained in Holland by the state of the sea, which was encumbered with ice. Danby pleaded her cause ener-

getically before the House of Lords, whilst William, who was still faithful to his promise to refer to the Convention the settlement of all great political questions, did not interfere in the debate at all. One of his friends, a Dutchman, probably Dykwelt, was present by chance during the discussion. He was entreated to say what he knew of the Prince's opinions; but the Dutchman resisted for a long time. "I cannot understand what is passing in his Highness's mind," he said at last, "but, if what you want to know is what I suppose and think, I will tell you that I do not imagine he would care to be merely gentleman of the bedchamber to his wife — but I really know nothing at all about it." "I do, though, and rather too much," replied Danby. Burnet finally decided to reveal what the Princess had formerly confided to him. "I know," said he, "that a long time ago, even if she had ascended the throne in the regular succession, she was resolved to repose all the power in her husband's hands, if only she could get for this the consent of Parliament." Mary wrote at the same time to Danby: "I am the Prince's wife; I have no other desire than to remain subordinate to him; the greatest wrong that could be done me would be to place me in rivalry with him, and I shall never consider those my friends who follow such a policy." For a moment the ardent Tories brought forward the Princess Anne's claims now menaced by the elevation of William of Orange, and the Churchills were gained over; but the princess herself made no objection to her brother-in-law's elevation, and the prince therefore sent for the leaders of the two parties in the House of Lords. He summed up in a few words the different alternatives discussed in Parliament. "I have kept silence till now," he added; "I have employed neither solicitation nor menace; I have not even allowed my opinions or desires to transpire, for I have neither the right nor the will to impose anything

on the Convention. I only claim the privilege of refusing functions which I could not fulfil either with honor to myself or utility to the country, and I am resolved never to be regent; neither will I accept such a share in the government as the princess could give me by raising me to the throne. I esteem her as highly as a man can any woman, but I will not be tied to the apron-string even of the best of wives. There is only one part I can honorably fill, and if Parliament offers me the crown for my life, I will accept it; but if not, I shall return without regret to my native country." The prince concluded by saying that he thought it was just to secure the succession to the Princess Anne and her children in preference to the posterity he might have by any other wife than the Princess Mary.

The question was at last decided: William and Mary were to reign together as King and Queen of England, the government being confided to William; and a meeting of the two Houses resulted at once in a vote. Lord Nottingham asked for a modification of the oaths of allegiance. "I do not approve of the acts of the Convention," he said, "but I wish to be able to promise to faithfully obey the new monarchs." The House of Commons had intrusted the drawing up of the Bill of Rights to Somers the legist, whose name had already become celebrated during the trial of the bishops, and whose rare qualities, power and clearness of intellect, and manly eloquence, had placed him in the highest rank, and marked him out soon to become premier. After an explicit and straightforward exposition of the rights of the nation, Parliament declared William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, King and Queen of England during their lives; the crown, after them, devolving on the Princess Anne and her children, and failing them, to William's children.

The Princess Mary had just landed in England; no sooner

did she arrive at Whitehall than people began to criticise her behavior and the first manifestations of her character. Those who saw her found her light-hearted, eager to enjoy her new greatness, and forgetful of the catastrophe which had precipitated her father from the throne which she was about to ascend. Even Burnet was shocked by it. "I always saw so much propriety in her conduct," he said, "that my surprise was great to see her thus fail so entirely on this occasion. Some days afterwards I took the liberty of asking her how it was that her father's misfortunes had made so little impression on her. She took my frankness in good part, as usual, and assured me that she had felt them bitterly, even if she appeared to have forgotten them now, but that she had been requested to affect great gayety. It is possible she only exaggerated the part she had to play, for it was one quite foreign to her disposition." On the 13th of February, the two Houses assembled solemnly at Whitehall, to offer the crown to the Prince and Princess of Orange, Halifax making the actual proposition. "We accept with gratitude what you offer us," said William. "As for me, I can assure you that the laws of England, which I have already defended, will be forever the rule of my conduct. I shall work without ceasing for the prosperity of the kingdom, and in this I look for the help and advice of the two Houses, whose opinion I am prepared to consider even before my own." The public proclamation in front of the great gate of the Palace was saluted by the acclamations of the crowd, and thus the revolution was accomplished, and a new reign began.

With the new reign commenced a new era. The revolution of 1688 had been singularly moderate and reasonable; it had not claimed one new right; it had not added one liberty to the privileges and liberties England enjoyed; it had not altered a single custom; it had not renounced any of the

forms and ceremonies in use from ancient times and dear to the popular heart. It had simply proclaimed in principle and established in fact that the English nation regarded its rights and liberties as its most precious treasure, and that it placed them above hereditary titles and royal rights. Liberal as well as legal, it exacted from the ruler a certain amount of good government and respect for the national will, and at the same time brought out clear from the clouds of the past those great principles of the common interest of the monarch with his people, that England had known how to preserve and defend through so many perils and so much tyranny. The work of liberty was not yet complete, but all the germs of it existed in the Declaration of Rights drawn up by Somers, and solemnly accepted by the new sovereigns. The bitter days of revolutions were ended for England.

At the same time, the day of complete tranquillity had not yet arrived. The rule of William III. was sure to be attended with difficulty, contention, and excitement, and the reasons for this were diverse and complicated. And first among these reasons is to be placed the fact of his nationality: he was a Dutchman at heart as well as by descent, and a foreigner in tastes as well as manners; and this England never forgot. The two countries, though both free and Protestant, were yet separated by profound differences. In England, Whigs and Tories divided the upper classes; republican tendencies existed only obscurely among a certain number of dissenters, while the Anglican Church, the Presbyterians, and the Catholics were royalist by taste as well as on principle. In Holland, on the contrary, the patrician burgher remained almost everywhere passionately attached to the republican form of government; the partisans of the Stadtholderate of Orange were to be found in the army and among the rich land-owners; part also of the provinces of

Guelders and Friesland being equally devoted to it. Brought up in Holland in the midst of party feuds with which he was thoroughly acquainted, and whose tactics he had long directed, able to understand and to sympathize with those even who were the hereditary enemies of his family and his policy, William III. really was in England the stranger that he appeared. Cold and reserved, like a man surrounded by enemies, or at least by critics, he placed confidence only in Dutchmen: on them alone he showered his personal favors; and if he opened his heart and unbent his brow, it was only towards a Dutchman. A constant reproach and a continual source of weakness to the King of England was his marked preference for his native land, and his eagerness to escape thither as soon as the return of warm weather offered him an excuse. There alone he breathed freely; there only did he unfold his great political ideas, more European than English, and difficult for a foreign prince to carry into a new kingdom still all peopled for him with secret or declared enemies. England had long been a stranger to the complications of Continental policy; lowered in her own eyes as well as in those of Europe, she had endured under Charles II. and James II. the yoke of France, against which William III. proudly strove, asking for supreme sacrifices from England and Holland to sustain the cause of European independence. It was not without uneasiness and a certain degree of insular jealousy that the English saw themselves dragged into all kinds of political complications on the Continent; they had given themselves to William of Orange, but they preserved towards him a secret distrust silently fed by the persistent suspicions of the English Church. William was a Protestant, but he was also a Calvinist, and besides, accustomed to the greatest toleration in his own country, which had then become the refuge of all the persecuted. In Eng-

land he found himself in the presence of the Anglican Church, divided in its conduct towards him, in part faithful to the fugitive monarch who had oppressed it, and he was obliged at the same time to combat both the anti-Catholic fervor which had raised him to the throne, and that spirit of intolerance with regard to dissenters which was contrary to all his tastes and principles. The Dutchman, the European statesman, the tolerant Calvinist, met everywhere in England with distrust and obstacles which all the success of the revolution of 1688 could not obliterate, and which the personal superiority of the new monarch never entirely succeeded in conquering.

The Church, silent and gloomy, the army, depressed and humiliated, all party strife let loose,—such was the position of William of Orange on the morrow of his triumph, while the rising of Ireland menaced the peace of the kingdom, and the government meanwhile was still entirely unorganized. A responsible and homogeneous ministry did not then exist; William assembled round him councillors from diverse sources,—Whigs, Tories, and Trimmers,—Danby, Nottingham, Halifax, Shrewsbury, Herbert, and Mordaunt. Dissension soon showed itself. The Tories had exercised the sole power for many years, and they were more experienced and clever in business than the Whigs. The latter were for the most part sincerely devoted to the new government, but jealous and suspicious towards their adversaries, now become their colleagues. Cabals and intrigues, sometimes violent outbreaks, followed one another without cessation, interrupting and retarding the progress of the administration, and undermining the popularity of the king, to whom all parties made appeal, and who tried in vain to moderate all. An attack by John Hampden upon Halifax appeared so violent that they exclaimed in the House of Commons, “They call this an address: it is a libel.” William



was tired of Parliamentary struggles, and eager to seek again that soldier's life which he preferred to politics, when, on the 27th of January, 1690, he pronounced the dissolution of Parliament; and indeed the state of affairs in Ireland urgently required his immediate presence.

Flying from England and the dangers which, as he believed, menaced his liberty and his life, King James had found in France, at the court of Louis XIV., the most generous and magnificent hospitality. Lodged by the king in the palace of St. Germain, and treated in every way as a sovereign and an equal, James II. had asked and obtained from his royal host the means not only to subsist in France, but to undertake the conquest of Protestant and rebel England by means of Ireland, which had remained Catholic and faithful. Already civil war had broken out in the lesser kingdom; the power which James had placed in the hands of Catholics and natives of the country began to disquiet the Protestant groups scattered in colonies throughout Ireland. The little town of Kenmore and the cities of Enniskillen and Londonderry were filled with religious fugitives driven by the tyranny exercised towards them to this refuge which the Scotch Presbyterians had lately found in Ulster. Tyrconnel had in vain tried to maintain an appearance of order; the Irish population, whose passions had so long been excited, had now passed beyond his control.

Ireland therefore was ablaze when King James landed at Kinsale, on the 12th of March, 1689. He had embarked at Brest, accompanied by a staff of French officers under the command of the Count de Rosen. With him Louis XIV. had sent the Count d'Avaux, intrusted with the diplomatic part of the expedition and the intrigues to be set on foot among the English malcontents. From the moment of departure this clever diplomatist, versed in the complicated

negotiations of the Continent, foresaw the embarrassment which would be caused him by the fallen monarch whose cause he was to plead. "It will not be an easy thing to keep a secret with the King of England," he wrote to Louis XIV., "for he used to say publicly before the sailors of the St. Michel what he should have reserved for his most confidential friends. What will also occasion us much trouble is his irresolution, for he often changes his opinion, and does not always decide for the best. He spends his time upon trifles, and neglects the most essential matters. Besides this, he listens to everybody, so that it takes as long to destroy the impressions which bad advice has made upon him as to affect him with good ones."

"All the troops that Tyrconnel had been able to raise were absorbed by the Protestant rising in Ulster," says King James in his memoirs; "and the Catholics of the country had no arms, while the Protestants had them in great abundance as well as the best horses in the kingdom; while, as for artillery, there were only eight little field-pieces capable of being moved. No provisions, and no ammunition in the magazines, very little powder and very few cannon-balls, no money in the treasury, and all the officers gone off to England!" To this sad picture of the condition of his forces in Ireland, James might have added the embarrassment which an ungovernable Parliament caused him, and the claims, as violent as they were unreasonable, of partisans who thought they had a right to give laws to the sovereign they persisted in serving. The Irish demanded the complete independence of their country, threatening, if James refused, to appeal to France, and place themselves in future under her protection; while the English exiles who accompanied the king, despising Ireland and the Irish, aspired only to place their king on the throne of England. "My

Lord Melford is neither a good Frenchman nor a good Irishman," said the Count d'Avaux; "he thinks only of England." In spite of a proclamation of tolerance, published by James, all were agreed none the less upon re-establishing in Ireland the absolute supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church; the Corporation Act passed by Charles II. was abolished; the estates of the Catholics which had been confiscated and bestowed upon Protestants were restored to their original owners; an act of proscription was issued against all fugitive Protestant refugees in the northern counties, and all endowments were taken away from the Anglican Church. The fanatics were triumphant; but the king was troubled and uneasy, for he knew better than his councillors the strength of Protestantism even in Ireland, and he also dreaded the effect of these measures on the public mind in England. Only after long hesitation, lasting even after his actual departure, and causing him to turn back for a time, James set off to lay siege to Londonderry in person.

The place was small, badly fortified, and crowded with fugitives who had brought no provisions with them. The governor, Lundy, betrayed the garrison and the citizens; before his most cowardly flight he made several attempts to give them up to the enemy; but the religious and patriotic ardor of the population triumphed over every obstacle. An Anglican clergyman, George Walker, and Major Henry Baker took command of the troops and of the town, by the simple ascendancy of their character. Resolved to accept no capitulation, they defied the repeated attacks of the Irish army, as well as the sufferings induced by famine. When Lord Strabane was empowered to offer the inhabitants the royal pardon, — "The people of Londonderry have done nothing to require pardon," replied Major Murray;

“they recognize no other sovereign than King William and Queen Mary. Your lordship might not be safe if you remained here longer, or if you repeated the same offers; so permit me to accompany you beyond our lines.” King James upon this returned to Dublin. Meanwhile the town had held out for a hundred and five days, in spite of the cruelties of the Count de Rosen which had excited even the anger of James himself, when on the 30th of July, by orders from London, Colonel Kirke (sent from England to the relief of Londonderry) made a desperate attempt to force the boom erected by the enemy across the river. “If we do not deliver the brave men of Londonderry, the whole world will rise against us!” Birch exclaimed in the House of Commons. “A boom is there? Well, let us break down the boom. Shall we let our brethren perish under our very eyes?” The boom was forced; and the population of Londonderry, decimated, expiring, but still indomitable, saw the vessels which brought them the long hoped-for help advance majestically up the narrow channel which, in consequence of the drought, was all of the river that remained navigable. Thanksgivings and cries of joy were still resounding in the town when a line of flame announced the retreat of the Jacobite army. The siege of Londonderry was raised. On the same day the inhabitants of Enniskillen, who had proudly held their town against the troops of the enemy, followed the Irish in retreat to a little place called Newton-Butler; there, at the foot of the hill, in front of a marsh, the fight commenced between the two brigades. “Shall we advance or retreat?” cried General Wolseley to the improvised army sent to his relief by Kirke. “Advance! advance!” cried the Protestants; the rout of James’s partisans was soon complete, and the massacre frightful. Nothing could restrain the violence of religious and political hatred amongst

a half-civilized population. "The dragoons, who had taken flight in the morning, took to their heels with the rest of the cavalry without firing a single shot," wrote Count d'Avaux, "and they escaped moreover in such panic that they threw down muskets, pistols, and swords, and the greater part among them having worn out their horses, threw off their accoutrements, in order to be able to run more quickly."

At the same time that King James's arms suffered such serious reverses in Ireland, he received news from England which for the moment brought confusion to his council, only to reanimate afterwards by the very imminence of the danger the natural courage of the Irish race. Marshal Schomberg, the illustrious exile who had been banished by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes from that adopted country which he had so gloriously served, and who had been William's lieutenant when he landed in England, had now just embarked for Ireland at the head of a numerous body of troops. To this alarming news was added even worse tidings: the last efforts of the Scottish insurrection had failed; thus vanished all hope of a Jacobite restoration in the hereditary kingdom of the Stuarts.

A tyranny from which England had never suffered had long weighed upon Scotland; an oppressive and corrupt government had met with little opposition from a timid and venal Parliament; a religion that was odious to the nation had been imposed by law upon it. The revolution of 1688 borrowed in Scotland, from the condition of public affairs and of men's minds, a quite different character from that which it had assumed in England. There King James had been overthrown in the name of violated laws; all legal forms had been respected in the election of the Parliament which proclaimed William and Mary. In Edinburgh the

reaction was violent, and led to outbursts of destructive passion; the English clergy were everywhere ill-treated and insulted. The first act of the Convention convoked by the Prince of Orange was the abolition of episcopacy; everywhere the Presbyterians regained liberty and power together: everywhere the Covenanters, long oppressed by an iron hand, began to assert themselves boldly. Notwithstanding, at the moment when the Scottish Parliament, after a warm discussion, had decided to recognize the legality of the revolution by proclaiming in its turn the new sovereigns of England, an insurrection broke out in the Highlands of Scotland, under Viscount Dundee, formerly notorious under the name of Graham of Claverhouse, who was supported in his campaign in favor of James II. by Count Balcarras. Both had visited the Prince of Orange in London, and both claimed the protection of government. "Take care, my lord," William had said to Balcarras, who acknowledged the misdeeds of King James while refusing to vote for his deposition; "keep within the limits of the law; for if you violate it you must expect to be judged by it." Balcarras and Dundee had received James's last orders. "I confide my Scottish affairs to you," the monarch had said to them when preparing to take flight; "you, Balcarras, will take charge of civil affairs; and you, Dundee, will command my troops." It was with great difficulty the latter managed to escape from the Convention, where he had had the audacity to present himself. "Where are you thinking of going?" Balcarras asked him. "Wherever Montrose's ghost shall lead the way," replied the bold partisan, and he disappeared at the head of fifty dragoons, the remains of the famous regiments which had lately hewn the Covenanters in pieces. And the Covenanters had not forgotten it.

The English Jacobites nearly all belonged to the Anglican

Church, and both by strong personal feeling and by family traditions were devoted to its cause as they were to the House of Stuart; the Irish Jacobites were Catholics, and "separatists," convinced that the greatness of their native country, as well as that of the Romish Church, depended on the restoration of King James; the Scottish Jacobites actively engaged in the struggle were either Episcopalians who, lately triumphant, were now wounded in their religious convictions, or Highlanders who had leagued against the power of the clan Campbell and its chief the Earl of Argyle, MacCallum More, as he was called in the Highlands. It was Argyle who in the name of the Parliament of Scotland had offered William and Mary the crown, and who in front of the throne at Whitehall had pronounced the royal oath which the new sovereigns repeated after him. At the last clause William hesitated a moment, for the oath declared that the monarch should destroy all heretics and enemies of the Word of God. "I could not become a persecutor," said the king in a loud voice. "But neither the tenor of the oath nor the laws of Scotland impose this obligation on your Majesty," replied one of the commissioners. "On this condition then I will take the oath," replied William, "and I beg you all, my lords and gentlemen, to be witnesses."

So much moderation and prudence had no effect on the Highlanders: Argyle was engaged in the new government, and although his part in it was to be, from the very nature of his abilities and his character, insignificant, the traditional enemies of his race, the Macdonalds, Camerons, Macleans, and Macgregors, went naturally into the other camp. When Dundee, who was threatened with arrest, left the little castle in which he had fortified himself since his escape from Edinburgh, he found the Highlanders already in arms under the command of Lochiel, the Cameron chief, and Colin

Keppoch, one of the Macdonalds. Bringing in his suite some gentlemen from the Lowlands, capturing any Whigs he found and carrying them off as prisoners, sending before him the flaming cross, and everywhere accompanied by the terror of his name, Dundee soon found himself at the head of an army of five or six thousand men, all brave, hardy, and inured to fatigue, but undisciplined and violent, incapable of fighting according to the ordinary rules of warfare, and consequently of long resisting the attack of regular troops. "We shall not have time to learn your way of fighting," said Lochiel, "but we shall have sufficient time to forget our own." Dundee grew uneasy, and asked King James to send him a considerable reinforcement. He waited during the month of June encamped in Lochaber, while the forces of General Mackay, tired of pursuing without coming up with him, retired into the Lowlands. Edinburgh Castle, which the Duke of Gordon had long held for King James, had just surrendered. The numerous retainers of the Marquis of Athol waited in vain for him to declare his political opinions; his eldest son, Lord Murray, had embraced King William's cause; while the confidential agent of the Marquis, Stewart of Badenoch, served King James. Lord Murray presented himself before Blair Castle, but the garrison which occupied it in his father's name refused him entrance to the fortress, and he had just laid siege to it when Dundee and all the Highland chiefs descended impetuously to the relief of the garrison.

The siege was raised when they arrived; Murray's soldiers had abandoned it; and filling their bonnets with water from a brook, the Highlanders drank to King James's health and dispersed. Mackay and his troops meanwhile had occupied the pass of Killiecrankie, which led to the fortress, and Dundee resolved to attack them. The old Lochiel marched



up and down the Highland ranks, while the distant echoes repeated their wild cries; the shouts of the adversaries in reply were weak and faint-hearted. "We shall carry the day; that is not the cry of men who are going to conquer," cried Lochiel, as he charged the enemy at the head of his clan, sword in hand, and with bare feet like his common soldiers.

The first volley did not stop the impetuous onset of the Highlanders, and Mackay's soldiers were reloading when the torrent of mountaineers precipitated itself upon them. Perplexed, thrown into confusion, deafened by the outcries, dazzled by the flash of swords, the men threw down their muskets and began to run. Mackay, intrepid in defeat, called to his aid the cavalry, always feared by the Highlanders; but the cavalry were panic-stricken as well as the infantry, and fled pursued by the mountaineers. "Why did they not destroy us to the last man?" asked the general as he retired with a handful of men through the passes in the mountains. No man except Dundee could have rallied his troops when carried away by their eagerness to pillage; and Dundee had died in the hour of victory, struck they said by a silver button, which had been fired at him by the superstition of the soldiers. "He is invulnerable to both lead and iron," said the Covenanters who had seen him lately urging on his dragoons in the midst of a rain of bullets. Thus the intrepid soldier, the hardy and bold chief, the pitiless persecutor, had been mortally wounded as he led a little body of troops to the combat. As he fell from his horse a soldier had received him in his arms. "How are things going?" asked Dundee. "Well for King James, but I grieve for your Highness," replied the trooper. "Never mind about me, if all goes well for him," murmured Dun-

dee. They were his last words. His corpse, wrapped in the plaids of the Highlanders, was carried back to Blair Castle.

The death of Dundee was really the end of the Scottish insurrection. Confused and indecisive warfare continued for some time longer between the Highlanders and Cameronians, unfriendly to each other both by their political and religious passions. By degrees, however, the Highlanders returned to their flocks, the leaders as they dispersed declaring that they remained faithful subjects of King James, and were always ready to serve him. They had, in fact, given up fighting for him on Scottish territory, when Marshal Schomberg landed on the 13th of August at Antrim. He soon made himself master of Carrick-Fergus, but had great difficulty in protecting the Irish regiments of the garrison from the fury of the Protestant colonists. The courage of the Irish Jacobites had meanwhile revived a little, and twenty thousand men assembled under the walls of Drogheda. A day's march distant, Schomberg intrenched himself in a strong position near Dundalk.

The inexperienced ardor of the Irish forces as well as that of the English recruits brought by Schomberg led them to desire to give battle at once; but Rosen and Schomberg were both old generals accustomed to weigh the chances of war and to judge of the worth of troops, and neither was anxious to begin the struggle. In spite of the sickness which ravaged his army, the bad quality of the food, and the injurious reports which were circulated about him in England as well as Ireland, Schomberg remained shut up in his camp at Dundalk, where the enemy did not dare to attack him. When he fell back towards the north, early in November, the Irish had gone into their winter-quarters and did not trouble his retreat. "I confess," the Marshal wrote from Lisburn to William III., "that except for the profound

submission I feel towards your Majesties' orders I should prefer the honor of being kept near your Majesty to being appointed to the command of an army in Ireland, composed as was that of last year. If I had hazarded a battle, — a difficult thing to do while the enemy chose to remain within their own camp, — I should perhaps have lost all you have in the kingdom, to say nothing of the consequences which would have resulted from it in Scotland as well as in England."

Europe was again on fire, when Schomberg wrote thus to King William; but the real chief of the coalition against Louis XIV. could not leave his kingdom, nor place himself at the head of the forces which he had sent to the help of his allies, for the difficulties of Parliamentary government and the war in Ireland retained King William at home. The new Parliament had assembled on the 20th of March, 1690. The Tory members were numerous, animated, and confident. The king intrusted the management of affairs to Lord Danby, whom he had just made Marquis of Caermarthen, and then formally announced his intention of going to Ireland. For a moment both parties thought of opposing this resolution. "I see they are in much trouble about my voyage to Ireland," wrote William to his friend Bentinck, whom he had made Earl of Portland, and who was then in Holland; "the Whigs especially, who are afraid of losing me before they have made me do what they want, for as for their friendship you know one must not count upon it in this country. I have as yet said nothing of my design to Parliament, but I intend doing so next week. However, I have commenced my preparations, and every one speaks of it openly." The new House of Commons declared its intention to sustain and maintain the government of their Majesties, King William and Queen Mary, with all its power

both by its counsels and its assistance. "I thank you for your address, gentlemen," replied William; "I have once already had occasion to expose my life for the nation, and you may rest assured that I shall continue to do so in future." Parliament had, however, resolved to subject the king's income to a periodical vote, and William III. was much hurt by this, as the civil lists granted to his two last predecessors had been for life. "The gentlemen of England had confidence in King James who was an enemy to their religion and laws," he said to Burnet. "They distrust me, and yet I have saved their religion and their laws." But the discontent which he was quick to feel, and which he expressed bitterly, never disturbed the equanimity and loftiness natural to the mind of William III. When the Whigs proposed a bill of oaths likely to disturb the conscience of a great number of moderate and honest Tories, the king made his friends understand that he had no desire to impose a painful test on his subjects, and the proposition was greatly modified before it was presented to the House of Lords. "I have taken many oaths," said old Lord Wharton, who had formerly been a colonel in the service of the Long Parliament; "I have not kept them all, and I pray God not to impute this sin to me; but I would not set a new trap into which my soul and that of my neighbor might fall." The Earl of Macclesfield, who at the head of a body of volunteers had accompanied William of Orange on his arrival in England, supported Lord Wharton's statement. "I am astonished," said Churchill, who had lately become Earl of Marlborough, "that your lordship should have any objection to this bill after the part you played in the Revolution." "The noble earl exaggerates the part I had in the deliverance of my country," replied Macclesfield. "I have always been ready to risk my life for the defence

of its laws and liberties, but there are things I should not have cared to do in the same cause. I was a rebel to a bad king, but there were others who went even further than I." Marlborough was silent; and the king, who was present, appeared displeased; but some days later, before he bade farewell to Parliament, he sent to the House, by Lord Caermarthen, an Act of Grace, a free and spontaneous amnesty, a thing unheard of in preceding reigns. The regicides who were still alive, and a certain number of the more guilty adherents of King James, were the only persons excluded from the general pardon. Most of them had sought safety on the Continent; and those who were in England were given to understand that new crimes alone would expose them to the vengeance of the laws. The Act of Grace was voted on the 20th of May, and at the same time the king prorogued Parliament, confiding the care of government to the queen. A council composed of nine persons were to assist in the great task. Four Whigs and five Tories had seats in this confidential ministry. William had provided with foreseeing tenderness for all his wife's wants. "I put my confidence in God," he said to Burnet, whom he had made Bishop of Salisbury, and to whom he unveiled the sad condition of his mind in the presence of so many conflicts and dangers. "I will bring my work to a good end, or I will die in the attempt. My poor queen is the only cause of my anxiety, and if you love me go often to see her: help her to the best of your ability. As for me, if it were not for her I should return joyfully to field life, for I am more suited to command an army than to direct a parliament. But it is in vain that I know I am doing my duty, for I cannot help feeling it is hard for my wife to know that I am confronting her father on the battle-

field. May God grant that no harm befall him. Pray for me, doctor."

William sailed from Highlake on the 11th of June, and three days later landed at Carrick-Fergus, arriving the same evening at Belfast, whither Schomberg had come to meet him. At the same time King James left Dublin to go to his camp on the northern frontier of Leinster. He was accompanied by Lauzun, who had recently arrived from France with four Irish regiments equipped and disciplined at the expense of Louis XIV. "For the love of God," said Louvois to Lauzun, whom he held in light esteem, "do not let yourself be carried away by your desire to fight, but try to tire the English out, and especially to maintain strict discipline." Enterprising and rash as he was, Lauzun was however surprised at the disorder he found everywhere in Ireland. "It is chaos like that in Genesis," he wrote to Louvois; "and I would not stay another month here for all the world."

William III. hurried on his preparations; he hastened his march, eager in his desire to attack the enemy. Schomberg wished to keep him back; but the king replied, "I did not come here to let the grass grow under my feet. This country is worth conquering," he added, looking at the beautiful half-civilized region through which he passed. The valley of the Boyne, which lay spread out at his feet upon the frontiers of Lowth and Meath, reminded him of the rich meadow lands of England. The enemies' tents were already pitched around Drogheda, and the standards of the Stuarts and of the Bourbons floated on the walls of the town. "I am delighted to see you at last, gentlemen," said William of Orange, examining from afar the movements of the Jacobite army; "and if you escape me now it will be my fault!" Part of King James's forces were, he was told, hidden by

the undulations of the ground. "Strong or weak," replied William, "I shall soon know what they are."

The two armies were nearly equal in numbers, from thirty to thirty-five thousand men being assembled in either camp. "Although it is true that the soldiers appear very determined to fight their best, and are thoroughly roused against the rebels," wrote Avaux, who had just returned to France with Rosen, having given up his post to Lauzun, "yet that is not all that is necessary for success. The subordinate officers are a wretched lot, and with the exception of a very few there are none who care either for the soldiers' arms or discipline. I have much more faith in the cavalry, the greater part of which is very good." William III. had brought with him his old Dutch and German regiments, and the representatives of all the Protestant churches of Europe were there in arms against the enemies of their liberty. None were more ardent than the Irish Protestants burning to revenge their recent wrongs, and the French Huguenots gathered from all countries against the monarch who was protected by Louis XIV. "I am sure," Baron Avejou, a lieutenant-colonel in William's army, wrote to Geneva, "that you will not fail to publish in all the French churches in Switzerland the obligation upon all refugees to come to our assistance in this expedition which is to God's glory, and will afterwards lead to the re-establishment of his Church in our country." Vain hopes, it is true, but they explain the ardor of the French Protestants against the Irish and King James. They were led to the battle of the Boyne by two refugees, Marshal de Schomberg and M. de Caillemotte, younger brother of Ruvigny, with cries of "Forward, my children, where glory waits you! Advance, there stand your persecutors!"

On the morning of the 1st of July, William, who had been

wounded the evening before in the shoulder while reconnoitring, mounted his horse at break of day. The entire army entered the river. Schomberg remained at first on the bank, directing the movements of the troops, then rallied round him and led back to the charge the Huguenot troops for the moment thrown into confusion by the death of their chief Caillemotte. As the marshal set foot on the shore after crossing the Boyne, a detachment of Irish cavalry surrounded him, and before his friends reached him he was dead. It did not matter that the native infantry had taken flight at once, for the regiments just arrived from France and the Irish gentlemen fought with fury. King William entered the river at the head of the left wing, with difficulty guiding his horse with his wounded arm; he drew his sword with his left hand, and charged the enemy at the head of the Protestants of Enniskillen. "You shall be my guards to-day," he shouted to them; "I have heard a great deal about you, now let me see what you can do." The heat of battle dilated the heart of the silent and serious prince, whose best friends had often deplored his unconquerable reserve; he rode about in every direction, receiving one ball against his holsters and another through the top of his boot, and pursuing victory which everywhere declared itself in his favor. King James had taken no part in the action; he had remained at a distance watching the combat from the heights of Dunmore, and when he was assured that the fortune of the day had declared against him he turned bridle, accompanied by a few cavaliers. He arrived that evening at Dublin, himself bringing the news of his own defeat. Angry and humiliated, he reproached his partisans bitterly for the cowardice of their compatriots. "I will never," said he, "in my life command an Irish army. I have nothing now to think of but my personal safety; let every one do the same." The next day at dawn he left







Dublin, and on the 3d of July he embarked at Waterford, landing soon after at Brest, where he related in detail the history of the battle. "From the description that was given by the King of England and several of his suite of the battle," wrote one of his first auditors, "I do not think that he could have been informed of what took place in the action, and about all that he really knows is the defeat of his troops." "Those who love the King of England should rejoice to know he is in safety," said Marshal Luxemburg in Germany; "but those who care for his renown have to deplore the figure he has cut." Queen Mary was more concerned about the safety of her father than about his glory, and she wrote to her husband on the 5th of July: "I was very anxious to know what had become of the king my father; I only dared inquire of Lord Nottingham, and I had the satisfaction of learning he was safe and sound. I know I need not ask you to spare him; but in your tenderness, and out of love to me, let all the world know that you wish no harm should happen to his person."

Public satisfaction was complete in England when the news arrived that King William had entered Dublin on the 6th. A report of his death had at one time reached Paris, where it had caused popular rejoicings. A salute even had been fired at the Bastille on receipt of the news. King James took upon himself to undeceive the court and the city. His royal illusions were not yet dissipated. "My subjects," he said, "still love me; they are waiting impatiently for me in England;" and when he arrived at Versailles his first care was to beg Louis XIV. to send an army on foreign service. "All the English forces are in Ireland," he said; "and my people will rise up in my cause." Tourville had just attempted a descent upon the Devonshire coast, but the country people had taken up arms, and the miners of

Cornwall had come forth from underground to repel the invasion. The French sailors contented themselves with burning Teignmouth and setting sail again, more proud of the triumph they had recently gained over the English and Dutch fleets off Beachy Head than humbled by their defeat on the coasts of England. A single cry resounded throughout all the southern counties: "God bless King William and Queen Mary!"

King William had bitterly felt the defeat of his arms at sea. The news of this reached him a few days after that of the battle of Fleurus, which had been gained on the 1st of July, by Marshal Luxemburg, over the Prince of Waldeck, who commanded the allied forces. "I cannot express to you," wrote William to Heinsius, "how much I am afflicted by the two great disasters which befell the Republican arms almost at the same time. The defeat of the fleet touches me all the more closely because I am told that my vessels did not assist those of the States, and left them in embarrassment. I have ordered an inquiry to be made; indeed the queen of herself has already given the same orders, and no personal considerations shall prevent my punishing the guilty with rigor." William had indeed a right to feel a secret pride in his heart in his native country; the Dutch vessels had borne all the burden of the day at Beachy Head, and after the battle of Fleurus Marshal Luxemburg wrote: "The Prince of Waldeck will not soon forget the French cavalry, and I shall long remember the Dutch infantry, who distinguished themselves even more than did the Spaniards at Rocroy."

Suspicion and indignation were keen in England against Admiral Herbert, now Lord Torrington, who was wrongfully accused of treason. An inquiry was made into his conduct, and at the same time many people were compromised in

1721

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH



a plot for a restoration of the Jacobite dynasty, Lord Clarendon, the queen's uncle, being among the number. Even before his departure for Ireland, William had had proofs of Clarendon's underhand dealing; but the queen had interceded for him. William sent for Lord Rochester. "Your brother has plotted against me," he said; "I am sure of it; I have the proofs under his own hand. I was urged to leave him out of the Act of Grace, but I would not do what would have given so much pain to the queen. For her sake I pardon the past; but let Lord Clarendon beware in future. If not, he will find these are no jesting matters." This kindly warning had not sufficed, and now Lord Clarendon's name was again mixed up with Jacobite plots. The queen's counselors hesitated to accuse him in her presence. "I know," said Mary, "and every one here knows too, that Lord Clarendon is accused of offences too grave to allow him to be exempted from measures for the public safety;" and she signed a warrant of arrest against him. "I am more grieved about Lord Clarendon than you can imagine," wrote the queen to her husband.

William III. returned to England. He had been repulsed before Limerick, which was defended by the Irish with the same patriotic and religious ardor which had lately animated the Protestant inhabitants of Londonderry. Lauzun and the auxiliary regiments who had retired to Galway had just embarked for France. King William employed Marlborough to make a descent on Cork and Kinsale, and the two places fell into the power of this skilful general, who five weeks after his departure from Portsmouth was again paying his respects to the king at Kensington. "No officer living who has seen so little service as my Lord Marlborough is so fit for great commands," said William generously, for personally he did not like him. The return of the king, and his

journey from Bristol to London, had been welcomed with transports of joy from the nation. He had left in Ireland the Dutch general Ginckel, a resolute and prudent man, at the head of an army well disciplined, well equipped, and well supplied, and before the end of the following year Ginckel had accomplished the pacification of Ireland. On the 30th of June, 1691, in spite of the presence and the efforts of M. de Saint-Ruth, who had come from France with reinforcements, he stormed the town of Athlone, the real key of Connaught, and the strongest place in Ireland. "His master ought to have him hanged for trying to take Athlone," the French general had said, "and my master can do as much for me if I lose it." On the 12th of July, Saint-Ruth was killed at the battle of Aghrim and the Irish gloriously defeated, and on the 26th of August Ginckel laid siege to Limerick. Tyrconnel had just breathed his last, prematurely old and worn out by fatigues and debauches. The troops of King James were commanded by Lord Sarsfield, the most brilliant as well as the ablest of all the Irish officers; but on the 1st of August a capitulation was signed, soon after followed by a treaty. The Irish regiments were allowed to choose between the service of William and that of Louis XIV., and a great number of soldiers passed unmolested into France, forming in the armies of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. that Irish brigade which afterwards made itself so celebrated. "Has this last campaign changed your opinion about our military qualities?" asked Sarsfield of the English officers. "To tell you the truth," said they, "we think about the same that we did before." "Well," replied Sarsfield, "whatever bad opinion you may have of us, let us only change kings, and commence again, and you shall see." Ginckel received the title of Earl of Athlone and Aghrim; the king and Parliament ratified the conditions







offered to the Irish by the general, and thus the struggle was ended, and the conquest completed; the Protestant colonists, formerly oppressed, becoming the masters and often the oppressors of the native race, discouraged and decimated by defeats. Scotland was engrossed by the triumph of the Presbyterians who had just resumed legal possession of the religious supremacy in their country, to the great detriment of the Episcopalians as well as of the Cameronians. The English Parliament had granted liberal subsidies, the Jacobite plots were baffled, and Lord Torrington's trial had terminated in an acquittal, which, however, never succeeded in dissipating from the king's mind a distrust merited by the dissolute life and the notorious intemperance of the admiral. William had only waited for this first interval of peace at home to gratify the longings of his heart, and respond to the imperious call of political necessity; on the 18th of January, 1691, in spite of the severity of the weather, he sailed from Gravesend for Holland. "I am longing for the moment of departure more than I can tell you," he had written six months before to Heinsius.

The English flotilla had arrived in sight of the coast of Holland; the voyage had been rough and the landing seemed impossible; enormous blocks of ice encumbered the roads, and a thick fog hid the land. For eighteen hours the four small vessels were obliged to keep out at sea. The king was as usual feeble and ill; he chose, however, to venture into an open boat, in the hope of reaching his native soil more quickly. All the night passed, however, before he could land; the cold was intense and the danger serious. Some of the sailors were in despair. "Fie!" cried William, "are you afraid of dying in my company?" Several English noblemen of high rank, the Dukes of Ormond and Norfolk, the Earls of Devonshire, Dorset, and Monmouth, were with him,

as also Portland and Zulestein, always happy to accompany their well-beloved sovereign to Holland. It was not till break of day, by the feeble light of a winter morning, that they finally landed on the island of Goree, and here the king rested for a few hours before setting off for the Hague.

And now joy overspread that face which the English were accustomed to find so severe and haughty. The ruler's heart responded to the hearts of his people; England had accepted deliverance at the hands of William III. from necessity, and without personal affection for him; but the Dutch loved this heir to the greatest name in their country and their race, this liberator of his country who had carried even to the throne of England the glory, the name, and manners of his native land. The people crowded round his path. "Let them alone," said the king; "let them come round me: they are all my good friends." A magnificent reception had been prepared at the Hague; but William, who was an enemy to display and ceremony, murmured at this useless expense. "It is quite enough to have to support the expenses of the war," he said; but his countrymen spared him neither an address of welcome nor a salvo of artillery. The joy of the populace was at its height. "Yes," the king said to those who congratulated him on this triumph; "but I am not the favorite; the shouting is nothing to what it would have been if Mary had been with me."

The States-general were solemnly assembled, and William III. was more moved than he had appeared upon quitting his native country. "When I took leave of you," he said, "I told you of my design in going to England to save it, thanks to your help, from a deluge of present and future evils. Providence has blessed my enterprise, and the nation has offered me the crown of the three kingdoms. I have accepted it not from ambition, God is my witness, but to

protect the religion, welfare, and repose of Great Britain against all attacks, and to be able to protect the allies most efficaciously, especially the Republic, against the predominance of France. I have loved this country from my earliest youth, and if anything could increase this love, it is the certainty that I have found a reciprocal attachment in the hearts of my countrymen. If it pleases God that I should become His instrument to give back peace to Europe and to establish the security of your state, I shall have lived long enough, and shall descend in peace into the grave."

The Congress of the Grand Alliance was assembled at the Hague. William of Orange, now King of England, and in command of the forces of a great kingdom, remained chief, in spite of the jealousy and rivalry of other princes, holding the ascendancy by virtue of that superior genius which had raised him to the first rank when he was only the Stadtholder of a small republic. The assembled princes or their ambassadors had not been accustomed to hear used against the all-powerful monarch of France such firm language as that employed by William III. at the opening of the Congress. "The States of Europe," said the king, "have been given up for a long time to a spirit of division, indolence, or selfish attention to their particular interests. Be convinced that the interest of each individual is united in the general interest. The forces of the King of France are formidable, and he will carry everything away before him like a torrent. It will then be in vain to oppose complaints and protestations about injustice. Neither the decisions of diets nor hopes founded on chimerical reports, but powerful armies and a firm union among the allies can alone stop the common enemy in his career of triumph and this riotous excess of power. It is with the sword that we must

wrench from his hands the liberties of Europe which he is trying to smother, or forever bear the yoke of slaves. As for me, I will spare neither my influence, my strength, nor my person, to arrive at this glorious result, and I will come in the spring at the head of my troops to conquer or perish with my allies."

As early as the 15th of March, however, Mons was invested by the French army. Louis XIV. arrived there on the 12th with the Dauphin, and in spite of the desperate efforts of the King of England to succor the place in time, it capitulated, with the allied army almost in sight. The vigilance of Marshal Luxemburg baffled William's manœuvres during the whole campaign, and when he returned to England in the month of October, the advantage on the Continent had everywhere been on the side of the French. The Duke of Savoy had adhered to the Grand Alliance, but Nice had fallen into Catinat's power. At the opening of the session of Parliament, the king congratulated himself on the happy issue of the Irish war, but at the same time he warned the representatives of the nation that a great effort would be necessary against the King of France, and to support the Grand Alliance. Subsidies had been granted without a murmur, and the House was occupied with the affairs of the East India Company, when a strange rumor spread among the people. The Earl of Marlborough, recently at the head of the English forces of the allied army, during the king's visit to England had all at once been deprived of his office and dignities, and the Princess Anne, who was resolute in keeping her favorite, Lady Marlborough, with her, was obliged to retire with her into the country. The cause of Marlborough's disgrace remained a mystery which gave occasion to conjectures of all sorts, and allowed William and Mary's enemies to attribute unworthy

and frivolous motives to them. The case, however, was serious and the necessity urgent, for the Earl of Marlborough was plotting new treason, and both in Parliament and in the army everything was ready for a fresh attempt at a Jacobite restoration.

James II. himself wrote in the month of November, 1692: "Last year my friends had it in design to have me, by Act of Parliament. Everything was arranged, and my Lord Churchill was to propose in the House sending all foreigners away from the council and army as well as from the kingdom. If the Prince of Orange had consented to this proposal, they would have had him in their power; if he had refused, they would have declared that Parliament was against him, and at the same time Lord Churchill was to declare himself with the army in favor of Parliament; the fleet was to do the same, and I was to be recalled. They had already commenced acting in the affair, and had gained over a large party, when some indiscreet person, thinking to serve me and imagining that what Lord Churchill was doing was not for me but for the Princess of Denmark, had the imprudence to tell Bentinck everything, and thus frustrated the grand stroke." The original manuscript of Burnet's *Memoirs* also contains these words: "Marlborough was employed to cry down the king's conduct and to depreciate the tone of all his speeches, seeking to excite the aversion of the English towards the Dutch, who possessed, so he said, more of the king's favor and confidence than they did. It was a point on which it was easy to excite the English, who are too apt to despise all other nations, and think too much of themselves: it was the subject of all the conversations at Marlborough House where English officers were constantly meeting. The king tells me he had good

reason to believe also that the Earl had made peace with King James, and that he was in correspondence with France."

William III. had learned to exercise indulgence in his dealings with English statesmen; thus the treason of Lord Clarendon and that of Lord Dartmouth had been treated with lenity; and, again, when Lord Preston's plot had been discovered, and Elliot, one of the accomplices, was heaping accusations upon him, the king, who was present, touched Caermarthen's shoulder; "That is enough, my lord," he said, imposing silence on useless revelations of an impotent discontent against which he did not wish to act harshly. But he dreaded the Earl of Marlborough's perfidy; his rare talents and his profound baseness he well understood; he wished to protect himself against a treason which threatened his throne and his life. By a magnanimity or a prudence perhaps exaggerated, he persistently hid the motives of his resolution; but Marlborough's disgrace was to last for a long time. William's silence, however, gave to France later a terrible enemy, and to the coalition against her its ablest leader, a man who would have been ruined in the general estimation of England had the details of his treason been fully known.

William was preparing to leave England to take the command of the allied troops on the Continent; but before leaving, it was his desire to pacify Scotland. His commissioner, Lord Melville, had allowed the Presbyterians to gain a supremacy which seriously menaced the liberty of the Episcopalians, and he was replaced by Sir John Dalrymple, known in history by the name of the Master of Stair. This eloquent and able statesman conceived the idea of detaching, by means of bribes, quite a number of Highland chiefs from the Jacobite cause. A considerable sum of money was thus distributed among these proud and undisciplined men who



were at the same time impoverished by their military efforts and intestine quarrels; a great number of chiefs tendered their submission in spite of the repugnance they felt for Lord Breadalbane, who was employed by the Master of Stair in his negotiations, and whom the Highlanders regarded with suspicion on account of his attachment to the Campbells. Thus it came about that on the 31st of December, 1691, Macdonald of Glencoe, or MacLean as he was called in the Highlands, found himself almost alone in refusing his allegiance.

He too decided at last, but it was too late. When he presented himself at Fort William, the days of grace had expired, and no magistrate was present. The old chief, alarmed at last, went to Inverary, but there they refused to accept his submission. And MacLean returned to the Highlands, whither an iniquitous and cruel vengeance was to follow him. The Master of Stair had consented to become the instrument of the hereditary hatred of the Campbells; they had told him the pacification of Scotland was only to be purchased at this price. His orders had been given him beforehand for the destruction of all the clans who had not sent in their submission before the 1st of January, 1692: "Your troops will entirely destroy the country of Lochaber, Lochiel's lands, Keppoch's, Glengarry's, and Glencoe's. Your power shall be large enough, and I hope your soldiers will not trouble the government with prisoners." Lochiel, Glengarry, and Keppoch had made their arrangements in time. All the enmity of the Campbells and all the administrative zeal of the Master of Stair fell therefore upon Glencoe. King William signed the order without reading it, Burnet assures us, among the mass of papers every day presented to him; at any rate he certainly did not understand its purport. "It is a great work of charity to root out that damna-

ble sect, the worst of the Highlanders!" wrote the Master of Stair.

On the 1st of February, 1692, a detachment of Argyle's regiment entered Glencoe's territory quietly and as if animated by the most amicable intentions. The commander of the little corps, Captain Campbell, commonly called Glenlyon from the name of his estates, had married one of his nieces to Glencoe's second son; his soldiers were therefore well received and lodged in the cottages. They remained there twelve days, waiting for the moment when the mountain-passes should be occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton. The fatal day was fixed for the 13th of February. The Highlanders meanwhile felt some uneasiness, but their guests had reassured them. "If there were any danger," said Glenlyon to the eldest son of the chief, "should I not have warned your brother and his wife?" At the time fixed Hamilton had not arrived; but the work commenced nevertheless; under every roof, at each fireside, Glenlyon's soldiers shot down their hosts, men, women, and children. The Master of Stair's orders had allowed old men above seventy to be spared, but in their eagerness for blood the troops gave no quarter. The aged Glencoe perished one of the first, and his wife, struck down by his side, was despoiled of her jewels, and lingered on till the next day. At every door was a corpse; and when Hamilton appeared at last at the head of his troops, they pillaged all the houses, and long files of cattle were driven down the defiles of the mountains by the light of the flames which consumed the villages.

But God did not permit the iniquity, skilfully planned as it was, to be complete in its triumph; the passes had not been well guarded, the murderers had not all arrived in time, and a great number of Macdonalds had succeeded in

escaping, paying for their lives by new sufferings, exposure to hunger, cold, and continual peril. They returned, however, to the ruins of their destroyed houses and their blood-stained hearths. The cry of their misfortune went slowly up to heaven; and the Jacobites helped to spread it, for they eagerly seized this weapon against King William. When the latter, who was at a distance, and only partially informed of all that had passed, sought for the authors of the crime, so many people, and among them such men of note, were compromised in it, that the Master of Stair alone was displaced from office, and he only for a time. The massacre of Glencoe remains like a dark stain upon William's reign, forming a sad contrast to the indulgence and humanity which habitually characterized his government.

Scarcely had the king left England before the nation, as well as Queen Mary, were occupied by grave apprehensions. Louvois had died suddenly on the 17th of July, 1691, and Louis XIV., with whom he had been losing favor, seemed to care little about his loss. "Say to the King of England I have lost a good minister," he replied to James's letters of condolence, "but that neither his affairs nor mine will suffer by it."

Indeed, Louvois would not have willingly consented to the projects which King James pressed Louis XIV. to put into execution. Still convinced of the attachment of his English subjects, and particularly of the seamen, James had for some time been in correspondence with Admiral Russell, a Whig and a sincere Protestant, but a morose and discontented man, self-seeking and easily led away by discontent into guilty conspiracies. A camp had just been formed on the coast of Normandy; all the Irish regiments were there under Lord Sarsfield's orders, and there the French forces were to join them. James called on the English people to declare

themselves in his favor by a manifesto so haughty, so obstinate in those very errors and faults which had caused his fall, that the ministers of William III. had it printed and circulated extensively in the kingdom. Some English Jacobites tried to counteract the fatal effects of their master's declaration by another, carefully drawn up in the full knowledge of the state of men's minds in England. No one, however, was deceived by this manœuvre, and a popular movement was at once apparent in favor of the government; the militia eagerly responded on being called out, the coasts were lined with troops; while, as the fleet of the allies was just entering the Channel, those of the English seamen who had held out hopes to King James returned to their fidelity in the very presence of the enemy. "I should like to serve King James," said Admiral Russell to the Bishop of St. Asaph, "and it might come about if he would only let us act; but he does not know how to manage us. Let him forget the past and grant a general amnesty, and I will see what I can do for him." But he added: "I am determined never to let the French beat us in our seas. Let them know that I shall fight them wherever I meet them. even if his Majesty himself were on board their fleet."

This burst of patriotism in a malcontent who had been on the point of becoming a traitor, was not, however, sufficient to open King James's eyes, and at his request explicit orders from Louis XIV. hastened the action of Admiral de Tourville, who still hesitated about fighting. He had been ordered to protect the disembarkation of the invading troops on the English coasts, but contrary winds had delayed his departure from Brest. Meanwhile the Dutch fleet had joined the English, and Tourville wished to wait for the squadrons under Estrées and Rochefort; but Pontchartrain, who was then minister of marine as well as of finance, — which post

he had held since the death of Seignelay, son of Colbert, in 1690, — replied from Versailles to the veteran seaman, experienced in war from the age of fourteen: “It is not for you to discuss the king’s orders; it is for you only to execute them and to enter the Channel. If you will not do it, the king will appoint some one else in your place more obedient and less cautious than you.” Tourville at once made sail, and met the enemy’s squadrons between the Capes of La Hogue and Barfleur; he had forty-four vessels against ninety-nine English and Dutch ships. Tourville called a council of war, and all the officers advised falling back; but the king’s order was peremptory, so the admiral commenced the battle. After three days of desperate resistance, seconded by the most able manœuvres, Tourville was obliged to retire under the fortifications of La Hogue, in the hope of running his vessels aground; but King James and Marshal de Bellefonds opposed the step. The vessels were attacked and burned by the English in sight of the French and Irish camps, and the fallen monarch, divided by his desire of victory and his patriotic instincts, seeing the sailors who had fought against him mounting the bulwarks, could not prevent himself exclaiming, “O my brave English!” Once before too, when De Tourville, having just gained some small advantage over the English in Bantry Bay, during the time that James II. was in Ireland, came to tell him that the French had defeated the English fleet, “It is for the first time, then!” the king retorted not without vexation. Tourville had lost twelve vessels. The conduct of the English officers, as well as that of the sailors, had been heroic; the admiral had himself inspected all the vessels and harangued the crews: “If your commanders betray you, throw them overboard,” he had said, “and me first of all!” King James had wrongly counted upon Rear-Admiral Carter, who

had made him promises, but had at the same time warned Queen Mary. Grievously wounded, Carter, who had been the first to break the French line, would not lay down his sword. "Fight, fight," he exclaimed as he lay dying, "so long as the ship holds together!"

The news of the victory of La Hogue caused great joy in England; it reassured men's minds, agitated by repeated reports of conspiracies. The plots denounced by Fuller and by Young, both invented and testified to by false witnesses, worthy emulators of Titus Oates and Dangerfield, had caused general anxiety. Lord Huntingdon had been arrested; the Earl of Marlborough had for the moment been sent to the Tower; the Bishop of Rochester had been examined. Marlborough had been guilty of graver machinations, which were, however, unknown to the public; but the bishop, who was rich and indolent, had taken no part in any plot; he proved his innocence easily, and the false witnesses were severely punished, while the Earl of Marlborough was set at liberty without bail after forty-eight hours' confinement. His accusers had done him the service of dissipating the vague suspicions which had brought about his disgrace. At the end of the year Grandval's plot, directed against the life of William III., reawakened public disquietude, destined to spring up many times again during his reign. In Europe as well as in England, the courage and sagacity of William thwarted many great designs and defeated many ambitious hopes. The sentence which condemned the criminal compromised publicly the Marquis of Barbezieux, son of Louvois, and secretary of state during the war. The ministers of Louis XIV. kept silence, and did not deny the accusation.

Meanwhile the fortune of war continued favorable to France. Namur had capitulated on the 20th of June, and its citadel surrendered on the 30th. "The allies received







the information by hearing three salvos from the army of Marshal Luxemburg and that of the Marquis de Boufflers," wrote Louis XIV. in his *Memoirs*. "They fell into a state of stupefaction which kept them motionless for several days; and when at last Marshal Luxemburg undertook to recross the Sambre, they neither thought of interrupting his march nor charging his retreat."

When William III. again met Luxemburg, on the 31st of August, between Enghien and Steinkirk, another victory, due to the splendid courage of the French infantry, completed the discomfiture of the allies. At the end of the year William, foreseeing as ever, and often despondent in spite of his indomitable resolution, wrote to Heinsius: "I must tell you, without any waste of words, that if we can obtain peace at once,—and it will certainly not be on favorable conditions,—we ought, at any cost, to accept it, for, to my great grief, I cannot see how we are to expect matters to improve. Indeed, on the contrary, they seem to be going from bad to worse. None the less, it behooves every one to do his best, and for my own part I will do all in my power."

The war was destined to continue for several years longer, weighing heavily on England and Holland, almost the only states in a condition to furnish pecuniary resources to the allies. The English Parliament, at one time munificent, at another parsimonious, and always keenly sensitive in respect to the employment of foreigners in the king's service, often disputed with William the increase of men and subsidies which he asked for the army, thus exciting his anger and that disgust which he always felt for Parliamentary dissensions and discussions. He had with great difficulty retained in office Lord Nottingham, a person very unpopular with the Whigs, but a man in whom he had well-founded

confidence in spite of the repugnance which the earl had at first shown towards the revolution; but as a counterpoise Somers had obtained charge of the seals, and this partial return of power into the hands of the Whigs had for a moment appeased the dissensions between the two parties. The session had, however, been very stormy. The land-tax and a large loan had been voted on Charles Montague's motion, but the king was despondent and anxious about the campaign which was just opening. "At a period when it was necessary that we should make on all sides an extraordinary effort to resist the enemy," he wrote to Heinsius at the commencement of the year 1693, "I am vexed not to be able to contribute more to the general cause. It is sad to see that this nation thinks only of satisfying its own inclinations without reflecting the least in the world about public interests. The funds which Parliament have allotted me will not cover the most necessary expenditure which I have to make, so that I find myself in great embarrassment. I will leave you to guess how much this, joined to the critical situation of our affairs and my inability to remedy them, must torment me."

France was very differently situated, and the losses caused to maritime commerce by Tourville, Jean Bart, or Duguay-Trouin, did not prevent money flowing into London for the new loan. Meanwhile the powerful will and the effectual exercise of autocratic power had sufficed to continue the war throughout the winter. On the 25th of July, 1693, the battle of Neerwinden was lost by King William in person against Marshal Luxemburg. Nearly always unfortunate in war, in spite of his splendid courage, William had charged sword in hand at the head of two regiments of English cavalry, who for a moment made even the French household troops waver. This choice regiment had remained steady

for four hours under the allies' fire. For a moment William thought that his artillery-men were aiming badly and ran to the guns. But the French squadrons only moved to close their ranks, as file upon file were cut down, and the King of England allowed a cry of anger and admiration to escape him. "O insolent nation!" he exclaimed. The admiration was reciprocal. "The Prince of Orange was all but taken prisoner after having done wonders," wrote Racine to Boileau. "It is painful to me to tell you," William sent word to Heinsius, "that the enemy attacked us yesterday morning, and after an obstinate combat of more than four hours defeated us. We march to-morrow in order to encamp between Vilvorde and Malines, to rally our people and oppose as much as possible the enterprises of the enemy." "The crisis has been terrible," the king wrote to Heinsius and Portland. "God has judged it good to send me great and repeated trials, and I try to accept His will without murmuring and less deserve his anger. God be praised for the issue He has given us, and may we by our gratitude recognize his mercy worthily." Into the struggles of the different parties in Parliament was dragged, as usual, the vote for the subsidies on which all the military preparations depended. "The augmentation of the army meets with violent opposition here," wrote William on the 4th of December; "however, I am assured that in the end all will turn out in accordance with my wishes: God grant it may be so!"

Power was waning in the hands of the Tories, and Lord Sunderland, who had recently returned to court, still able and plausible in spite of his shameful treason, advised William to recall the Whigs. The king had been worn out by their arrogance and tyranny; but he consented, however, to place Admiral Russell at the head of the Admiralty, and to make Lord Shrewsbury secretary of state. The latter

hesitated for a long time before he would accept office, and excused himself to the king on the pretext of bad health. "That is not your only reason," said the king; "when did you see Montgomery last?" This able and enterprising man, formerly at the head of the Parliament in Edinburgh, had fallen into discredit, and from that time had been serving as an agent in Jacobite intrigues. Shrewsbury grew pale, and William repeated to him a part of the conversation he had had with Montgomery. "Sire," said the earl, "as your Majesty is so well informed, you must also know that I have not encouraged the efforts of this man to detach me from my allegiance." The king smiled, for he knew this strange weakness of soul which weighed like a fatality upon the nobler qualities of Lord Shrewsbury. "The best way to silence suspicion," he said, "is to take office. That will set me at my ease. I know you are a man of honor, and if you undertake to serve me, you will do it faithfully." Shrewsbury was soon after made Duke, at the same time as the Earls of Bedford and Devonshire. Charles Montague, who had just conceived the idea of the Bank of England, and had helped to form it, was named Chancellor of the Exchequer. New proposals and old ones that had been obstinately revived were discussed with vehemence; among them, that of procedure in cases of treason, and that other, which forbade officers of the crown to hold seats in the House of Commons, as also the question so often fought over, of the period of duration of Parliament which it was wished to limit to three years. Such were the introductory measures of Parliamentary reform which delayed William's departure for the Continent. "It is a terrible thing to find one's self in this island as if banished from the world," wrote the King of England on the 13th of April, 1694. A few days later he arrived in Holland.

A great naval expedition was meanwhile being secretly prepared at Portsmouth, destined to counteract the projects of Louis XIV. in the Mediterranean. Marlborough, always well informed, had already warned King James. "Twelve regiments of infantry and two regiments of the marines are soon to be embarked under Talmash's orders to destroy the port of Brest and the squadron assembled there. It would be a glorious thing for England, but nothing shall prevent me letting your Majesty know all that may be useful to you."

On the 16th of June, 1694, the English fleet was fifteen miles off the coast of Finisterre, and Talmash proposed landing in the Bay of Camaret. Lord Caermarthen, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, undertook to explore the bay in his yacht; he found all the approaches to it well defended, but Talmash was resolved to commence the attack. Caermarthen led the advance, warning Admiral Berkeley of the difficulties he would meet with, and on a sudden the batteries were all unmasked, and opened fire upon the bridge of boats. Talmash believed the coast to be defended only by the peasantry, and that they would run away at the sight of English soldiers; but he was mistaken, for a well sustained fire met his attempt to disembark his men. The general himself was seriously wounded in the thigh, and while he was being carried to his gig, the troops rushed back pell-mell into their ships. The enterprise had failed, and it was necessary to return to Portsmouth. Talmash died on his arrival there, stoutly protesting to the last that he had been betrayed into a trap by traitors. The battery from which the fatal bullet was fired is still called "The Englishman's death."

Anger and disquietude were rife in England, and it was openly remarked that English forces ought to be commanded

by Englishmen. Talmash was dead; Marlborough was not long to remain in disgrace, but all his energy had to be employed to reinstate himself in the king's favor. He had the audacity to go to Whitehall and offer his services to the queen, in which Lord Shrewsbury used all his influence to second him; but William absolutely refused his advances. The English squadron meanwhile ravaged the coasts of Normandy, and Admiral Russell kept the French fleet at bay in the Mediterranean. The campaign in the Low Countries degenerated into skilful marches and counter-marches, attended only by a slight advantage gained by King William, who took Huy. When he returned to England on the 9th of November, the queen went to meet him at Margate, happy to be again with him who was the only joy of her life. "Now you have the king, never let him go away again, madam," exclaimed the ladies assembled to greet the royal couple. But she was to go away first, for death was already threatening her.

Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, was, however, the first to depart: he fell ill and died towards the middle of November. He had rendered the English Church the great service of throwing all the weight of his character and eloquence on the side of submission to the new power, by frankly and simply accepting the oaths of allegiance. To this he had been strongly urged by Lady Russell, who wrote to him in 1691: "It seems to me that the time has come to again put in practice that principle of submission which you yourself have so loudly proclaimed and so urgently exhorted others to accept. I am convinced you will be a public benefactor, for consider how few men there are at the present time who are capable and honest; and I entreat you not to go on turning your decision over in your mind forever. When a man begins to examine a question from all its different sides, he is constantly finding out new perplexities, and it never becomes any clearer

to him." Sancroft having steadfastly refused the oath, Tillotson became Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1691, to the great displeasure of Compton, Bishop of London, who had hoped for the primacy; and from that time, among the authors of the schism in the Anglican Church, the bishops and clergy who were nonjurors overwhelmed Tillotson with their anger and contempt. Mild, sensitive, and accustomed to the admiration which his eloquence excited, and to the esteem which his irreproachable life deserved, the new archbishop suffered cruelly from the insults to which he was exposed. After his death there was found among his papers a package of pamphlets which had been published against him, with this phrase written in his own handwriting: "I pray God to pardon them as I do." "I have lost the best friend I have ever had, and the best man I have ever known," wrote William to Heinsius. He loaded the archbishop's widow with favors. Tillotson's popularity as a preacher was such that the publisher of his sermons paid twenty-five hundred pounds sterling for them, a price at that time unheard of. Milton sold the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" for five pounds; while Dryden, then the most illustrious of English poets, had received thirteen hundred pounds for his complete translation of Virgil's works.

A greater grief was in store for William III. He came one morning to Whitehall to give his assent to the Triennial Parliament Bill which he had hitherto refused, and the numerous members of both Houses who pressed into the audience-chamber remarked that the king's face was grave and his manner gloomy. He returned almost immediately to Kensington, and then the report spread that the queen was ill; a little later it was known she had the small-pox.

As soon as Mary had reason to suppose that she was attacked by this scourge which ravaged so many families every year, she gave orders that all the persons of her

household who were in danger of contagion should at once leave Kensington, and then, shutting herself up in her cabinet, she put her papers in order, burning part of them. "I have not waited for this day to prepare myself for death," she said, when the illness left no hope of her recovery. The grief of her husband exceeded all expectations, astonishing even those who had been the constant witnesses of the queen's utter devotion to him. He never left her for a moment, lying down by the side of her bed and showing her the most tender care. Mary, indeed, had gained a complete victory over this stern heart, which neither victory nor disaster had been able to vanquish, and he could not restrain his tears when he looked at her. When Tennison, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, undertook to announce to the queen her approaching death, William drew Burnet into a corner of the room. "There is no longer any hope; I was the happiest of men, and now I am the most miserable. She had no faults, not a single one. You knew her well, but you do not know — no one could know — all her worth." Twice the dying queen had tried to bid farewell to him whom alone she had loved, and twice her voice had failed her. She now thought only of eternity. William was attacked several times with convulsions; and when they carried him out of the room, a moment before the queen breathed her last, he had almost lost all consciousness.

END OF VOL. III.



A POPULAR  
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES

*TO THE ACCESSION OF VICTORIA.*

VOL. IV.



# A POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

WILLIAM. 1694-1702.

MARY died at the age of thirty-two, mourned by all who had known her. "In sum," says Evelyn, "she was such an admirable woman, abating for taking the crown without a more due apology, as does, if possible, outdo the renowned Queen Elizabeth." Kind and gentle towards every one, she was often blamed for the completeness of her conjugal devotion, which seemed to have absorbed all other affections in her soul; but nothing less than this would have satisfied her husband's proud, reserved heart. She had received her sister's advances during her illness amiably and cheerfully. When her eyes had closed in death, the Princess Anne sent to ask permission from her brother-in-law to visit him. Somers, who offered himself as a mediator between the princess and the king, found William in his cabinet, his head bowed on his hands, and absorbed in grief. He represented to him the necessity of putting an end to a family quarrel, the political consequences of which might become grave; but the king only replied, "Do what you like, my lord; I can

think of nothing now." The desired interview took place, however, and William assigned the palace of St. James to the princess for her residence; he gave her at the same time all her sister's jewels; but he maintained his resolution with regard to the Earl of Marlborough. The favorites of the princess were not admitted to the king's presence, and the general remained excluded from all honorary or lucrative posts.

The death of Mary, however, had changed all Marlborough's views, for now a single life, which was naturally a feeble one, and worn out by fatigues and cares, was the only obstacle to the greatness of the Princess Anne and the supreme elevation of her all-powerful servants. For the future, therefore, the duke and his wife showed no regard for James II., nor did they any longer admit the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales. They waited patiently for their day of triumph; more guilty hands than theirs were to attempt to hasten it. For several days William had appeared incapable of taking any part in public affairs. "I thank you with all my heart for your kindness," he had replied to the messages of condolence sent by Parliament, "and so much the more because you feel the greatness of our loss; it exceeds all I can express, and indeed I am not able to think of anything else." He had written to Heinsius: "I tell you in confidence, I do not feel able to command the troops. I will endeavor, however, to do my duty, and I trust God will give me strength." The charges of corruption brought in Parliament against several distinguished Tories first aroused him from his stupor. Both the City of London and the East India Company were convicted of having bought the influence of the ministers, and the speaker of the House of Commons, Sir John Trevor, was the first who was condemned.

The accusations brought against the Duke of Leeds were serious, and though the witnesses had disappeared, and the accusation therefore had fallen to the ground, the popular anger and indignation condemned him; the duke was obliged to retire into the country, and forever relinquish political life. On the 12th of May, 1695, when William set out for the Continent, the name of the Duke of Leeds was stricken from the list of the council, which for the future was to be intrusted with the government of the kingdom during the king's absence. She was no more, the intelligent, firm, and faithful regent, who had lately governed so wisely in his name, and so gladly surrendered the power again to his hands, and William rejected all the suggestions which were made to him to allow the Princess Anne to take her place.

Marshal Luxemburg had died on the 4th of January, 1695, and Louis XIV. now placed at the head of his armies Marshal de Villeroy, his lifelong friend, an able courtier but an indifferent soldier, and a man who soon allowed to escape him the prestige of victory which had been so long and resolutely maintained for France by so many triumphant hands. The effect of this change in the direction of affairs was not long in making itself felt. It was in vain that Marshal Boufflers shut himself up in Namur, which he defended heroically, retiring afterwards to the citadel where he resisted all attacks of the enemy for another month; the place was not relieved in time by Villeroy, embarrassed in his movements by the presence and timidity of the Duke de Maine. William III. directed the siege himself, and he was frequently present in the trenches, giving his orders under a shower of balls with a coolness which left spectators in error as to the danger he incurred. Mr. Godfrey, an agent from the Bank of England, had come to ask for instructions, and he ventured beneath the walls of Namur during an as-

sault. "What are you doing here, Mr. Godfrey?" said the king abruptly; "you run great risks, and cannot be of the smallest use to us." "I am in no more peril than your Majesty," replied the banker. "You are mistaken, sir," replied William. "I am where duty calls me, and I can without presumption place my life in the hands of God; but you—" As he said these words a ball struck the unfortunate Godfrey, who fell dead at the king's feet. William, indeed, objected strongly to amateurs in his army. Thus, the brave Walker, the defender of Londonderry, whom the king had raised to the episcopal dignity, was killed near him at the battle of the Boyne. The king, when the news of his death was brought him, grumbled out, "What did the priest want there?" It was rumored among the soldiers that he had issued orders that all who from curiosity ventured within the range of the guns should be flogged back.

Namur surrendered at last, the fortress as well as the town. All the honors of war were accorded to Marshal Boufflers, who was received with kindness by Louis XIV. "I am very unfortunate," said King William, "to be forced to envy the lot of a monarch who recompenses the loss of a place more liberally than I can the friends and servants who have taken it." On the 10th of October he embarked for England, determined to dissolve Parliament. The new Houses were convoked for the 22d of November. William's return to his kingdom was welcomed with enthusiasm, and the elections were nearly everywhere favorable to him. The difficulties which had been raised regarding a Bill about a new mintage—the currency being then much debased—had been overcome, but differences had already broken out between the king and Parliament about the grants with which he loaded his Dutch friends. Following the examples of Charles

II. and James II., William had detached from the crown some rich domains with which he had rewarded his faithful servants, particularly Bentinck. He had just made over to him in Wales a considerable territory over which the crown possessed sovereign rights also conveyed in the cession made to the Earl of Portland; the Principality and the House of Commons demanded their restitution in a petition made bitter by that jealousy with which the presence of the Dutch and the favor shown them inspired the English nation. William was wounded by it, but with the moderation and equity which counterbalanced the reserve of his character and the inflexibility of his mind, he replied to the petitioners: "I have a kindness for my Lord Portland which he has deserved of me by long and faithful services; but I should not have given him these lands if I had imagined the House of Commons could have been concerned: I will recall the grant, and find some other way of showing him my favor." The property granted to Bentinck in exchange consisted of several estates remote from each other in distant parts of the country. "They shall not say I am creating a principality for Lord Portland," said the king.

Disaffections like these, as well as jealousies excited in England by the formation of a commercial company in Scotland, whose rivalry English merchants feared, were soon to be silenced in the presence of a great national anxiety and excitement. Rumors of invasion began again to be circulated, and with the hopes of foreign succor Jacobite plots gained new ardor. The Duke of Berwick, who had been commissioned to excite the zeal of King James's friends, had secretly arrived in England, and was clandestinely visited by the chiefs of the Jacobite party. The duke was not ignorant of the more perilous and less honorable mission which had been intrusted to Sir George Barclay. The latter

had already gathered in London a considerable number of emissaries ready for any kind of enterprise; he was the bearer of a commission, written by King James's own hand, authorizing him to execute upon occasion any acts of hostility against the Prince of Orange and his adherents which might be for the service of his Majesty.

The act of hostility which Sir George Barclay and his accomplices were planning was no other than an attempt at assassination; the 15th of February had been fixed for its execution. Three men who had been ruined by the Revolution, and lately, through personal ambition, converted to the Roman Catholic faith, Charnock, Porter, and Goodman, had for a long time been sharers in the plot. Sir William Parkins was not ignorant of it, although he had lately taken oath to King William, in order to preserve the place he occupied in the exchequer. Sir John Fenwick, an audacious Jacobite, who had once insulted Queen Mary in the Park, had refused to take any part in the criminal attempt; but he kept the secret of the intrigues which were in the end to cost him his life. Some of King James's guards had, one by one, arrived in London, to reinforce the little band of assassins. The Duke of Berwick had returned to France, anxious to avoid all appearance of complicity. The English Jacobites refused to attempt an insurrection without the help of foreign invasion. Louis XIV. was growing weary of the useless efforts he had so generously made in King James's behalf. The latter came to meet Berwick at Clermont. "After having learned from him how things were in England, and the reasons which had caused him to depart so precipitately, his Majesty sent him to the King of France, and continued his own journey to Calais. He still hoped some event would give him the opportunity to urge that the French troops might be embarked without further delay,



and it was for this reason he continued his journey to Calais; but no sooner had he arrived than, as was his usual luck, he found all his hopes deceived. He learned that some gentlemen had been arrested for an attempt against the life of the Prince of Orange, which caused such a ferment in the kingdom that there was no use in the Jacobites thinking of making a rising, and still less in the king thinking of himself embarking, even if the French would have consented." \*

This event, which King James awaited at Calais, and on which he counted for the success of his projects, had been delayed from day to day by a series of those mishaps habitual to conspiracies, yet never serving as a warning to conspirators. On the 15th, the king's hunting party, when it had been arranged that the forty conspirators were to fall upon him, was put off, under pretext that the weather was cold and stormy. On the 21st, all the accomplices were assembled at a tavern. To each man was assigned his post, and his share in the work: eight were to be furnished with fire-arms; the others had sharpened their swords. "To-morrow," they exclaimed, "we shall have the plunder of the field." "Don't be afraid of smashing the glass windows, Mr. Pendergrass," said King to one of the conspirators to whom a musket had been given. Suddenly, a man who had been sent out to reconnoitre appeared at the door, with pale face and disconcerted air. "The king does not hunt to-morrow," he said; "the coaches have returned to Charing Cross; the guards that were sent round to Richmond have just come back to Kensington, at full gallop. I have had a word with one of the Blues. He told me that strange things are muttered." The conspirators dispersed, the more eager already devising other ambuscades; but the next day before twelve o'clock, nearly all were arrested. The population of London,

\* *Memoirs of King James II.*

roused with sudden excitement, had lent the police thousands of eyes and ears, eager in the search for the guilty. Three of the conspirators, moved by remorse, had successively revealed the plot to the Earl of Portland.

The first of all had been Pendergrass, a Catholic, an honest man and one held in esteem, ardently devoted to King James's cause, but recoiling instinctively from the idea of assassination. "My lord," he had said to Portland, "as you value King William's life, do not let him hunt to-morrow. He is the enemy of my religion, yet my religion forces me to give him this advice. But I am resolved to hide the names of the conspirators." The revelations of the others had been more complete. The king placed no confidence in them; he sent for Pendergrass. "You are a man of honor," he said, "and I am grateful to you. But you must feel that the considerations which have induced you to tell us so much ought to induce you to tell us something more. The cautions which you have as yet given can only make me suspect everybody who comes near me. They are sufficient to embitter my life, but not sufficient to preserve it. Give me the names of the conspirators." Pendergrass yielded, on condition that no use should be made of his revelations against individuals without his formal consent. On Sunday morning the guards and militia were under arms; the lords-lieutenant of the coast had gone to their respective districts. Orders were given to the lord mayor to watch over the safety of the capital. From Calais King James looked in vain towards the English coast. The beacon-fires, which were to announce to him the success of the enterprise, were not lighted.

Public feeling ran very high: every man felt what danger had menaced the State in menacing the life of the prince. The Houses suspended the Habeas Corpus Act; they declared that Parliament would not be dissolved by the king's death.

At the same time they proposed forming an association for the defence of the sovereign and the country. The engagement, drawn up by Montague, was placed at once on the table of the House. The members eagerly signed it. A slight modification in the terms satisfied the scruples of some of the Tory peers; the House of Lords signed in great numbers. Everywhere throughout the country the example was followed; and never had William been more popular, nor had his throne ever reposed on a more solid basis, than on the day after the guilty attempt against his life. When Charnock, one of the conspirators, offered to reveal the names of those who had sent him from St. Germain's, "I wish to know nothing of it," replied the king to the wretch's entreaties. Charnock perished by the hand of the executioner, with seven of his accomplices.

King William was soon to be compelled to learn that which he had at first refused to hear. During his absence on the Continent, while the armies remained almost inactive, and the Duke of Savoy was separating himself from the coalition, and overtures of peace were coming to the King of England, he learned that Sir John Fenwick had been arrested. Some days later the Duke of Devonshire sent him the prisoner's confession. While maintaining silence as to the Jacobite plots in which he had taken part, Fenwick accused Marlborough, Godolphin, Russell, and Shrewsbury of treason, and of being engaged in King James's service.

William III. had known it for some time: but Marlborough was the only one who had gone too far; the king had deprived him of all his offices, keeping silence, however, as to his reasons for doing this. Godolphin, Russell, and Shrewsbury were still in power; the last two were among the chiefs of the Whigs. Marlborough was extremely adroit; he hoped to throw all camps into disorder and expose all

parties to suspicion. William's greatness of soul frustrated all his projects. He sent Fenwick's confession to Shrewsbury himself. "I am astonished," he wrote, "at the fellow's effrontery. You know me too well to think that such stories can make any impression on me. Observe this honest man's sincerity: he has nothing to say except against my friends; not a word about the plans of his brother Jacobites." Fenwick was at once brought before the jury.

The accused was connected with powerful families; his wife, Lady Mary, was sister of the Earl of Carlisle. All means were employed to save him. All the witnesses who might testify against him were bought over, and sent out of the country. He escaped the ordinary procedure; but the Whigs demanded a bill of attainder against him. Admiral Russell rose in his place in Parliament, boldly demanding justice for Lord Shrewsbury and himself. "If we are innocent, clear us; but if we are guilty, punish us as we deserve. I put myself on you as on my country, and am ready to stand or fall by your verdict."

The discussion was long and violent; the terrible weapon of attainder was odious to many an honest conscience: political and personal passions were engaged in the struggle. Fenwick's guilt was evident to all; the right of his judges to condemn him was more doubtful. Sentence was, nevertheless, pronounced; and on the 28th of January, 1697, Sir John was executed on Tower Hill. Godolphin had sent in his resignation as First Lord of the Treasury. All the king's clemency and assurances of confidence had not been able to decide Shrewsbury to reappear at court. Sunderland had quietly resumed power, more despised by the nation than by the king. With very few exceptions, William III. distrusted all those who surrounded him, while acting towards them as if they deserved his confidence. Clear-

sighted and severe in his judgments, he was indulgent in his conduct, his magnanimity being always mixed with a little contempt. Henceforth the government was in the hands of the Whigs, who as a party were powerfully organized, and formed a compact and homogeneous ministry. The financial crisis passed over: England emerged triumphant from the Revolution, from subsequent plots, and from commercial embarrassments; and she was soon to enjoy the benefits of a temporary peace, the preliminaries of which were already being discussed at Ryswick.

France offered the restitution of Strasburg, Luxemburg, Mons, Charleroi, and Dinant; the re-establishment of the house of Lorraine on the conditions proposed at Nimeguen; and the recognition of William as King of England. "We have no equivalent to ask in return," said the French plenipotentiaries haughtily; "your masters have never taken anything from ours."

The exhausted state of France extorted from Louis XIV. conditions which wounded his pride. The good sense and clear judgment of William III. had long made him wish for peace. Secret conferences took place between Marshal Boufflers and the Earl of Portland, full of regard and personal esteem on the part of the two plenipotentiaries, and not without reciprocal good will between the two sovereigns. The taking of Barcelona by the Duke of Vendôme had made Spain willing to think of peace; but the King of France now withdrew his offer of Strasburg, offering in exchange Brisach and Friburg, in the Brisgau. Louis XIV. had refused to banish King James from France; and the latter was not even named in the treaty. "That would not be to my honor," the monarch had said. "I will recognize King William, and I will engage not to support his enemies, directly or indirectly." Portland had proposed

a clause of reciprocity. "All Europe has sufficient confidence in the obedience and submission of my people," haughtily replied Louis XIV., "to know that if it pleases me to forbid my subjects to assist King James, there is no reason to fear that he will find assistance in my kingdom. There is no occasion for reciprocity: I have neither sedition nor faction to fear." Peace was signed on the night of the 20th of September, 1697, between France, England, the States-general, and Spain. The Grand Pensionary sent news of it at once to William, who had retired to his château at Loo. "May the Almighty bless the peace," replied the king, "and in His mercy permit us long to enjoy it! I will not deny that the way in which it has been concluded inspires me with some apprehensions for the future. I cannot thank you enough for the care and trouble you have taken."

The work was not completed; the Emperor claimed to regulate in advance the succession to the crown of Spain, a question which the failing health of Charles II., who had no children, rendered liable to arise at any moment; the Protestant princes refused to admit the maintenance of Roman Catholic worship in all the places where Louis XIV. had re-established it. "Your letter which was written yesterday was delivered to me to-day," wrote William to Heinsius on the 31st of October, "and I am extremely puzzled how to give you a positive answer in writing. It would certainly be our duty to continue the war, rather than to make any concession harmful to the reformed religion; and if the gentlemen of Amsterdam, and with them the Republic, would remain firm, I would willingly do the same, in the hope that Parliament would help me to fulfil such a pious duty. On the other hand, I must confess that, humanly speaking, I do not see how

the Protestant princes could actually oppose the Catholic powers, as we should act without Sweden, Denmark, and the Swiss Cantons, besides being deprived of Saxony. I am extremely uneasy at the idea of the ministers of the Protestant princes being the only ones to refuse their signature; for that might injure them greatly later on, as I do not see how we could possibly be in a position to assist them promptly enough, or to anticipate the evil which France would certainly do them. I send orders by this courier to my ambassadors to act in entire concert with those of the Republic. If, therefore, you think you can show firmness, they shall do so equally."

These same Protestant princes, who would not tolerate in their states the exercise of the Roman Catholic faith, had lately inserted a clause in the agreements of the Grand Alliance to the effect that peace should never be concluded with France without religious liberty being given back to the French Reformers. William's prudent tolerance and Louis XIV.'s arbitrary obstinacy secured in the end the exercise of their religion for the German Catholics, without giving the same tolerance to the persecuted Huguenots. "These are things which concern me alone, and are not to be discussed with any one," replied the absolute monarch. Peace was finally signed on the 31st of October, 1697. The King of England had urged the case strongly with the Emperor. "I ask," said William, "what possible chance there is of our making France renounce a succession for which she would maintain a war for more than twenty years, if it were necessary? And God knows we are not in a position to dictate laws to France." William of Orange was soon to experience for himself the vanity of diplomatic negotiation, in face of a situation essentially complicated; but he secured to Europe a brief repose by exercising to obtain peace his legitimate influ-

ence over men's minds. "The Prince of Orange is the arbiter of Europe," Innocent XII. said to Lord Perth, King James's envoy; "nations and kings are his slaves; they will do nothing that displeases him." And striking the table with his hand, the Pope exclaimed, "If God in His Omnipotence does not come to our aid, we are lost."

King James indeed felt that all was lost. "The confederates remained united to the usurper whom they helped to place on the throne," he writes in his *Memoirs*; "and his Most Christian Majesty himself desired peace so much that he forgot his first resolutions, and recognized him King of England, like the others. His Majesty had then nothing else to do but to protest publicly and formally against every convention or agreement entered into to his disadvantage, or without his participation, of whatever sort it might be." James II. did not foresee into what errors royal pride and mistaken generosity would betray Louis XIV. on his son's account nor what misfortunes this fault would bring upon France.

The rejoicings were great in England. When King William made his entry into London on the 16th of November, an immense crowd filled the streets, making the air resound with acclamations. "I never saw such a multitude of well-dressed people," wrote William on the following day to his friend Heinsius; "you cannot imagine the satisfaction which reigns here in consequence of the peace." Repose and public prosperity founded on national liberty, the defeat of enemies at home, and the check at last given to the long continued successes of the great enemy of European peace, plots overthrown, religious dissensions pacified, and the monarch who had procured all these benefits for his adopted country placed by universal consent at the head of the great continental coalition: these were legitimate causes for England's satisfaction. William rejoiced in them himself, but not with-



out misgivings and forebodings of danger. "I hope to God," he had said some months before, "that the news they have given you of the death of the King of Spain and the declaration of his heir will not be confirmed. Should that happen, everything will fall into the most inextricable confusion, and all hope of peace will have vanished." Charles II. lived on, but was in a dying state; and the question of the succession remained impending.

It was not the first time that the King of England was painfully conscious of the inconveniences of a free government; the nation did not share the disquietude with which the future inspired him; and the first care of Parliament was to propose the reduction of the army. By the tact of his ministers he succeeded in retaining larger forces than the House at first intended; but it was at the price of Lord Sunderland's dismissal, whose courage was not equal to the storm which rose against him. The new elections had just brought into Parliament a floating and ignorant mass, free from all party engagements, but profoundly imbued with the popular prejudice against foreigners and against standing armies. Assuming the continuation of peace to be assured by the treaty of partition which had just been signed at Loo on the 4th of September, the Commons replied to the speech from the throne, which recommended the augmentation of military forces, by a vote reducing the army to seven thousand men, all English by race and birth. The proposition had been made by Robert Harley, quite a young man, whose parliamentary talents had, however, already placed him at the head of the opposition. "We might have managed to get them to consent to ten thousand men," said the ministers; "but his Majesty in answer to the proposition replied, they might as well disband the army." "I apprehend there will be trouble," William wrote to Hein-

sius on the 14th of September, 1698, "for I cannot permit the greater part of the army to be disbanded; and the members of Parliament are imbued with such erroneous opinions as you can scarcely form any idea of."

The king's anger and indignation were indeed extreme. His foresight in politics, his experience as a general, his Dutch pride, were all equally wounded. They insisted on a reduction of the army in the face of European complications which he foresaw to be inevitable; they deprived him of countrymen whose fidelity he had proved, and of the valor of heroic Huguenot refugees to whom he had given a country. He was tired of fighting against prejudices, which he had at times been able to lull but never to subdue; he was wounded in his patriotism and in his profound consciousness of the services he had rendered to the ungrateful nation who now trampled upon his counsels and desires; and he resolved to lay down the burden he had borne so many years. A hope of repose among his devoted friends and in his native country made all the charms of the great power and the lofty rank he had possessed fade before his eyes. He wrote to Heinsius on the 30th of December: "I am so chagrined at what passes in the House of Commons with regard to the troops, that I can scarce turn my thoughts to any other matter. I foresee that I shall be obliged to come to resolutions of extremity, and that I shall see you in Holland sooner than I thought." And on the 6th of January: "Affairs in Parliament are in a desperate condition, so much so that I foresee that in a short time I shall be obliged to have recourse to a measure which will make a great commotion in the world." When he wrote thus in confidence to his most faithful friend, William III. had already prepared the following speech, which he intended making in Parliament, announcing his resolution to retire to Holland.

“My Lords and Gentlemen: I came into this kingdom at the desire of the nation to save it from ruin, and to preserve your religion, laws, and liberties. For this object I have been obliged to support a long and very burdensome war for this kingdom, which, by God’s grace and the bravery of this nation, is at present terminated by a good peace, in which you may live happily and in repose, if you would contribute to your own security, as I recommended at the opening of this session. But I see, on the contrary, that you have but little attention to my advice, and, instead of taking any care of your safety, prefer to expose yourselves to evident ruin, by depriving yourselves of the only means which might serve for your defence. It would not be just nor reasonable for me to witness your destruction, not being able to do anything on my side to avoid it, not being in a position to defend and protect you, which was my only wish in coming to this country: therefore, I must request you to name to me such persons as you judge capable, to whom I can leave the administration of government during my absence, assuring you that though I am at present obliged to withdraw from the kingdom, I shall always preserve the same inclination for its advantage and prosperity. When I judge that my presence is necessary for your defence, and feel that I can undertake it with success, I shall be ready to return and hazard my life for your safety as I have done in the past; and I pray God to bless all your deliberations, and inspire you with all that is necessary for the welfare and safety of the kingdom.”

The king communicated his project to Somers: this temporary or lasting abdication drew from the chancellor a cry of astonishment and anger. “It is folly, sire,” he said; “I conjure your Majesty, for the honor of your name, not to repeat to any one what you have just told me.” William

listened patiently to his minister's representations, but he persisted in his design. Somers soon learned that the intended speech was known to Marlborough, who had recently been restored to the king's favor through the influence of a young Dutchman, Keppel, who had been made Earl of Albemarle. "We shall fail to understand one another, my lord; my decision is made," said William of Orange. Somers rose. "Will your Majesty pardon me if I refuse to sign the fatal act you are meditating? I have received the seals from my king, and I beg him to take them back while he is still my king."

Somers's representations, nevertheless, availed to break the first force of the king's anger: he reflected; and reflection triumphed, not over displeasure, but over the passionate impulse of a resolute soul and of a proud nature justly exasperated.

The bill for the reduction of the army had been passed by the Lords reluctantly, and solely to avoid a conflict; it was presented for the royal assent. William met the two Houses on the 1st of February, 1699. "I have come here to pass the bill for the disbanding of the army," he said; and never had his brow appeared calmer. "Although it seems to me very dangerous in the present circumstances to disband such a great number of troops, and although I might consider myself unkindly used in the dismissal of the guards who have accompanied me to this country, and who have constantly served me in all the actions where I have been engaged, nevertheless it is my fixed opinion that nothing can be so fatal to us as that distrust or jealousy should arise between me and my people. I should, however, have thought distrust impossible after what I have undertaken, ventured, and acted, in order to restore and assure to you your liberties. I have told you clearly the only reason which has

induced me to pass this in discharge of the true justification, to tell you nation is left too much to weigh this question such a strength as is necessary and the preservation of us." William made a fit to the kind feeling of him—ment—to retain his Disposition attempt in the Commons the hope that out of defence consented to maintain in an entirely different respect a very impertinent address the course of a week."

Galway, formerly the Master of the Protestant refugees, thenceforward not written to you this felt at what was passing have been in. It is not than I am not to be able officers who have served fear God will punish this

The day was already near to regret this imprudent young son, who had been Charles II., had just died made the Spanish succession negotiated at Versailles an open question. Bentinck beginning of the year 1702 27th of February, in the

years England had not been officially represented at the court of France; and William now thought himself obliged to renounce for once the simplicity of his habits. "Not understanding ceremonial, I make up in obstinacy, which is rather necessary here," wrote Portland to his sovereign. "Was it not this gentleman's master that we burned on this very bridge eight years ago?" asked the crowd in Paris, as they looked at Portland's suite passing over the Pont Neuf. The prudent Dutchman, proud and reserved, made a great impression at Louis XIV.'s court. "Portland appeared with a personal splendor, a politeness, a knowledge of the world and of the court, a courtesy and grace, which surprised all who saw him. Withal, much dignity, haughtiness even, but joined to discernment and a ready judgment which made no mistakes. The French, who run after novelty, a pleasing address, hospitality, and display, were charmed with him. He invited society, but with discrimination, as a man who knew our court well, and who only wished to have about him good and distinguished company. Soon it became the fashion to meet him, to entertain him, and be entertained by him. What was astonishing was, that the king, who was really more bitter than ever against King William, set the example by doing for this ambassador what he had never done for any other." \*

In 1699, Bentinck was again intrusted to negotiate a Treaty of Partition; he was at that time extremely jealous of the favor William showed Keppel, and he had avoided the court. His conduct distressed the king greatly. "I won't enter into any discussion about your retirement," William III. wrote to him; "I won't speak to you about it, but I cannot avoid expressing my grief; it is greater than you can imagine. I am sure, if you could only feel half as I do,

\* *Mémoires du Duc de Saint Simon*, 1698.

you would soon change your resolution. May God in His goodness direct you for your good and my tranquillity! At least, I beg you to come and see me as often as you can; that would be a great consolation to me, as I cannot help feeling as attached to you now as I have been in the past." A sentiment of patriotism gained the day, however, over private grievances. The king succeeded in obtaining the services of the earl for the difficult negotiation which was about to begin. "I must tell you that the well-being and repose of Europe may depend on your negotiations with Tallard," the king said to him; "you cannot be in ignorance that I can employ no one in England but yourself: it is impossible, and even against my dignity, that this negotiation should be carried on between Tallard and myself. I hope, then, that after having reflected seriously, you will return here, if possible, to terminate this important affair."

On the 13th and 15th of May, 1700, after long hesitation and an obstinate resistance on the part of the city of Amsterdam, the second Treaty of Partition was signed at London and the Hague. Spain had protested with anger against the pretension of foreign powers to regulate a succession which was not yet open, and had recalled her ambassador from the English court. The Emperor hoped to obtain a will in favor of the Archduke Charles, his second son; King William considered as indispensable to the repose of Europe the maintenance of a balance of power between France and Austria. "He has been honorable throughout the whole affair," wrote M. de Tallard to Louis XIV.; "his conduct is sincere; he is as proud as a man can be, but not in an assertive way, although no one can be more jealous about everything that relates to his rank." The Treaty of Partition assured to the Dauphin all the possessions of Spain in Italy, except the Milanese, which was to compen-

sate the Duke of Lorraine, whose duchy passed to France. Spain, India, and the Low Countries were to belong to the Archduke Charles.

There was great anger at Vienna, when it was known that the treaty was signed. "These are your good friends," said Count Harrach to the Marquis de Villars, the ambassador of France; "is it thus they give away other people's goods? England and Holland only think of their own interests. What shall we do with Flanders; how shall we preserve India without a navy? The archduke must be at the king's mercy for Spain, and dependent on England and Holland for India!" "Fortunately," added Kaunitz, "there is Some One above who also takes an interest in these divisions."—"And He," said M. de Villars, "will approve the justice of them."—"It is a new thing, none the less," replied the Count, "that England and Holland should divide the monarchy of Spain."—"Pardon me, count," replied Villars; "these two powers have just ended a war which has cost them much, and the emperor nothing; for, after all, you have only had expenses against the Turks; you had, it is true, a few troops in Italy, and in the empire two regiments of hussars only, and even these were not in your pay: England and Holland alone bore all the burden."

The discontent of the emperor at length began to subside; but that of the German princes, with the Elector of Bavaria at their head, was still causing King William much uneasiness, when he heard all at once that Charles II., who had been a feeble invalid for many years, had at last expired at Madrid on the 1st of November, 1700, and that by a will of the 2d of October he had bequeathed the Spanish monarchy to the Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV.

This will was the work of the Spanish council, at the head



of which sat Cardinal Porto-Carrero. "The national party detested the Austrians, because they had been so long in Spain; they loved the French, because they had not been there; the former had had time to give offence by their domination, while the absence of the latter had served them well." \* That the Spanish monarchy should be preserved entire was the absorbing anxiety of the dying king as well as of his subjects. "We will go to the dauphin — we will go to the devil, if necessary; but we will go all together," said the Spanish statesmen. The opinion of Pope Innocent XII. was favorable to France: Louis XIV. appeared to be in a condition to defend himself alone against all Europe. On the 15th of November he solemnly accepted the bequest.

William's surprise equalled his anger. "I doubt not but this unheard-of proceeding of France will surprise you as much as it did me. I never relied much on engagements with France; but I must confess I did not think they would on this occasion have broken in the face of the whole world a solemn treaty before it was well accomplished. We must confess we are dupes; but if one's word and faith are not to be kept, it is enough to cheat any man. I shall be blamed for having relied on engagements with France, having had so much experience that they are never bound by any treaty. I wish I may be quit for the blame, but I have too much reason to fear I shall too soon feel the bad effects of it. It grieves me to the soul to find that almost every one rejoices that France has preferred the will to the maintenance of the treaty, insisting that it is more advantageous for England and to Europe, merely upon the supposition that the Duke of Anjou, being a child, and to be brought up in Spain, will imbibe Spanish maxims, and be governed by

\* M. Mignet.

the Spanish council, without any relation to France. These are suppositions which, in my opinion, cannot take place; and I fear we shall feel the contrary too soon."

The merchants of Holland deceived themselves, no less than did the statesmen of England, as to the consequences of the event which had just taken place. "Public funds and shares have experienced a rise at Amsterdam," wrote Heinsius to the King of England; "and, although that rests on nothing solid, your Majesty knows what influence such a fact has."

It was in this critical situation of European affairs, and on the eve of a new war, the length and fury of which his clear-sighted judgment at once foresaw, that William III. found himself confronted in England by an opposition which every day became more daring, and which for two years had systematically embarrassed his government. The Whigs were still in power; but Russell, now Earl of Orford, had resigned, offended by a parliamentary inquiry; Montague had relinquished his offices for a rich sinecure, foreseeing his fall imminent from the furious enmity of the Tories and the visible decline of his influence in the House; Somers, still chancellor, eloquent and respected as ever, was ill and weary with the constant struggle. A serious disagreement menaced the union of the two Houses, as well as the good relations between Parliament and the king. A commission had been named by the Commons to examine the distribution of the estates confiscated after the war in Ireland. "The commission will give us trouble next winter," the king had said. In opening the session of Parliament, his language had been as dignified as it was conciliating. "Since our aims are wholly for the general good," he said, "let us act with confidence in one another; which

will not fail, by C  
and you a great a

Human passions  
corrupt the most si  
tertaining an uncor  
intimate counsellors  
had become precept  
surviving son of  
same way as Some  
cated estates was fi  
given to the Dute  
ney, formerly the  
lent violence. Wi  
time with the indu  
part of the confisc  
despoiled families.  
favorites, French  
Led away by leade  
Commons annulled  
arbitrary and unjus  
next year, thus obl  
ject the two measu  
cial wants of the  
Parliament," wrote  
trated with a deep  
sion, that this will  
an idea of what t  
midst of them an  
able to judge."

The wisdom of  
dence gained the  
in the Commons.  
without protest and

jected. The king gave his sanction; but the same day, when the Lower House had just voted that his Majesty should be petitioned to admit no more foreigners into his councils, Parliament was prorogued till the 2d of June. For the first time William did not accompany the declaration of prorogation with any speech. "Parliament was finally prorogued yesterday," he wrote to Holland. "I was never present at a more painful session. After having committed more and more extravagances, they separated in the midst of great confusion; their intrigues are quite incomprehensible for any person who does not see them from close at hand; to describe them is impossible." The king had also done an act of wisdom in depriving Lord Somers of the Great Seal. The Tories were triumphant, but they had almost overthrown the constitution; they had struck a blow at justice as well as at the royal prerogative and the privileges of the House of Lords. "The precedent was infinitely dangerous," says Mr. Hallam. "If the Commons desisted from so unjust an encroachment, it must be attributed to that which has been the great preservative of the equilibrium of our government—the public voice of a reflecting people, averse to manifest innovation, and soon offended by the intemperance of factions."

The young Duke of Gloucester had just died, throwing a new cause of disquietude over the difficult road which William was pursuing. His health was greatly shaken; for a long time it had been a question in Europe whether he would survive the King of Spain. The hopes of the Jacobites began to re-awaken. It was proposed to ask King James for the Prince of Wales, in order that he might be brought up in England in the Protestant faith; and the sentiment of the English nation weighed on Parliament when, at the commencement of the session of 1701, the two Houses

declared explicitly that, in order to maintain the hereditary succession of the crown of England in a Protestant family, the crown should belong, in default of heirs to William or to the Princess Anne, to the Princess Sophia, wife of the Elector of Hanover and grandchild of James I., and to her Protestant descendants. The great principle of hereditary monarchy was thus maintained, at the same time that it was made subordinate to the superior principle of religious faith, a necessary bond of union between the king and his people, the absence of which made it impossible for the last scion of the House of Stuart to succeed. In the midst of the storms of the session of 1701, of the irritability of the House on the subject of the Treaty of Partition, and the charges brought against Lords Portland, Orford, Somers, and Halifax (Edward Montague), King William had the consolation of having assured for the future the liberties and religion of England, which he had defended at the price of so many efforts often so ill recompensed. The House of Lords emphatically pronounced the innocence of the accused lords. William had retained them on the list of the privy council; he was tired of party struggles, exposed as he was to the anger and attacks of all factions. "All the difference between them is," he said, "that the Tories would cut my throat in the morning, and the Whigs would wait till the afternoon."

The national feeling of England and the fears excited by the attitude of France were soon to restore to King William the power and popularity which political complications and the unjust violence of party spirit had taken from him. Louis XIV. had just had the seven frontier towns of the Spanish Low Countries, which had been occupied by Dutch troops according to the Treaty of Ryswick, given up to him by his grandson. "The instructions which the Elector of

Bavaria, Governor of the Low Countries, had given to the different governors of places were so well executed,' writes M. de Vault in his narrative of the campaign in Flanders, "that we entered without obstacle." The Dutch troops shortly afterwards withdrew to their own country, and all intercourse was broken off between the States-general and France. King William had understood the full importance of this first stroke. "For twenty-eight years have I been working without cessation, sparing neither pain nor peril to preserve this barrier to the Republic," he wrote to Heinsius on the 8th of February, 1701, "and here is everything lost in a single day, and without even a blow struck." And on the 31st of May: "I see that we must now give all our thoughts to war, and though in the eyes of the whole world I may appear to wish for it, there is, perhaps, no one who will see it with greater pain: but to exist without security and only live upon the sufferance of France is the worst evil that can befall us."

The States-general had made an appeal to England, and the national enthusiasm communicated its impulse to Parliament. The Houses granted considerable subsidies, increasing the navy to thirty thousand men, and deciding that ten thousand auxiliary troops should be sent immediately to Holland. William gave the command of them to the Duke of Marlborough, and early in July he went to the Continent himself. The Count d'Avaux had just been recalled from the Hague. "We had hoped," said William III. to the States-general, "to see our kingdoms and the Republic flourishing under the shelter of a long peace; but European affairs have changed their aspect. All the neighbors of France are menaced; to remain passive will be as injurious to our country and the States as it will be to our allies." On the 7th of September, 1701, the Grand Alliance be-

tween England, the States-general, and the Empire was signed for the second time at the Hague. The powers engaged not to lay down arms until they had reduced the possessions of King Philip V. to Spain and the Indies, re-established the boundary of Holland, secured an indemnity to Austria, and the definitive separation of the two crowns of France and Spain. Already Prince Eugene of Savoy-Carignan, son of the Count of Soissons and Olympia Mancini, had commenced hostilities in Italy at the head of an Austrian force. Catinat had suffered serious repulses, and Marshal de Villeroy had taken his place as commander of the armies of Louis. The Duke of Savoy bore the title of French generalissimo; but a year was not to pass before he himself was included in the Grand Alliance, in spite of his daughters having married, one the Duke of Burgundy and the other the King of Spain. Thus, for the second time, had William III. roused all Europe against the inordinate ambition of France.

Meanwhile negotiations were going on, and the armies, which were silently gathering, as yet awaited the result of these diplomatic efforts. Louis XIV. with his own hands destroyed the last hopes of peace. James II. had been seized on Good Friday with an attack of paralysis. The Bourbon waters had revived him for a while, but on the 13th of September, 1701, he was attacked for the second time, and asked for the sacrament to be administered. In spite of the frequent irregularities of his private life, he was piously and sincerely attached to the faith which had cost him so much. He exhorted the courtiers who surrounded his death-bed; entreated Lord Middleton, who was the only Protestant who had remained faithful to him, to submit to the Roman Catholic church; and took leave of his sons. "I am on the point," he said, "of quitting this world, which has

been for me a sea of storms and tempests. The Almighty has judged it good to visit me with great afflictions; serve Him with all your heart, and never weigh the crown of England against your eternal salvation." Amid all the errors and crimes of James's life, this was the one luminous point in his character—that he had himself always acted upon the last advice which he bequeathed to his son. Philip II. had formerly said, "I would sacrifice all my realms for the defence of the Catholic faith!" James II., feebler and less adroit, having to contend against a free people and an established religion, had, indeed, risked everything, and lost it.

James II. was dying at St. Germain. Louis XIV. had paid him two visits, surrounding him to the last moment with the kindest attentions. On the 20th of September the king came once more, accompanied by a numerous suite, and entered the sick man's room; the latter opened his eyes and closed them immediately. "Let no one retire," said the monarch; "I have something to say to your Majesty. When it pleases God to call you to Him, I will be to your son all that I have been to you, and I will recognize him as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland." King James was approaching eternity; he had already a glimpse of the throne of God; human grandeur was disappearing before his eyes; it was thought, however, that he faintly murmured his thanks; the courtiers threw themselves at Louis's feet, weeping and admiring. "In the evening, at Marly, there was nothing to be heard but praise and applause," says St. Simon. "The occasion was certainly a fine one; but what people thought was no less to the point, though it may have been kept more secret. The king still flattered himself that he might prevent Holland and England (the first of which was so helpless by itself) from breaking with him in favor of the House of Austria. He counted







on thus quickly terminating the war in Italy, as well as the whole affair of the succession to the crown of Spain and her vast dependencies, which, as he knew, the Emperor could not dispute with his own strength, nor even with that of all the empire. Nothing, then, could be more contradictory to this position and to the recognition he had formally made at the Peace of Ryswick of the Prince of Orange as King of England. It was offending the latter in the most tender point, and all England with him and Holland as well, without this recognition of James's son bringing any solid benefit to the Prince of Wales."

William III. was at dinner in his castle of Dieren, in Holland, when he learned this news. Always master of himself, he said not a word, but his face flushed, he pressed his hat over his eyes, and could not command his features. Accurately informed of the state of affairs in France, and of the most secret court intrigues, he had foreseen Louis's resolution. Some days before, he had written to Heinsius on the subject of a projected mission to Versailles: "I find great difficulties in the way, since the news has arrived from France that the king has resolved, in case of King James's death, to recognize his pretended son as King of England. This will oblige me to cut short all correspondence with France, and even to proceed to extremities."

The Duke of Manchester, William's ambassador in France, received orders to quit the court at once without taking leave. In vain did M. de Torcy, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was strongly opposed to the course Louis XIV. had pursued, try to offer some explanation: he received from the ambassador the following letter:

"SIR: The king my master, being informed that his Most Christian Majesty has recognized another King of Great

Britain, does not think that it will conduce either to his dignity or service to have an ambassador any longer at the court of the king your master, and he has sent me orders to retire instantly; I do myself the honor to announce it to you by this letter."

Some days later the States-general transmitted the same injunction to their envoy, Van Heemskirk.

All England was roused; Whigs and Tories participated in the same feeling of anger. "All the English," says Torcy in his *Mémoires*, "without a dissentient voice, considered it as a mortal insult that France should arrogate the right to give them a king to the prejudice of him they had themselves chosen, and recognized for several years." Addresses poured in from all parts. When William arrived in England, on the 4th of November, he was too weak to bear the fatigue of an ovation, and went to Hampton Court without passing through London. It was from there that, henceforth well assured of the change which had taken place in public opinion, he published on the 11th of November the order for the dissolution of Parliament. "I pray God to bless the resolution which your Majesty has just taken of convoking a new Parliament," Heinsius wrote to him on the 15th.

When the Houses assembled on the 30th of December, 1701, the Tories had lost much ground in the Commons; they succeeded, however, in having Robert Harley chosen as speaker. On the 2d of January, 1702, the king in person opened the session. The alteration in his health was visible; he coughed a great deal. "I have not a year to live," he had said to Portland; but the vigor of his mind triumphed grandly over his physical weakness. "I promise myself," he said to the two Houses, "that you are met to-

gether full of that just sense of the common danger of Europe, and that resentment of the late proceeding of the French king, which has been so fully and universally expressed in the loyal and seasonable addresses of my people. The owning and setting up the pretended Prince of Wales for King of England is not only the highest indignity offered to me and the whole nation, but does so nearly concern every man who has a regard for the Protestant religion or the present and future quiet and happiness of his country, that I need not press you to lay it seriously to heart, and to consider what most further effectual means may be used for securing the succession of the crown in the Protestant line, and extinguishing the hopes of all pretenders and their open or secret abettors. I have concluded several alliances with a view to protect the independence of Europe, and the conditions of them shall be communicated to you; but it is fit I should tell you the eyes of all Europe are upon this Parliament. All matters are at a stand till your resolutions are known; therefore, no time ought to be lost: you have yet an opportunity, by God's blessing, to secure to you and your posterity the quiet enjoyment of your religion and liberties, if you are not wanting to yourselves, but will exert the ancient vigor of the English nation; but I tell you plainly my opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this occasion, you have no reason to hope for another." This discourse, drawn up by Lord Somers, more eloquent and impassioned than were generally the grave and simple words of King William, greatly excited national sympathy. In the addresses of the two Houses there were no longer those clouds which had lately darkened the relations of Parliament and sovereign; the grants for subsidies and the levying of troops corresponded with the public necessity. "You will be in-

formed by the courier of this evening of the excellent resolutions passed yesterday and to-day in the two Houses," wrote the king to Heinsius; "a more satisfactory result could not have been wished for. May the Almighty give His blessing to whatever may follow!"

But it was death that was coming — rapid and premature death. William of Orange was fifty-one years old. For thirty years he had borne on his shoulders the weight of the destinies of his native country; for nearly twenty years he had been the only man in Europe who had resisted resolutely and with success the persistent encroachments of France. The supreme moment of the great struggle was drawing near; but the fruit of so many efforts and so much perseverance slipped from the courageous hands which had so long prepared the way for success. The King of England felt himself dying. He had consulted Fagon under a false name: when the celebrated physician of Louis XIV. replied curtly that the *curé* in question might prepare for death, William no longer kept it a secret; and Fagon's advice, it is said, prolonged his life. An accident hastened the progress of the disease. On the 20th of February, 1702, the king was galloping in his park at Hampton Court, when his horse Sorrel, the animal he usually rode, stumbled and fell. His master broke his collar-bone, and, on being carried to the palace, felt that his time was short. He sent a message to the Houses, to recommend to them the union of the Parliaments of England and Scotland: he had thought a great deal about it, he said; and he considered this measure necessary for the happiness and power of the two nations, for the equilibrium of Europe, and for the liberty of the Protestant States. The Houses received with uncovered head the last act which William III. signed with his own hand. Several laws were waiting his assent; and

**THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.**

.

**WILLIAM THROWN FROM HIS HORSE.**





it was found necessary to engrave a stamp to represent the royal signature. After a few days of convalescence, fatal symptoms appeared; the king knew them, and was not deceived for a single moment. He had lately said to Bentinck: "You know that I have never feared death, and that sometimes even I have desired it; but at this moment, when a new and great prospect is opening before me, I could wish to remain longer." This indomitable soul had always known how to bow beneath the hand of God, and to accept His will without murmuring. "You have done everything for me which skill and learning could do," he said to his physicians; "but the case is beyond your power, and I submit."

He had sent his favorite Albemarle to Holland to arrange with Heinsius about preparations for the war. As if by a prophetic instinct, he had intrusted his messenger with a last mark of affection for the friend and faithful servant who had ably seconded him in his policy. "I am infinitely concerned to learn your health is not yet quite re-established," he wrote to Heinsius; "may God be pleased to grant you a speedy recovery! I am, unalterably, your good friend, William."

Albemarle returned, charged by Heinsius with the most satisfactory assurances. When he again saw his master, for William had insisted on his taking some rest after his long and rapid journey, the king said calmly to him: "I am drawing towards my end." He had already received the consolations and exhortations of the bishops; Tennyson and Burnet did not leave his bedside; he confessed his constant faith in the Christian tenets, and asked for the sacrament. When the ceremony concluded, the dying man was scarcely able to speak. Bentinck, twice summoned by letters (which, however, had not reached him), at last en-

tered the room ; William took his friend's hand, and pressed it to his heart. A moment before he had said to the physicians, with a shade of impatience, "Can this last?" He was told that his end was near. The death-struggle soon after commenced ; and, on the 16th of March, 1702, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, William of Orange yielded up his soul to God. There was found on his heart, in a little silk bag, a lock of Queen Mary's hair and the wedding-ring he had drawn from her dying hand. Europe had lost its great chief, and England its great king. An all-powerful impulse had, however, been given to Europe as well as to England. The alliance formed against Louis XIV. became every day stronger and more united. Amid all the bitterness of parliamentary struggles, and in spite of the culpable violence of party spirit, parliamentary rule, political liberty, and the Protestant religion were henceforth assured to England. William of Orange could rest in peace ; his work was accomplished.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

QUEEN ANNE. WAR OF THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.  
1702-1714.

**T**HE master workman was dead," said Burke, "but his work had been conceived in the true spirit of art, and it was carried out in accordance with his design." William III. was dead, after a reign incessantly contested, unpopular, and stormy. Scarcely had he breathed his last, when all that he had done and wished was attacked on all sides, criticised, and blamed. But the edifice was too solidly built, its foundations were laid in moral principles of too great importance, and it was based on political necessities of too grave a character for the whirlwind of party passion to be able to overthrow it. The European coalition survived the loss of its chief: the liberties of England were forever rescued from the yoke of the Stuarts.

Queen Anne was proclaimed without opposition; only a few Jacobites dared to pretend astonishment in seeing her take possession of the vacant throne. Their prince was still almost a child, and the last act to which William III. had set his hand was an act of attainder against the "Pretender," as the "King James III." of the Court of Saint Germain was beginning to be called in England. The queen had lost all her children one after another; the hope of the Jacobites consequently changed its direction, and they awaited the future in confidence.

Anne was thirty-seven years old; her health was poor,

and her intelligence feeble. She was honest, sincerely attached to the religious faith of the Anglican church, good-natured and affable, and therefore easily popular. Large views or broad principles in politics or morals were foreign to her nature. She never understood them, and allowed herself constantly to be directed by some favorite whom she changed more than once for some social pique or frivolous reason, but on the whole not without marked predilection for the Tories. The Whigs, nevertheless, were in power during the greater part of her reign, and to them belongs the honor of having carried forward the work commenced by William III.; but Queen Anne felt nothing but aversion and distrust for them. At the bottom of her heart she remained attached to her father's family: it was only her Protestant faith that alienated her from a brother whose birth she had stigmatized. She was timid although obstinate, indolent, passionately attached to her royal prerogative, yet unable to struggle against public feeling, which had for the future become master of England by the preponderant action of the House of Commons. Her favorites, all-powerful as they might be with her, had to learn the limit of their power. Their personal faults and the serious errors of their conduct were not the only things which brought on the fall of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Soon constrained to depend on the Whigs, because they were the only party who seriously wanted war, Marlborough, lately a Tory, and even half a Jacobite, was destined to fall with the Whigs.

Marlborough was still reckoned among the Tories at the time of Queen Anne's succession; he divided with Godolphin the political confidence of the princess. Lady Marlborough, haughty, violent, avaricious, and dominant over the mind and heart of her husband, as well as over the mind and heart of the queen, became the soul of the little do-

mestic council. The Earl of Marlborough's greatness demanded war quite as much as did the public feeling of England and her engagements towards Europe; the first speech from the throne clearly announced the resolution to carry forward King William's policy. "We cannot do too much to encourage our allies to destroy the extravagant power of France." Marlborough was sent as ambassador to the Hague, to satisfy the States-general of the queen's intentions. As skilful in diplomacy as he was great in war, he was able at once to win the confidence of Heinsius, and inspired the powers of Europe with a firm assurance that the Grand Alliance would be maintained.

On the 4th of May, 1702, a declaration of war was simultaneously promulgated at London, Vienna, and the Hague. Marlborough had been created generalissimo of the Dutch troops, as well as of the forces furnished by England. After his first campaign on the Meuse, although its success was insignificant, Queen Anne raised him to the rank of duke. She bestowed on her favorite the most lucrative offices, and to assure forever the splendor of his house, had asked Parliament to attach to the title she had conferred on the illustrious general a pension of five thousand pounds sterling. The House refused; the queen thereupon multiplied her personal gifts, which were at first accepted with reluctance, or loftily refused, only to be afterwards eagerly reclaimed. When, in 1712, the favor of the Duchess of Marlborough had forever disappeared, she asked and obtained all the arrears of the pension of two thousand pounds sterling from the queen's privy purse, which she had refused in 1702.

It is not my purpose to recount in detail the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough, and the continual efforts he was obliged to make to extort the co-operation, and to con-

trol the divergent and contradictory wills of the allied powers. Naturally calm and of an impassible character, beneath an amiable and seductive manner, Marlborough had to fight against the obstinacy and patriotic disquietudes of the Dutch, which all Heinsius's zeal and authority did not succeed in appeasing, and against the procrastination of the emperor and the intestine jealousies of the empire. The campaign of 1703 had been from first to last hampered by these petty dissensions. Early in the year 1704, the general wrote to Godolphin: "I augur so badly of this campaign that I am extremely discouraged. God's will be done, but I have grave reasons for disquietude. In all other campaigns I saw something was practicable for the common cause; this year all the success I can hope for is from some fortunate accident." Nevertheless it was in this year 1704 that the glory of Marlborough, who was then fifty-four years of age, was founded upon the disasters of France.

Marshal Villars, loquacious and boastful, but bold, ingenious, and resolute, had gained some advantages in the preceding campaigns; in 1704 he was detained in the south of France by the insurrection of the Camisards. Marshals Tallard and Marsin commanded the troops in Germany, in conjunction with the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor, menaced by a new insurrection, recalled Prince Eugene from Italy, where the Duke of Savoy had just abandoned the cause of King Louis XIV. for that of the Grand Alliance. Marlborough joined the prince by a rapid march, which Marshal Villeroy tried in vain to prevent. On the 13th of August the armies met between Blenheim and Hochstadt, near the Danube. The forces were nearly equal on both sides; but on the side of the French counsels were divided, and the different corps acted without concert. It is to the honor of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough that

throughout this long war they always combined their operations without jealousy or personal intrigue. "We shall never quarrel, Prince Eugene and I, about our share of the laurels," wrote Marlborough. The prince had had much difficulty in getting his troops into position for the battle; and while he was effecting his movements public prayers commenced in the allied army. "The English chaplains read the service of the Church of England at the head of the English regiments. The Calvinistic chaplains of the Dutch army, with heads on which hand of Bishop had never been laid, poured forth their supplications in front of their countrymen. In the meantime the Danes might listen to their Lutheran ministers; and Capuchins might encourage the Austrian squadrons, and pray to the Virgin for a blessing on the arms of the Holy Roman Empire. The battle commences, and these men of various religions all act together like one body." \*

Marshal de Tallard had to sustain alone the attack of the English and Dutch commanded by Marlborough; he was made prisoner, and his son was killed at his side. The cavalry, deprived of its chief and pressed hard by the enemy, took flight in the direction of the Danube; numbers of officers and soldiers perished in the river: the massacre was horrible. Marsin and the Elector, who had repulsed five successive charges of the troops under Prince Eugene, succeeded in effecting their retreat, but the electorates of Bavaria and Cologne were lost. Landau was retaken by the allies after a siege of two months; the French army was driven back across the Rhine; Alsace was left open, and Germany evacuated. "If the success of Prince Eugene had equalled his merit," said Marlborough, "we should in this campaign have put an end to the war." Upon his return to

\* Lord Macaulay's essay, "Church and State."

England, the duke was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Parliament vied with the queen in generosity towards him. He received in gift the manor of Woodstock, which henceforth took the name of Blenheim; and the erection of a magnificent palace was at once commenced there. In vain did the Tories, already suspicious of the duke, try to equal the naval successes of Sir George Rooke, on the coast of Spain, to the victorious campaign of Marlborough. All eyes were fixed on the general, all hopes were concentrated on him; his influence in his own country was not a whit less than his power on the Continent. "If the duke had obtained in 1705 the same successes as in 1704," said the Tories, "the constitution of England would have been lost!"

The malcontents in England were soon reassured; the campaign of 1705, brilliant in Spain under the Earl of Peterborough (formerly Lord Mordaunt), had been retarded in Germany by the internal dissensions of the Grand Alliance. Masters of Gibraltar since 1704, the English had seized Barcelona in 1705. Bold, enterprising, eccentric, of splendid personal bravery, Peterborough had carried the fortress of Barcelona, in spite of his own officers and soldiers; he had driven back to the assault those who were flying, galloping after them himself with a short spear in his hand. "Get back with you," he shouted, "and follow me, unless you wish to bear the eternal shame of having abandoned your post and your general!" "We have been the objects of a miracle," he wrote to the Duchess of Marlborough; "I know the temper of our nation, especially in the month of November; yet I do not think they can find much fault: but we are as poor as church-rats, and, without money, miracles are not sufficient." In 1706, alternate successes and reverses had by turns given over Madrid to the two rival princes who disputed the





THE PRETENDER WELCOMED BY THE HIGHLANDERS.

THE ASSAULT OF BARCELONA.

• •

•

•

•

•

throne of Spain. Peterborough found at the head of the armies of King Philip his countryman, the Duke of Berwick, who had often been engaged for the service of his party and family in enterprises which were hardly consistent with his taciturn honesty. He was loyally devoted to King Louis's service, without ever being able to please his grandson, and still less acceptable was he to the young queen, Mary Gabrielle, second daughter of the Duke of Savoy. Lord Peterborough had the same fate with regard to the Archduke Charles. "I would not accept salvation at the hands of Lord Peterborough!" exclaimed the Austrian prince. "What fools we are to fight for such idiots!" said the English general bitterly.

The defeat at Hochstadt in 1704 had been a first and terrible blow to Louis's power, as well as to the military prestige of France. The defeat of Ramilies, on the 23d of May, 1706, was a second step towards ruin. The personal attachment of the king to Villeroy had always blinded him as to his military talents. Beaten in Italy by Prince Eugene, Villeroy, as presumptuous as he was unskilful, hoped to redeem himself in the encounter with Marlborough. "All the army was eager for battle, and I knew it was your Majesty's wish also," wrote the marshal to Louis XIV. after his defeat; "how could I help risking an engagement under such favorable conditions?" His officers had, however, judged very differently, and implored him to change his order of battle. The troops went into action without confidence; and the Bavarians gave way at the end of an hour. The French, who had been so heroic at Hochstadt, feeling themselves badly commanded, soon followed their example. The rout became dreadful, and the disorder indescribable. Villeroy himself did not draw rein till he found himself under the walls of Brussels. He was soon obliged to evacuate this place. The

Duke of Marlborough took possession of it in the middle of October, being then master of two-thirds of Belgium. The emperor offered the victorious general the government of the Low Countries. Marlborough was greatly tempted to accept it; but the visible repugnance of the Dutch dissuaded him. "Assure the States that I will not be the cause of any embarrassment," he wrote to Heinsius; "as they do not think it expedient for their service, I will cheerfully excuse myself from accepting this commission." Marshal Villeroy had been recalled. "You and I are too old for fortune's favors!" said the king to him, kindly to the last. The Duke of Vendôme was intrusted with the command of the army of Flanders, "in the hope of imparting to it the strength and audacity natural to the French nation," said Louis XIV. "Every one here is ready to take off his hat at the very mention of Marlborough's name," wrote Vendôme; "if the soldiers and troopers were of the same mind, there would be nothing to do but to take leave of the company; but I hope to find a better spirit among them." All Vendôme's efforts could not prevent the loss of Menin, Ath, and Dendermonde. Prince Eugene had just beaten the Duke of Orleans before Turin on the 7th of September, when Marshal Marsin was killed. "It is impossible to express the joy I feel," said Marlborough in a letter to his wife; "for I not only esteem, I really love that prince. This glorious action must bring France so low that, if our friends can be persuaded to carry on the war one year longer with vigor, we cannot fail, with the blessing of God, to have such a peace as will give us quiet in our days: but the Dutch are at this time unaccountable."

The States-general had in fact received from Louis XIV. overtures which made them desire peace. "It is publicly said at the Hague," wrote Marlborough to Godolphin, "that

France is now sufficiently reduced; but that if war is prolonged, it will end in making England stronger than she ought to be. Everything that has been proposed up to the present time amounts only to a treaty of partition, dishonorable to the allies, and deplorable in the inevitable consequences." War made the glory, fortune, and power of the Duke of Marlborough as well as of Prince Eugene: both persuaded Heinsius, who had remained faithful to the policy of William III., without the greatness or liberality of mind which knows how to gauge the advantages of justice and moderation. The deputies of the States replied that the Republic would remain faithful to their allies, and would accept no overtures without their concurrence. Public feeling had, however, changed in Holland. "The burgomasters of Amsterdam passed two hours with me this morning, to convince me of the necessity for prompt peace," wrote Marlborough in 1708, "a proceeding which, on the part of the most zealous among the Dutch, has not failed to make me very uneasy."

For a moment the affairs of France, strictly bound up with those of Spain, had appeared to improve in the latter country. The victory of Almanza, gained on the 13th of April, 1707, by Marshal Berwick over the Anglo-Portuguese army, and the taking of Lerida, which capitulated on the 11th of November to the Duke of Orleans, had restored hope to the partisans of Philip V. Spanish feeling was strongly in his favor. Lord Peterborough, discontented and sensitive, had retired to England; Lord Galway, son of the old Marquis de Ruvigny, and, like him, a refugee in England, had taken the command of the English troops without success. The campaign of Marlborough and Prince Eugene had not been brilliant. The Prince and the Duke of Savoy had been repulsed before Toulon; and a rising of

the country people had obliged them to evacuate Provence precipitately. Marshal Villars had repulsed the Margrave of Baireuth from the borders of the Rhine, had advanced into Suabia, and ravaged the Palatinate. All Marlborough's negotiations in Sweden, Vienna, and Berlin had not been able to bring about a combined action of the allied forces in time. There were murmurs in England as well as in Holland; Marlborough's enemies accused him of purposely prolonging the war in order to make money. The favor of the duchess declined silently with Queen Anne; all the audacity and ability of the great general scarcely sufficed to protect him from attack in Parliament. The power of Godolphin was menaced. "I am discouraged," wrote Marlborough to his wife, "and I am astonished at the courage of the Lord Treasurer. If I were treated as he is (as no doubt I shall be), always on the point of seeing myself deserted by the Whigs, I would not remain in office for all the world could give me. I should not be the first to repent. When I say this, I know that so long as the war lasts it will be my duty to retain my command; but I would not put my hand to anything else."

The campaign of 1708 commenced badly; the town of Ghent had just been surprised by the French, commanded by the Duke of Burgundy, with Vendôme as second in command. Bruges had opened its doors to the young prince. "The States have used this country so badly," said Marlborough, "that all the towns are ready to play us the same trick as Ghent, as soon as they have the opportunity." Prince Eugene advanced to second Marlborough; but he set off late, and the troops of the Elector of Bavaria harassed his march. "I would not say any ill of Prince Eugene," said Marlborough, "but he will arrive at the rendezvous on the Moselle ten days too late." The English were, therefore, unsupported

when they met the French army opposite Oudenarde. The affair took place without the Duke of Burgundy, who was informed of it too late, and hesitated. Vendôme was beaten. Marlborough proposed to push forward into France, and to fight the beaten enemy in their own territory. Prince Eugene, as well as the deputies of the States-general, found the project too audacious. The allies, therefore, laid siege to Lille. Marshal Boufflers defended the town until the 23d of October, and the fortress until the 9th of December. When he at last evacuated it, Prince Eugene ordered his troops to pay the French marshal the same honors as to himself. Ghent and Bruges were again given up to the Imperial troops. "We had committed fault upon fault in this campaign," said Marshal Berwick in his Memoirs; "and yet, if they had not committed the last one in abandoning Ghent and Bruges, they would have held a very good hand next year." The Low Countries, in fact, were lost; and even the French frontier was broken into by the loss of Lille. The Duke of Orleans, tired of his powerless position in Spain, and an object of suspicion at the court of Philip V., had renounced the command of the troops, and had returned to France. The English Admiral Leake and General Stanhope had taken possession of Sardinia, and of the island of Minorca and Port Mahon. The archduke was master of the islands and of the sea; for a year Philip had not possessed a foot of land in Italy. France was suffering and exhausted. Louis XIV. decided at last to negotiate.

He addressed himself to the Dutch. It was there that a certain desire for peace had already shown itself. War could bring them no other profit than a guaranty of security; the king offered them the important and substantial advantage of an extension of frontier. "Considering the

sufferings which war inflicted upon trade, there was reason to hope," said the Marquis de Torcy in his *Mémoires*, "that the Grand Pensionary, thinking only of the interests of his country, must desire the end of a war the whole weight of which rested upon him. Having undisputed authority in the Republic, he had neither secret design nor cabal to fear for displacing him from a post which he occupied to the satisfaction of the States, and in which he conducted himself with moderation. Up to that time the United Provinces had borne the principal burden of the war, while the Emperor alone received the fruit. One might say with truth that the Dutch were the guardians of the temple of peace, and that they had the keys in their hands."

Torcy had counted too much on Heinsius's moderation. In vain did the President Rouillé, who was intrusted with secret negotiations, offer to abandon Spain on condition of Naples, Sardinia, and Sicily being assured to Philip V., Louis XIV. returning thus to the second Treaty of Partition lately concluded with the United Provinces and England. Heinsius, faithful to the Grand Alliance, ardent to revenge the past injuries of the Republic, justly suspicious with regard to France, did not understand that he would destroy the work of William III. and the equilibrium of Europe if he transferred to the House of Austria that preponderance of which he deprived the House of Bourbon. The conditions which the delegates exacted were so hard that Rouillé scarcely dared to transmit them to Versailles. Each of the allies tried to secure for itself a fragment of the spoils. England claimed Dunkirk; Germany wanted Strasburg and the re-establishment of the terms of the Peace of Westphalia; Victor Amadeus tried to recover Nice and Savoy; the Dutch demanded that to the barrier stipulated at Ryswick should be added Lille, Condé, and Tournay. "The king will break



off the negotiations, rather than accept such exorbitant conditions," said the deputy of the States-general to Marlborough. "So much the worse for France," replied the English general; "for if the campaign is once commenced, things will go further than the king imagines. The allies will never abate their first demands." The duke was assured of the fidelity of his allies, and came to England for a few days. When he returned to the Hague, the Marquis de Torcy had come himself to carry on negotiations, and was the bearer of fresh concessions; the king offered to recognize Queen Anne, and to give up Lille and Strasburg. He contented himself with Naples for his grandson. Marlborough protested his own pacific intentions. "You ought also to desire peace for France," he said to the minister of Louis XIV. "You should conclude it as soon as you can. But if you wish for it seriously, be sure you must renounce the last vestige of the Spanish monarchy; on this point my countrymen are unanimous. The English will never permit Naples and Sicily, or either of these two kingdoms, to remain in the hands of a Bourbon. No English minister would dare to propose it."

The duke insisted upon the banishment of the Pretender. An attempt at a descent in Scotland, seconded by Louis XIV., had, although thwarted by bad weather, excited the anger of the Whig ministers, who made it an essential point in the negotiations that France should cease to support the young prince. "I wish I could serve him," said Marlborough to M. de Torcy, who had not concealed his knowledge of the intrigues which had taken place at the court of St. Germain; "he is the son of a king for whom I would have given my life." And he added: "My colleague, however, Lord Townshend, is a Whig: in his presence I am obliged to speak like the most obstinate and

prejudiced Englishman; but I would serve the Prince of Wales with all my heart. I really think it would be to his advantage to leave France at this moment. Is not the success of the allies a miracle of Providence? When has it ever happened that eight nations have spoken and acted like one man?"

M. de Torcy had gone to the utmost limits of concession permitted by his orders; he had renounced Sicily, then Naples. The allies then demanded Alsace, and certain places in Dauphiny and Provence; they required that the conditions of peace should be executed during the two months' truce they promised to grant. Besides all this, Louis XIV. was to give up immediately three frontier-towns to the Dutch, lest Philip V. should refuse to abdicate. The young king had already replied by anticipation to this dishonoring proposition. "God has given me the crown of Spain," he had said, "and while a drop of blood remains in my veins, I will defend it."

The allies had exceeded all bounds. Imprudent from their very anxiety to serve European interests, and to bring about a durable peace, they had wounded royal honor and patriotic feeling profoundly, both in France and in Spain. William III.'s far-seeing wisdom would have preserved the powers from this grave error. The political obstinacy of Heinsius, Prince Eugene's cold-blooded enmity, and the Duke of Marlborough's avidity both for glory and for money, served the cause they had it at heart to ruin. Louis XIV. broke off negotiation, and made a last effort. "If I must make war," he said, "I would rather do so against my enemies than my children." He had written to all governors of provinces and towns:

"GENTLEMEN: The hope of an approaching peace had so universally spread throughout my kingdom that I think I

owe it to the fidelity which my people have always shown during the whole course of my reign, that they should know the reasons which still prevent them enjoying the repose which I had hoped to procure for them. In order to re-establish peace I would have accepted conditions quite opposed to the safety of my frontier provinces; but the more evidence I gave of my wish to remove the distrust which my enemies pretend to feel as regards my power and projects, the more they have increased their pretensions, refusing to take any other engagement than that of ceasing all acts of hostility till the 1st of August, reserving to themselves the option of then again taking up arms, if the King of Spain, my grandson, should persist in his resolution to defend the crown which God has given him. Such a resolution was more dangerous for my people than war, for it assured our enemies more considerable advantages than they could hope for from their troops. As I put my confidence in God's protection, and hope the purity of my intentions will draw His blessing on our arms, I wish my people to know that they would have enjoyed peace if it had depended only on my will to procure them a blessing which they justly desire, but which must be procured by new efforts, since the immense conditions I would have granted do not suffice for the re-establishment of public peace. — LOUIS."

France might have reproached King Louis with the arrogance and ambition which had drawn her with him to the brink of ruin. Intoxicated like himself by a mad ardor for glory, she had for a long time ministered to the royal passions. She was now expiating her follies cruelly, without however permitting herself to be overwhelmed by her misfortunes. In France, as well as Spain, the people and the army rallied to the appeal of the sovereigns. "The firm-

ness and courage of the soldiers in suffering hunger are miraculous," said Marshal Villars, who had just taken the command of the army in the Low Countries. On the 11th of September, 1709, he encountered Prince Eugene and Marlborough, who had just seized on Tournay, near Malplaquet. For several days Villars had in vain pressed the king to permit him to give battle, and he now engaged joyfully. His troops were so eager to join issue that they threw away the rations of bread which had just been distributed. "Long live the King! long live the Marshal!" was the cry all down their ranks. Villars had intrenched himself in front of a forest. "We are going again to fight like the moles," grumbled Prince Eugene.

Marshal Villars had been seriously wounded in the midst of the action. "I had my wounds dressed at once, and sat on a chair to continue to give my orders," he wrote in his *Mémoires*; "but the pain caused me to faint, and I was so long insensible that they carried me to Quesnoy without my being conscious of it." Prince Eugene, who was also wounded while attacking the centre of the French army, refused all surgical care whatever. "It will be time enough to-night, if I am still alive," he said calmly, and he remained on horseback. Marshal Boufflers, who had insisted on serving as a volunteer, took the command of the French army. The defeat was complete, but not inglorious; the retreat was conducted like a parade, and the allies had lost 20,000 men. "If God permits us to lose such another battle," wrote Villars to Louis XIV., "your Majesty can count on your enemies being destroyed." The king himself was not so easily cheered; he renewed negotiations sadly. Marshal d'Uxelles, and the Abbé de Polignac set out for Gertruydenberg, a little fortress in Moerdyk.

This new victory had again inflated the pride of the





allies. Heinsius, who was charged to conduct the conferences, persisted in the original proposals. "The States-general were then the arbiters of Europe," says M. de Torcy in his *Mémoires*, "but they were so dazzled by the excess of honor to which the allies had raised them, that they could not bear to have it said of them that they were laboring merely to aggrandize Austria and England." "It is evident that you are not accustomed to conquer," said the Abbé de Polignac bitterly to the Dutch delegates. The king had consented to give guaranties, and to engage that his grandson should abdicate. He promised, in case of refusal, not only no longer to support him, but to furnish the allies with a monthly subsidy of a million francs, and to allow them free passage through French territory. He consented to the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, and the restoration of the three bishoprics to the empire. But they required him to insure Philip V.'s abdication, or to take upon himself to oblige him to abdicate by force of arms. The just pride of the king and the man revolted before this impudent and unfeeling ultimatum, while the King of Spain himself absolutely refused all concession. "Whatever misfortunes may await me," he wrote to his grandfather, "I prefer to submit to God's will in battle, than to consent to an arrangement which would force me to abandon a people upon whom my reverses up to the present time have produced no other effect than that of augmenting their zeal and affection." Louis XIV. retracted his concessions, and the conferences of Gertruydenberg were abandoned on the 25th of July, 1710. The king could do no more to succor his grandson; he sent Vendôme to him. On the 10th of December the French general, beaten steadily during the first part of the campaign, obtained some advantage at Villa Viciosa over the Austrian contingent of the arch-

duke. Count Stahremberg, who commanded, spiked his cannon and retired, while the young king slept on the battlefield. The allies now possessed only Catalonia. It was rather a mockery that General Stanhope had recently brought the archduke back to Madrid. "I have orders to take him there," he said. "Once in Madrid, let God or the devil keep him there, or turn him out; it is no affair of mine."

Stanhope had rightly judged the sentiments of the Spanish people, who became more and more attached to Philip V., and faithful to his cause. Neither was he mistaken as to the position which her military and political success, due mainly to the Duke of Marlborough, had assured to England in Europe. Burdened as she had long been with the overwhelming weight of the war, she had become, by her close alliance with the Dutch as well as by her own predominance, the real mistress of European peace or war. "Our Henrys and Edwards have left an immortal reputation behind them," said Lord Stanhope in Parliament, "because, once upon a time, they humiliated and vanquished the pride of France. It is the glory of Queen Elizabeth that she humbled the power of Spain. Each of the two great European monarchies aspired separately to universal dominion; both had been on the point of attaining it, in spite of their mutual hostility. But no one could anticipate that a successful resistance could be opposed to them in Europe, if the two monarchies were united. We have, however, lived to see these two formidable powers menace with one accord the liberties of all Europe. Your Majesty was destined to fight against their united forces. You attacked them and reduced them to sue for peace."

It was, indeed, from England that this peace so desired by France and Spain, and which had become indispensable to both powers, was to come. The great Whig ministry



had for some time been shaken; the queen was weary both of the avidity and of the insolence of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; new favorites had cleverly made use of her disgust to bring her back to the friends of her youth: the Tories had just replaced the Whigs in power. I shall mention later by what manœuvres this cause was served; at present I only desire to indicate the political modifications which already foreshadowed peace. Harley, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who soon after became Earl of Oxford, a new Tory without any other marked characteristics than his personal ambition, and the Secretary of State, St. John, known in history by the name of Bolingbroke, a Jacobite at the bottom of his heart, from sheer restlessness of mind and a taste for intrigue, joined in urging England to a pacific line of action. The Abbé Gautier, who had been chaplain to Marshal Tallard, and had remained in England, was sent to M. de Torcy at Versailles. "Do you want peace?" he said to him; "I bring you the means of negotiating and concluding it independently of the Dutch, who are unworthy of the king's goodness and the honor he has paid them, in addressing himself to them for the purpose of pacifying Europe." "To ask at that time one of his Majesty's ministers if he wished for peace," said Torcy, "was to ask a sick man suffering under a long and dangerous malady if he wished to be cured." Secret negotiations were therefore at once opened with the English cabinet, — negotiations which were sometimes more confidential on the part of Harley and Bolingbroke than seemed compatible with the fidelity due to their sovereign, or with the engagements of England towards her allies.

The object was as reasonable as it was just, even though the means employed to attain it were open to question. The Emperor Joseph had just died, leaving only daughters;

the proposed elevation of the Archduke Charles to the empire threatened Europe with the preponderance of the House of Austria. To England is due the honor of first understanding that danger, and of playing the part of mediator which Holland had lately exercised, and which had made her greatness. Harley's natural taste for dark intrigue prolonged the mystery for some time; inferior agents came and went between London and Versailles — Prior, the poet, and one Mesnager, a deputy of Rouen in the Council of Commerce, who had the honor of seeing the queen in person. The melancholy effects of war had often saddened her. "It is a good work," she said to this humble plenipotentiary of France. "I pray God to give you His help; I have a horror of bloodshed."

The war was continued nevertheless, and Marlborough remained at the head of the allied forces, in spite of the disgrace of his friends, and his wife's final retirement from court, which had not occurred, however, without efforts on her part as audacious as they were violent, to reconquer the influence she had formerly exercised over the queen. The campaign of 1711 had been unimportant; the conferences had just opened at Utrecht; preliminaries were signed with England; they assured to English commerce immense advantages, besides the cession of Newfoundland and the rest of the French territories in Acadia. In communicating the proposed arrangement to Holland, the negotiators had prudently suppressed some articles. Public feeling was nevertheless greatly irritated at the Hague; the States-general sent a delegate commissioned to protest officially. "England has borne the greatest burden of the war," said St. John dryly; "it is only just that she should take the lead in negotiating the peace." The Count of Gallas, the emperor's ambassador in London, was so offended by the tenor of the

articles, that he published them at once in a newspaper. Queen Anne forbade him to appear at court. The preliminaries were not popular even in England; the guaranties offered by France did not appear sufficient. "On Friday the peace will be attacked in Parliament," wrote St. John, on the eve of the opening of the session. "I am very glad of it, for I detest dangers that threaten me from a distance: we will receive their fire, and put them to rout once for all."

The speech from the throne announced the opening of the conference, "in spite of the efforts of those who take pleasure in war." The queen had just created twelve new peers in order to insure a pacific majority in the House of Lords.

The hand of God was laid heavily on the royal house of France. In less than a year, from the 14th of April, 1711, to the 8th of March, 1712, Louis XIV. had lost, by violent and rapid illness, his son the Dauphin, and his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy; six days afterwards, the wife of the latter, the charming Marie-Adelaide of Savoy, and finally his great-grandson, the Duke of Brittany, aged four years. There was left only a baby in the cradle, feeble and sickly, the little Duke of Anjou (afterwards King Louis XV.), to represent the elder branch of the House of Bourbon. The allies bestirred themselves still further, and added to their diplomatic exactions the renunciation by Philip V. of the crown of France. The good offices of England were not lacking to the old king, bowed down beneath the weight of so many evils, bearing them however with a courageous firmness which compelled the admiration even of his enemies. Louis XIV. wrote to his grandson:

"They will tell you what England proposes — that you should either renounce your birthright while preserving the

crowns of Spain and India, or else renounce the monarchy of Spain, retaining your rights to the succession of France, and receiving in exchange for the crown of Spain the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples, with the states of the Duke of Savoy, and Montferrat and the Mantuan territory, the said Duke of Savoy succeeding you in Spain. I confess that, in spite of the disproportion of the states, I have been always nearly touched by the thought that you would continue to reign, and that I might always regard you as my successor; secure, if the Dauphin lives, of a regent accustomed to command and capable of maintaining order in my kingdom, and of crushing factions; while if this child should die, as his sickly appearance gives one too much reason to fear, you would succeed to the throne according to the order of your birth, and I should have the consolation of leaving my people a good king, and one capable of commanding them, who, in succeeding me, would unite to the crown of France territories so considerable as those of Naples, Savoy, Piedmont, and Montferrat. If gratitude and affection for your subjects are powerful motives for remaining with them, I may say that you owe me the same feelings; you owe them to your house and your country more than you owe them to Spain. All that I can do is to leave you the choice; meanwhile the necessity for concluding peace becomes every day more pressing."

The English negotiators were no doubt assured beforehand of the choice of the King of Spain when they allowed Louis XIV. to hope for such enormous concessions. Philip V. did not hesitate a moment. He renounced all his rights to the succession of the throne of France, and the Cortes solemnly ratified his decision. "I will live and die a Spaniard!" said the young king. The English demanded that the Duke of Berry and the Duke of Orleans should abandon

their rights to the crown of Spain. The peace was violently attacked in Parliament, especially in the House of Lords. Marlborough eagerly defended himself against the charge of having been hostile to it. "I can declare with a good conscience," he said, "in the presence of her Majesty, who knows me and now hears me, of this illustrious assembly, and of Almighty God, who is infinitely above all the powers upon earth, and before whom, according to the ordinary course of nature, I must soon appear to give an account of my actions, that I ever was desirous of a safe, honorable, and lasting peace, and far from any design of prolonging the war for my own private advantage, as my enemies have falsely insinuated. But, at the same time, I must declare that I cannot, in any way, concur in the measures which have been recently taken to enter into negotiations with France, on the basis of the seven preliminary articles. I am, with the rest of the allies, of opinion that the safety and liberty of Europe will be in peril so long as Spain and the Indies remain in possession of the House of Bourbon."

Marlborough's enemies were powerful with the queen, and also in the House of Commons; his military successes gave him an importance, however, of which it was resolved to deprive him at any price. His pecuniary avidity and the dishonest practices of which he was suspected furnished a ready weapon against him. Accused before Parliament, he was at the same time deprived of all his offices, "in order," said the official note, "that the inquiry should be free and impartial." The Duke of Ormond, honest but feeble, popular but without great military talents, was intrusted with the command of the army in his place. Feeling ran high among the allies; Prince Eugene himself came to England eager to succor his companion in arms; the queen received him

with coldness, did not grant him a private interview, and referred him to her ministers, excusing herself on the score of ill-health. When the great Austrian general returned to the Continent, recalled by the necessities of the war, which had recommenced in spite of the negotiations in the spring of 1712, he learned that the Duke of Ormond had received orders to keep aloof from all military operations. St. John had written to the latter on the 10th of May: "Her Majesty has reason to believe that we can agree upon the great question of the union of the two monarchies, as soon as a courier sent from Versailles to Madrid shall have come back. It is therefore the queen's positive order to your Grace, that you avoid engaging yourself in any siege or hazarding any battle until you have received fresh orders from her Majesty." The duke was at the same time informed that these instructions, which were to remain a secret from Prince Eugene, were known, nevertheless, to Marshal Villars.

England thus granted to France a suspension of hostilities; the secret could not be kept long. Prince Eugene had laid siege to Quesnoy, and begged Ormond to take part in it; the latter finally consented. "Lord Ormond was not authorized to risk a battle," said Lord Treasurer Harley; "but he could not refuse to assist in a siege, for he was left free to do so." Marlborough rose. "I would ask," said he, "how it is possible to reconcile the declaration of my Lord Treasurer with the laws of warfare, for it is impossible to undertake a siege without risking a battle, for supposing the enemy attempt to succor the place, no other alternative remains but to raise the siege shamefully." An armistice had meanwhile been signed with France, and orders were given to the Duke of Ormond to quit the allied army, and to take possession of Dunkirk, which had been placed as a pledge in the hands of England. The auxiliary regiments,

lately in English pay, had been tampered with by Prince Eugene, and declared their intention of remaining in the service of the emperor. Some discontent manifested itself also among the English troops. The queen had just formally communicated to Parliament the conditions on which she hoped to conclude peace. "I will neglect no means to bring the negotiations to a happy and prompt issue," said her Majesty, "and I count on your entire confidence and loyal concurrence." The able manœuvres of Harley and St. John in Parliament were crowned with success, and in spite of a protest from Marlborough, Godolphin, and some other peers, addresses favorable to peace were voted in both Houses.

Louis XIV. had confided to Marshal Villars the last army and the last hopes of the French monarchy. When taking leave of him at Marly, the old king had said: "You see my condition. There are in history few parallels to that which has befallen me, that I should lose in the same week, a grandson, his wife, and son, all of great promise and tenderly beloved. God punishes me. I have deserved it; but let me suspend my grief about my domestic afflictions and see what can be done to prevent those of the kingdom. If harm happen to the army you command, this is what I propose; you shall tell me afterwards what is your opinion. It is my intention to go to Peronne or to St. Quentin, to collect there all the troops I can, to make a last effort with you, and perish, or save the state; I will never consent to let the enemy approach my capital."

Louis XIV. was not mistaken as to the designs of his adversaries. Weakened as he was by the withdrawal of the English, Prince Eugene, who had taken Quesnoy on the 3d of July, proposed to adopt Marlborough's old plan, and boldly penetrate into the heart of France. Marshal Villars

came out to meet him on the road from Marchiennes to Landrecies, "the Paris road," as the Imperialists called it; he threw bridges over the Scheldt, and on the 23d of July, 1712, crossed the river between Bouchain and Denain. The Duke of Albemarle, at the head of seventeen battalions of auxiliary troops, commanded this little place, and Prince Eugene was advancing by forced marches to its succor. Villars wasted no time in preparations. "We shall require no fascines," he said; "the bodies of the first who fall into the ditch will do instead."

Prince Eugene could not cross the Scheldt, guarded as it was by French troops; Denain was carried before his eyes. "I had not made twenty steps in the town before the Duke of Albemarle and six or seven lieutenants-general of the emperor were at my horse's feet," said the marshal in his *Mémoires*. The enemy thought only of flight. Marchiennes had been invested by M. de Broglie, without Prince Eugene being able to succeed in saving it, but his troops raised the siege of Landrecies. The marshal seized on Douai, retook Quesnoy and Bouchain; and the Imperialists, who had not been able to attempt anything, fell back on Brussels. The fortune of war had once more cast victory on the side of France; she profited by it to obtain an honorable peace. "It is no longer the time to flatter the pride of the Dutch," Louis XIV. had written to his plenipotentiaries at Utrecht; "while treating with them in good faith, we must do so with the dignity which becomes us." The delegates of the States-general themselves understood the necessities of the situation, and henceforth desired peace. "We are taking the attitude the Dutch had at Gertruydenberg," said Cardinal de Polignac, "and they take ours; it is a complete retaliation." "Gentlemen, we will treat of peace upon your territory, and for you, but without you," said the French



to the Dutch deputies. Heinsius had not known in 1709 how to shake off the yoke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and to take the initiative in a peace which was necessary to Europe; he had thus, without knowing it, abdicated in advance in favor of Harley and St. John. Here ends the history of Holland's greatness. She owed her liberty, independence, and influence in Europe to the abilities of the great men who had so long directed her destinies: William the Silent, John de Witt, and William III. were no more. Adroit and loyal as Heinsius had been, he stopped short at the threshold of greatness, which God gives it to few to pass. With the development of material forces the day of small kingdoms was passing away forever.

The peace signed at Utrecht on the 11th of April, 1713, which St. John, recently raised to the rank of Viscount Bolingbroke, had succeeded in finally arranging during the visit he made to Paris, has been often and bitterly attacked. It was concluded between France, England, the United Provinces, Portugal, the King of Prussia, and the Duke of Savoy. Louis XIV. had consented to recognize the Protestant succession of the House of Hanover, although the elector still refused to separate himself from the emperor. The Pretender was obliged to leave France. This was a keen grief to the king, and the embarrassment was aggravated by the obstinacy of the Chevalier St. George, in remaining at Fontainebleau. "Let M. de Torcy remember his journey to the Hague," said Bolingbroke, "and let him compare the proposals of 1709 and 1712." England retained Gibraltar and Minorca; the fortifications of Dunkirk were to be razed to the ground. Sicily was awarded to the Duke of Savoy. Louis XIV. regained Lille, and some towns in Flanders, while he consented to strengthen the Dutch frontier; the King of Spain for a few days protested, but

finally signed. The emperor and the empire alone resisted; the taking of Spire, Kaiserslautern, Landau, and Freiburg, captured one after the other by Villars, triumphed over the ill-humor and ambition of Germany. Villars and Prince Eugene met to negotiate at Rastadt, and on the 6th of March, 1714, peace was finally signed. All Europe was once more at peace—a peace less painful and humiliating for France than it had at one time threatened to be, glorious and in a high degree profitable for England, though violently attacked by the Whigs on the score of the commercial stipulations. The peace assured at the same time the balance of power and rights of Europe, as well as the preponderance of England in European councils; it had been concluded by a bold decision on the part of the English ministers, somewhat at the expense, and against the wishes, of the allies. The dangers it allowed to subsist were more apparent than real, but the treaty of commerce gave France all the advantages of the most favored nations; French wines threatened in future Portuguese merchants; the City objected to this clause, and the bill for the execution of the treaty was thrown out on the 18th of June, 1713, by a majority of nine. Great displeasure was apparent in the queen's speech when she dissolved Parliament. Triumphant in war in concert with the Whigs, and in politics in conjunction with the Tories, Queen Anne failed in Parliament on a commercial question; this was the precursor of great anxiety and profound distrust. The general elections were to take place in August, 1713.

The country felt vaguely, and without knowing yet what grave reasons there were for anxiety, the danger which, hidden under the indolence of the Earl of Oxford, and the intrigues of Lord Bolingbroke, threatened one of the measures which had most seriously occupied it for the last fifteen

•

ROBERT CLIVE

.

ST JOHN — VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

.



years. It has been my object to relate, without digressing to other subjects, the changes of fortune in the continental war, and the series of successes which raised England to the summit of power and influence in Europe. I wished to show her strong enough to support the struggle against Louis XIV., and then wise enough to put an end to the sufferings of the European nations in time, without demanding the utter ruin of her enemies. I did not wish to bring into the recital the complications of home policy, always active, and no doubt influential over military events, but without serious effect upon the fortunes of Europe so long as the Whigs remained in power, and the Duke of Marlborough was at the head of the army. The Tories gave peace to France; it was their triumph and their supreme effort. But the two great domestic questions which disturbed the reign of Queen Anne, the Protestant Succession and the political Union of Scotland with England, were settled by tacit consent between the more moderate sections of both parties.

We have seen William III., in concert with his Parliament in 1701, decide the question of succession to the English throne by an act of foresight and political wisdom worthy of the monarch who had inspired it, which act was resolutely adhered to by the nation through great obstacles, and in spite of the gravest opposition. The intrigues of the Jacobites had never completely ceased. They had decreased during the first part of Queen Anne's reign, while war absorbed all thoughts, and seemed to create an abyss between England and the young prince who aspired to govern it, while fighting in the enemies' ranks at Malplaquet. The gradual weakening of the queen's health, who had lost her husband on the 28th of October, 1708, the interest which it was thought she manifested for her brother's name,

and the estrangement she evinced for the House of Hanover, all now contributed to revive the hopes of the Jacobites, as well as the disquietudes of those who remained attached to the great work of William III.

Of the two questions which had occupied the last days of William of Orange, one still remained, to be noisily disputed over for a long time, but without real and serious danger; the second had just been decided, after many embarrassing compromises and long negotiations, to the honor and happiness both of England and Scotland. The union of the two kingdoms had been the subject of the last message of the dying king to Parliament, the last thought which had preoccupied that lucid and foreseeing mind, even within the gates of death. The violence of party-spirit in Scotland, the jealousy of the weaker kingdom against the predominance of its ancient rival, and the ever burning religious question, had more than once retarded negotiations. The order of the succession to the throne, decided by the English Parliament, had been contested. The Scottish commissioners had attempted to make the projected measure an act of federation and not of union. The firm resolution of some enlightened minds, and the prudent ability and moderation of Lord Somers, at the head of the English commissioners, triumphed finally over all obstacles. The financial questions were difficult to settle with regard to a poor country with but few products; but a uniform system of taxes was established with some equitable modifications. Scotland was at first exempted from certain imposts, and a considerable sum was allotted as an indemnity for the new charges which were to weigh upon the country. The representation of Scotland in the United Parliament of Great Britain was decided rather by its historical status as an independent kingdom than by the proportion of its population;

forty-five representatives and sixteen Scottish peers were to sit in Parliament. National feeling demanded an act of security for the Presbyterian Church, which was everywhere disquieted and uneasy. The opposing passions of the Jacobites and of the Cameronians had excited popular outbreaks; many disturbances had taken place at Edinburgh. Up to the last moment the passing of the Act of Union remained doubtful in the Scottish Parliament. On the 16th of January, 1707, its partisans finally triumphed at Edinburgh, and early in March the English Parliament in its turn voted it. The queen came to Westminster to give her consent in person to this great measure of national interest. "I consider this Union," she said, "as a matter of the greatest importance to the wealth, strength, and safety of the whole island, and at the same time as a work of so much difficulty and nicety in its own nature, that till now all attempts which have been made towards it, in the course of above a hundred years, have proved ineffectual; and therefore I make no doubt but it will be remembered and spoken of hereafter, to the honor of those who have been instrumental in bringing it to such a happy conclusion. I desire and expect from all subjects of both nations that from henceforth they act with all respect and kindness to one another; that so it may appear to all the world that they have hearts disposed to become one people. This will be a great pleasure to me, and will make us all quickly sensible of the good effects of this Union."

On the 23d of October, 1707, the Parliament of Great Britain sat for the first time. The work was accomplished, not without much bitterness and ill-feeling which were slow to subside, not without corruption and rancor, but on the whole in accordance with strong and sound political and patriotic reasons, and to the very great and growing ad-

vantage of both countries. Never relinquishing any of their distinctive qualities, English and Scots have since worked together for the honor and prosperity of their common country, without either nation losing its identity in the other, or separating from it. To have first thought of the Union was William III.'s last title to glory; to Queen Anne's counsellors, in particular to Lord Somers, belongs the honor of having accomplished the work, and achieved the enterprise in spite of much violence and many obstacles.

It was, strictly speaking, in Queen Anne's reign, and by the normal action of free institutions, without despotic or revolutionary interruption, that the two great parties were formed which have since shared and disputed the government of Great Britain. The Tories, above all attached to conservative principles and to the Established Church, the Whigs, before everything partisans of progress and invariable supporters of measures of tolerance, followed each other in power without any violent shock, under the authority of a queen personally favorable to the Tories and sincerely devoted to the Anglican Church. Palace intrigues and the long predominating influence of the Duchess of Marlborough, finally supplanted in the queen's favor by Mrs. Masham, played their part in ministerial revolutions; the relative state of parties in the country and in Parliament influenced them, however, more often and more effectively than has been commonly supposed. Four ministries succeeded to power during the twelve years of Queen Anne's reign. The first cabinet, which had remained Whig in principle and majority, even when Godolphin had become Lord Treasurer, was overthrown soon after the declaration of war in 1702. The Duke of Marlborough, already powerful, leaning sometimes towards the Whigs, sometimes to the Tories, solely preoccupied with military interests and his personal grandeur,



exercised all his influence on the new Tory ministry, and on the ardent majority which the new elections had assured it in Parliament, to obtain the subsidies necessary for the continuance of the war. The animosity of the party to the revolution of 1688 manifested itself in the first address of the House of Commons to Queen Anne, congratulating her Majesty on having, by the aid of the Duke of Marlborough, splendidly redeemed the ancient reputation and glory of England. At the same time, and to testify openly their attachment to the Anglican Church, the Tories presented a bill against "occasional conformity," providing for the prosecution of those who habitually frequented dissenting places of worship, while making, as occasion required, such professions of conformity to the Established Church as were required by law to qualify them for public functions. The queen was favorable to the bill, although Prince George of Denmark was among the number of the delinquents. After having suffered numerous checks, the bill, as dangerous for the Church as it was in itself unjust, was brought forward again by Queen Anne's last Tory ministry, and finally passed in 1711, and for seven years it preserved the force of law. The queen had, on her side, given the Church a genuine proof of sympathy, in renouncing the revenues lately granted to the crown, from the first-fruits, for the benefit of poor clergymen. The fund by which insufficient livings are augmented still bears the significant name of "Queen Anne's Bounty."

The Tories, with Lord Nottingham at their head, returned to their first principles; they were in reality hostile to the war; violent and exacting, they sought to exclude from the council the Dukes of Somerset and Devonshire, the only representatives of the Whigs. On the queen's refusal, Nottingham retired, and through Marlborough's influence he was replaced by Harley, the latter bringing St. John with

him; this moderate ministry soon underwent a serious change by the entry of Lord Sunderland into power in 1708. In 1706 the Whigs, in majority in the new House, and still the chief supporters of the war, were firmly established in power; the five lords of the junta, Somers, Oxford, Wharton, Halifax, and Sunderland, found themselves united in the same cabinet with the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Cowper. Robert Walpole, who had sat in the House since the year 1700, but who had until now occupied only insignificant posts, replaced St. John as Secretary of State. It was the commencement of a rivalry which was to last as long as their lives.

For two years the Whig ministry governed with a brilliancy which Marlborough's victories amply seconded; he was, however, constantly menaced by the queen's personal dislike for him, as well as by court intrigues slowly undermining the influence which the Duchess of Marlborough had abused by her insolence. Handsome, daring, and witty, as she was arrogant and ambitious, Sarah Jennings had for a long time been able to preserve with Queen Anne an authority which increased with every sacrifice the princess made for her and her friends. This empire, which she exercised to the last over her illustrious husband, had slowly waned with the queen. Marlborough had for a while succeeded in maintaining his power by oscillating from the Whigs to the Tories and from the Tories to the Whigs. He had been supported by the Whigs, lately his adversaries, but a Tory ministry was now preparing which was to cause his fall. Tired of the violence and ill-temper of her arrogant favorite, the queen had found some comfort in the humble affection of a young and clever woman placed near her by the duchess, whose cousin she was. Abigail Hill was simply a woman of the bedchamber to the queen, and had married,

unknown to the duchess, Mr. Masham, a poor gentleman of the bedchamber. This intimacy of the royal dressing-room was for a long time unsuspected by the favorite; it was only by degrees, and owing to chance indiscretions, that the Duchess of Marlborough discovered she had been supplanted in the queen's favor. The latter was in reality capricious, and in spite of her long fidelity to the duchess could not bear the constraint imposed on her. Mrs. Masham secretly introduced Harley to her presence. The anger of the Duchess of Marlborough served the ambition of the former Secretary of State and the aspirations of the Tories for power. An action injudiciously brought against a peevish and blatant clergyman, Dr. Sacheverell by name, had stirred up religious passions; the High Church and the aristocracy had loudly pronounced themselves in favor of the accused; his sermon upon "false brethren" had not formally attacked the Revolution of 1688, but had extravagantly extolled royal prerogative in supporting the doctrine of non-resistance. His suspension for three months by the House of Lords was equivalent to an acquittal. "This fatal prosecution makes me ill," said Godolphin; "the life of a galley-slave would be a paradise to me." The Tories enjoyed a brilliant triumph. "The ministers had a clergyman to roast," said St. John ironically, "but they made such a great fire that they roasted themselves."

On the 8th of August, 1710, after several significant changes in the Cabinet, Lord Godolphin received from a groom of the royal stables a note from the queen, desiring him to break the white wand, the sign of his functions. The queen went in person to dissolve Parliament. The chancellor, Lord Cowper, wished to speak, but Anne imposed silence on him. Power thus slipped from the lately powerful Whig junta. Harley was named Chancellor of the

Exchequer, Lord Rochester President of the Council, and St. John, Secretary of State. The Duchess of Marlborough, disgraced though not formally dismissed, saw the queen no more. The last interview had been a stormy one. Anne had left the room where the duchess, allowing herself to be carried away into reproaches and insults, persisted in remaining. Some months later, not all the humility and entreaties of the great general could maintain the duchess in her place of honor about the court. He was obliged to pick up the gold keys, the symbol of the functions of mistress of the robes, which his wife had thrown on the floor in her anger. "She conducted herself strangely," confessed the duke, "but there is nothing for it, and one must put up with much to keep peace in one's own house."

The season of grandeur had passed for the Duke of Marlborough; his administration of the military funds was called in question by Parliament. He defended himself ably, and with that bold moderation which habitually characterized him. They reproached him with the presents which he had accepted from the army contractors. He argued that it was a custom in the Netherlands. "The Commissioners have rightly observed that the most minute researches have not enabled them to discover an English general who has received the same perquisites," he said, "but I will tell you the reason: no English general before me had ever held the command in chief in the Netherlands." Walpole was unjustly included in the same condemnation; he refused to make any act of submission, and remained in the Tower till the end of the session.

The elections of 1713 were not favorable to the Cabinet; the country was uneasy and suspicious; disunion had crept in among the ministers; the slow craft and perfidious moderation of the Earl of Oxford were opposed to the more





daring ambition of Bolingbroke, and to that marvellous eloquence the remembrance of which remained so powerful with his contemporaries and successors, that when Mr. Pitt was asked what treasures he would especially like to snatch from out the shadows of the past, he replied, "One of the lost Decades of Livy and a speech of Bolingbroke's." These secret rivalries, divined by the public, and the violence of party-spirit broke out everywhere in the press, freed in a great measure from its fetters, and conducted in Queen Anne's reign by men of great talent, and almost all personally engaged in the political strife. Addison and Steele sat in the House of Commons, while conducting the *Spectator* together; Addison had even occupied a place in the Whig ministry. Swift, an intimate and influential friend of Harley, as well as of Bolingbroke, employed to defend their policy all his bitter and biting talent, without ever being able to obtain from the justifiable repugnance of Queen Anne the ecclesiastical promotion which he sought. De Foe fought with ardor in favor of the principles of the Revolution of 1688, in brilliant pamphlets, whose fame preceded that of "Robinson Crusoe." Prior, the poet, was actively employed in diplomatic negotiations in conjunction with Bolingbroke. Isaac Newton alone remained aloof from politics, after having played in them a modest part, and consecrated his genius to the study of the laws of Nature; and Pope wrote of literature, and of society and its doings, without placing his pen at the service of party passion.

Intrigues multiplied and crossed each other in every direction. The Earl of Oxford, hesitating between the Stuarts and the Protestant succession, was disposed to lean on the Duke of Marlborough, who sought his alliance. Bolingbroke was resolved to supplant the prime minister, but had at the same time incautiously engaged himself in Jacobite plots

The queen was ill and sad, perhaps because she herself felt remorse and doubt. Ecclesiastical promotions had assumed a tone more favorable to the Stuarts; the Dean of Christ Church, Francis Atterbury, clever, energetic, and Jacobite to the backbone, had just been appointed Bishop of Rochester. It was in concert with him that Bolingbroke, a skeptic and libertine, presented the "Schism Bill" to Parliament, forbidding all such as had not accepted the Test, and furnished proofs that they had received the sacrament during the current year according to the English Church, from being schoolmasters or teachers. "I am agreeably surprised," said Lord Wharton; "I did not expect to find men of pleasure become pillars of the Church." The bill was passed but never put in force. The Church flattered itself, without reason, with the hope of an illustrious convert; they urged the Pretender to become a Protestant. The illusions and imprudence of the Jacobites went on increasing; they began to speak openly of a Restoration. The majority in Parliament, as well as in the country, remained, however, firmly attached to the Protestant succession; but the public mind grew uneasy.

On the 12th of April, 1714, the Hanoverian minister, Baron Schutz, who had an understanding with the leaders of the Whigs, went to the chancellor, Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Harcourt, and asked him, in the name of the Electress Sophia, to summon her son, the Elector, to the House of Lords in the quality of Duke of Cambridge. The queen, who was consulted, at once refused formally and angrily, and Schutz was obliged to leave London. Anne wrote herself to the Electress, absolutely forbidding the English territory to the prince her son. Some days later, on the 28th of May, 1714, the latter became heir presumptive to the crown of England by the death of his mother, formerly



QUEEN ANNE



designated for the succession by the Act of 1702. "I should die happy if there could be written on my coffin: SOPHIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND," the princess had said, destined to die so short a time before Queen Anne.

On the proposal of the House of Lords, alarmed by the ardor of the Jacobites, the queen consented to make a proclamation promising a reward of five thousand pounds sterling to whomsoever should arrest the Pretender, if he set foot on English soil. The Peers prepared to pass an address of thanks, when Bolingbroke entered the House. He was taken unprepared. "The best measure of defence for the Protestant succession would be," said he, "to attain of high-treason all enrolling themselves in the service of the Pretender." They took him at his word, and the House placed him at the head of the commission for drawing up the bill. "Neither the proclamation nor the bill will have any effect on our affairs," said Bolingbroke to the French envoy D'Iberville. He had undertaken with the Duke of Ormond a remodelling of the army, which was to deprive Marlborough of all the influence which remained to him, and to place it in the hands of the Jacobites. By one of those calculated delays which so often resembled treachery, the Lord Treasurer did not provide the necessary funds in time.

Oxford had meanwhile lost the confidence of the queen, and had quarrelled with Lady Masham. "You have never rendered her Majesty any service, and you are not in a condition to render her any," the favorite had said with anger. Oxford replied nothing, but clung tenaciously to his failing power. "The least indisposition of the queen frightens us to death," wrote Swift, "and yet when she gets better we go on as if she would never die." On the 27th of July, after a very stormy audience with the queen, who was surrounded by a group of his most determined enemies,

Lord Oxford gave back the white wand into her Majesty's hands. It was said, and the Duke of Berwick affirms it in his Memoirs, that the court of St. Germain had insisted on Anne's dismissing her minister. "If I have not tired you *tête-à-tête*," wrote Oxford to Swift the day after his fall, "fling away so much time upon one who loves you. And I believe, in the mass of souls, ours were placed near each other. I send you an imitation of Dryden, as I went to Kensington:

"To serve with love,  
And shed your blood,  
Approved is above;  
But here below  
Th' examples show  
'Tis fatal to be good."

From the doubtful political probity of Harley, Queen Anne transferred herself, it was believed, to the imprudent and bold intrigues of Bolingbroke. From France was suggested some stroke at once brilliant and sudden. "The queen," said the Duke of Berwick, "should go to Westminster with her brother and present him to both the Houses as her successor." When dying, James II. had pardoned his daughter, charging Mary of Modena to tell her that he prayed God to convert her, and confirm her in the resolution of atoning to his son for the harm that had been done to himself. It was on this favor on the queen's part that the Jacobites counted, in spite of the Pretender's letter declaring himself irrevocably attached to the Roman Catholic faith. Bolingbroke had laid his plans for the event of the queen's death. No sooner had power fallen into his hands than he assured Abbé Gautier that he still entertained the same feelings towards the prince, if the latter would only agree to those measures which suited the honest men of the country. And the day following the sudden death of Anne, the French envoy, M. D'Iberville, wrote to

Louis XIV.: "My Lord Bolingbroke is pierced with grief; he has assured me that his precautions were so well taken that in six weeks he would have had things in such a condition that there would have been nothing to fear from the event that has just happened."

The Whigs meanwhile had taken their precautions as well as Bolingbroke. They waited for the Duke of Marlborough, who was still in the Netherlands. As early as the 14th of July, Bolingbroke wrote to Lord Strafford: "The Duke of Marlborough's friends announce his arrival; I consider it as certain, without knowing whether he returns because of the sorry figure he cuts abroad, or in the hope of making a better one at home. I have reason to believe that certain people who would move heaven and earth rather than either renounce their power, or make good use of it, have recently made overtures to him, and have in a certain measure entered into an alliance with his creatures."

Contrary winds had detained the duke at Ostend, but General Stanhope was designated to seize the Tower of London. The queen had been much agitated by the altercation which had taken place in her presence on the occasion of the dismissal of the Earl of Oxford. "I shall not survive it," she said to her doctors. In the morning of the 30th of July she had an attack of apoplexy. It was a terrible sign of the public opinion that the funds went up at the news of her illness, and fell again when the doctors perceived a ray of hope. The privy council assembled at Kensington; the Dukes of Argyle and Somerset had not been summoned, but were secretly warned by their friends, and they presented themselves; the Duke of Shrewsbury thanked them for their zeal, and invited them to be seated. Prudent, often hesitating, always reserved, the duke had by this time decided on his course of action, and did not for-

get the part he had taken at the Revolution of 1688. The great Whig lords proposed to fill up the post of Lord Treasurer, which was still vacant, and in the pressing danger of her Majesty, suggested the name of the Duke of Shrewsbury. Bolingbroke, concealing his vexation and anger, saw himself constrained to enter the royal chamber with the two other Secretaries of State, Bromley and Lord Mar, in order to propose to the dying queen the choice which ruined all his ambitious hopes. "Nothing would suit me better," murmured the queen, and holding out herself the white wand to the duke, "Use it for the good of my people," she said. Lord Shrewsbury wished to resign the important charges he already exercised. "No, no," replied Anne, and she fell into a lethargy which prevented her articulating another word.

Two days afterwards, on the 1st of August, an embargo had already been put on all ports, the order to embark was given to the fleet, and considerable forces summoned to London. The Elector of Hanover had been advised to proceed to Holland, and the whole privy council had been convoked, when Queen Anne suddenly expired, without having regained consciousness, without having been able to receive the sacrament or sign her will. A Regency was immediately established, and the squadron put to sea to meet the new monarch. Atterbury alone proposed to Bolingbroke to proclaim James III. at Charing Cross, asking to march at the head of the heralds in his episcopal robes. Bolingbroke had signed, like all the other ministers, the measures taken in favor of the Protestant sovereign. "Here is the finest cause in Europe lost through want of boldness," exclaimed the bishop bitterly. "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday," wrote Bolingbroke, "the queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!"

Other blows were in store for this clever and wily intriguer, equally imprudent and unpractical, always ready to attempt new adventures, reckoning always upon the resources of his fertile genius. "The Tories seem resolved not to be crushed," he wrote on the 3d of August, "and that is enough to prevent their being so. I have lost all by the death of the queen but my spirit; and I protest to you, I feel that increase upon me. The Whigs are a pack of Jacobites; that shall be the cry in a month, if you please." Swift was more clear-sighted than his patron, though he cherished similar illusions as to the state of public opinion. "We have certainly more heads and hands than our adversaries; but it must be confessed they have stronger shoulders and better hearts. I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at least grown trimmers." Henceforth, and for the whole of George I.'s reign, power had passed into the hands of the Whigs.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## GEORGE I. AND THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION.

1714–1727.

IT pleases Providence to bring to nought both the anxieties and the hopes of men. The moderate party, as well as those passionately attached to the Protestant succession, and not only they, but the great mass of the nation with them, had looked forward for some time with anxiety to Queen Anne's death, while the Jacobites awaited it with an ill-disguised confidence as the hour of their triumph. The forebodings of the former, and the hopes of the latter, were equally mistaken; King George I., absent, a stranger, unknown by all, was proclaimed without opposition, and his name received with public acclamation, as if it had been a most beloved son peacefully ascending his father's throne; — a powerful and striking indication of the serious and firm resolution which the English nation had taken to remain attached to its religious faith and political liberty, an indication which the faithful partisans of the fallen house long misunderstood, blind as they were, not only to the state of men's minds in England, but also to the character and designs of the princes for whom they persisted, generation after generation, in sacrificing their fortunes and lives.

King George I. was proclaimed, but he did not arrive; he lingered in his electorate, which he regretted leaving. By nature slow and thoughtful, just and moderate, without any charm of mind or manner, he was surrounded by fa-



11

12



vorites even more foreign to the English nation and more antipathetic to it than he was himself. The Council of Regency governed in his absence; it contained all the illustrious names of the whig party, and of those who had rallied to it, except the Duke of Marlborough, who was soon recalled to the head of the army, and Lord Somers, old and enfeebled by sickness. Louis XIV. had hastened to recognize the new monarch, and one of the first measures taken by Parliament in his reign was to raise, from five thousand to a hundred thousand pounds sterling, the reward offered to any one who should arrest the Pretender if he dared to set foot on English ground. The prince immediately protested, and writing from Plombières, where he had gone to take the waters, proclaimed his rights to the crown of England, as well as his grief at the death of the princess his sister, "whose good intentions we could not for some time past well doubt." He added: "This indeed was the reason why we then sate still, expecting the good effects thereof, which were unfortunately prevented by her deplorable death." Exiled princes, thrown among strangers by revolution, often forget the language of the people whom they aspire to govern; and in the face of the public indignation aroused by the manifesto, the friends of the Pretender and of Queen Anne's last ministry were obliged to pronounce the proclamation of Plombières an odious fabrication.

The king at length arrived, landing at Greenwich on the 18th of September, with his son the Prince of Wales. A ministry was at once formed, conferring all power on the whig party; Lord Nottingham alone adhered theoretically to tory principles, although parliamentary intrigues had for some time drawn him towards the triumphant party. William III. had tried to unite in the same government the

chiefs of the two great political factions, but powerful as was his mind and strong his personal action, party struggles and internal jealousies had proved more than he could control. George I. gave himself up without reserve into the hands of the party which he thought most faithfully engaged to his cause; and, even before he arrived in England, the king had commanded Bolingbroke's dismissal. The seals of office had been taken from him. "I am not surprised or saddened by my fall," he wrote to Atterbury, "but the mode of procedure gave me a shock for two minutes. I am not at all intimidated by the malice and power of the Whigs; but what distresses me is this: I see clearly the tory party is destroyed."

The new Parliament had just assembled, more passionately whig than the Commons of 1713. Lord Townshend was at the head of the Cabinet, honest and sincere, uncompromising in his passions as in his proceedings; General Stanhope, Under-Secretary of State, shared his sentiments, and both had received from their adversaries precedents of violence. Walpole, still without any important official charge, but more influential than any one else in the House, had answered for the Commons on condition that they left the Whigs full liberty of action. The Peace of Utrecht was severely censured in the two Houses; seals were placed on the papers of Lord Strafford, the intimate friend of Bolingbroke, and Prior was recalled from Paris. The report spread that the poet had promised to reveal the secret of the negotiations, and a bill of accusation against the fallen ministers was imminent. Bolingbroke went to the performance at Drury Lane on the 25th of March, 1715, applauded loudly, and, according to the custom of the time, designated the performance for the next day; but during the same night, carefully disguised, he reached Dover, and on the evening of the 27th

embarked for Calais. Justly troubled in his conscience, unscrupulous though it was, he had not dared to confront either the revelations of his agents or the hatred of his enemies. Lord Anglesea, who nevertheless was not a Whig but a Hanoverian Tory, had said the preceding year: "If I find there has been treachery, I will pursue the ministers from the foot of the throne to the Tower, and from the Tower to the scaffold."

On the 9th of June the report of Walpole as to the conduct of the fallen ministers was placed on the table of the House of Commons. Bolingbroke was arraigned; Lord Coningsby, however, rose: "The worthy chairman of your committee has impeached the hand," he said, "but I do impeach the head; he has impeached the clerk, I impeach the justice; he has impeached the scholar, I impeach the master. I impeach Robert, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, of high-treason, and other high crimes and misdemeanors."

The adroit prudence of the earl had guarded him better than the wild remorse of Lord Bolingbroke. He had remained at home, calmly attending to his duties and his business, without avoiding or inviting accusation. He was now sent to the Tower, where he was destined to remain for two years before the abatement of party feeling gained him an acquittal. To this the Duchess of Marlborough opposed herself with consistent violence. In his prison he received a visit from the Duke of Ormond, who was less compromised than himself in the peace of Utrecht, inasmuch as he had only obeyed the orders of superiors, but more deeply involved in Jacobite intrigues. The duke prepared to make his escape, after having made a parade of a magnificent disdain, and he urged Oxford to seek the means of following his example. The earl refused. "Farewell, Oxford without a head," said Ormond to him when leaving.

“Good-bye, duke without a duchy,” replied Harley. Both remembered the adieus of the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont. The Duke of Ormond was never to see England again. Like Bolingbroke he soon entered the service of the Stuarts, and, less fortunate than Bolingbroke, he did not lose the favor of his new master, whom he followed from attempt to attempt, and from retreat to retreat, even to the last sad residence at Avignon, where he died in 1745.

The storm, already gathering, proved less dangerous than had been feared. It was serious, nevertheless, and destined to leave deep traces. In their vengeance the ministers had used a certain moderation, and the feeling of their party was really more violent than their acts. Young Lord Stanhope of Shelford, afterwards Lord Chesterfield, speaking for the first time in the House of Commons, said in his maiden speech: “I have no desire to shed the blood of my countrymen, still less that of a noble peer, but I am persuaded that the safety of the country requires us to make an example of those who have betrayed it so unworthily.”

The moment he arrived in Paris, Bolingbroke went to Lord Stair, the ambassador of England at Louis’s court. “I promised him to enter into no Jacobite engagement,” he wrote, after this interview, to Sir William Wyndham; “and I have kept my word. I wrote to Stanhope, the Secretary of State, a letter which would remove all suspicion of my intention to offend Government, and then I retired to Dauphiny, to escape any objections that might be taken to my residence at the court of France.” Bolingbroke had, however, seen Marshal Berwick before setting off for his retreat; and at the very moment when he heard that a bill of attainder had been passed against him he received an invitation from the Pretender to join him at Commerc. He accepted the invitation at once, already tired of inaction,

and urged forward by anger as well as by his natural desire for intrigue. He had scarcely arrived in Lorraine, and accepted the seals of secretary of state to King James III., when he understood the vanity of all his hopes. "My first conversation with the Chevalier," he wrote to Wyndham, "did not come up at all to my expectations, and I assure you in all truth that I commenced from that time to repent my imprudence, or at least to be convinced of yours and mine. He spoke to me like a man impatient to set off for England or for Scotland, without really knowing at all where he was going."

Hesitation was great indeed among the leaders of the Jacobite party. So long as the Duke of Ormond remained in England, he had eagerly insisted on the necessity of co-operation from France, affirming that it would not do to trust exclusively to a popular insurrection. Arrived in France, and having left the conspirators without a leader, the duke, while pressing the Chevalier St. George to embark with him for England, repeated his assertions and his importunities. "Here," wrote Bolingbroke, "I found a multitude of people at work, and every one doing what seemed good in his own eyes; no subordination, no order, no concert. The Jacobites had wrought one another up to look on the success of the present design as infallible. Care and hope sat on every busy Irish face. Those who could write and read had letters to show, and those who had not yet arrived at this pitch of erudition had their secret to whisper. No sex was excluded from this ministry."

Louis XIV. had just died, on the 1st of September, 1715. "He was the Chevalier's best friend," said Bolingbroke; "my hope sunk as he declined, and died when he expired." The blindest and most ardent among the Jacobites could not deceive themselves seriously as to the disposition of the

regent, who was indifferent and careless, naturally inclined to adopt a line of conduct contrary to that of the old king, and rationally alive to the dangers of a fresh war with England. The vessels which had been armed at Havre under a false name, with the connivance of Louis XIV., for the service of a projected expedition, were denounced by Lord Stair, and their material of war disembarked, while Sir George Byng appeared in the Channel with a squadron. Orders were sent to Lord Mar, then intrusted with the Pretender's affairs in Scotland, not to give the signal of the rising, and to wait for new instructions. But the earl had already left London. On the 27th of August a great meeting of Jacobite chiefs took place in his castle, in the county of Aberdeen, and on the 6th of September the royal standard of the Stuarts was set up in the little village of Kirk-michael. Only sixty men surrounded it then; but soon the flame spread from town to town, and from fortress to fortress; and in a few days the country to the north of the Tay was almost entirely in the power of the insurgents; an attempt had even been made on Edinburgh Castle.

The time for hesitation and prudence had passed for the Chevalier St. George; he had abused it already too long, so thought those who had generously risked for his sake everything they possessed in the world. But bad weather, contradictory advice, the snares laid for him by Lord Stair, the return of the Duke of Ormond, who had attempted without success to disembark on the coast of Devonshire, had retarded his movements; and it was not until the middle of September that the Pretender succeeded finally in embarking at Dunkirk, accompanied by six gentlemen. The fate of his unhappy partisans in England was already decided. In Scotland it still trembled in the balance; but the melancholy forebodings of the most faithful adherents of the



House of Stuart had already begun to be realized. The Earl of Mar, a wily agitator, skilled in court intrigues, but without talent or knowledge in military matters, had lingered in the Highlands, remaining for a long time inactive at Perth, where it is true his forces augmented every day. The Duke of Argyle, placed by Government at the head of the royal troops, saw himself menaced on all sides at Stirling, without the Jacobites making any attempt to advance. "When the Earl of Mar had at last drawn his sword, he did not know in what manner to proceed," said Marshal Berwick, "and by that means missed the most favorable opportunity that had presented itself since the Revolution in 1688."

The Scots had their eyes fixed on England; but the risings which the Duke of Ormond had hoped for in the south had failed. The plot had been discovered, and the Jacobite chiefs, the titular Duke of Powis, and Lords Lansdowne and Dupplin had been arrested. The ministry had demanded from the House of Commons authority to arrest six members compromised in the conspiracy. Sir William Wyndham had been protected in vain by his father-in-law, the Duke of Somerset, and, after having been concealed for several days, gave himself up to justice; Forster succeeded in escaping, and some days later was at the head of a rising in Northumberland. Lords Derwentwater and Widdrington joined him, and King James III. was proclaimed at Warkworth with the sound of trumpets. For the reason that he was a Protestant, Forster, formerly member of Parliament, was chosen general of the English insurgents. He hoped to combine his movements with those of the Brigadier Mac-Intosh of Borlase, who had just landed at Aberlady, thus spreading terror even in Edinburgh. A movement of the Duke of Argyle decided the Jacobites to throw themselves

into the citadel of Leith. The duke arrived under the walls of the fortress. "We don't know the word capitulation," said the Highlanders to the overtures of the detested chief of the Campbells, "and we don't want to learn it. We are resolved not to give or receive any quarter; if his grace is disposed to attempt an assault, we also are disposed to repulse it."

Their bravado seemed to have produced its effect; the Duke of Argyle did not make the assault; and re-entered Edinburgh, whence he soon returned to Stirling, threatened by the Earl of Mar; but his presence had destroyed the hope of surprising the capital. The garrison, it was thought, however, might be starved out. Mac-Intosh advanced towards the south, and joined the English insurgents at Kelso; the latter were eager to return over the border, and tried to compel the Scottish troops to follow them, but the Highlanders loaded their pistols. "If we are to be sacrificed," they said, "we insist that it shall be in our own country." General Forster led his troops back to Preston, where a great number of Roman Catholic gentlemen joined him, bringing in their train crowds of country people, without arms and without discipline. Generals Carpenter and Wills, both officers of ability, who had served with distinction in Spain, advanced against them, one from the north, the other from the south. At news of this, the insurgent chief, distracted and dismayed, took refuge in bed, and Lord Kenmure had great difficulty in dragging him out to give some orders. The Jacobites had occupied the town of Preston, which was attacked on the 12th of November, by General Wills, without much success, for the insurgents, sheltered in the houses, killed many of their assailants. But the chiefs were divided, and Forster had lost all courage. He sent to propose a capitulation to General Wills. "If the rebels will throw down their arms

and surrender at discretion," said the English commander, "I will prevent my soldiers from cutting them to pieces, until I have received orders from Government."

The Highlanders were furious; they brandished their swords, threatening to cut their way through the royal troops to regain their country; but Lord Derwentwater and Brigadier Mac-Intosh had already given themselves up as hostages, and the soldiers had no other resource but obedience. Prisoners of distinction abounded in the camp of General Wills; several had to pay with their lives for an insurrection lightly undertaken, and thus shamefully and sadly terminated. Seventeen men only had been killed in the little corps of Jacobites when they surrendered Preston to Wills.

The same day, on the 12th of November, the Earl of Mar, who had finally shaken off his lethargy and left Perth, arrived at Ardoch, about twelve miles from Stirling; his forces amounted to nearly ten thousand men. The Highland chiefs were accompanied by their retinues, but this small body of gentlemen, well armed and mounted, formed a striking contrast to the wild crowd that followed them, badly equipped and half naked, but resolved, however, to fight. When the Earl of Mar had learned that Argyle was advancing towards him, and occupied Dumblane, he assembled his principal officers and offered them the alternative of battle or retreat. "Battle! battle!" exclaimed the Highland chieftains, and soon the same cry resounded throughout the whole army; the bonnets flew in the air and the swords glittered. When Argyle's troops went into action in the valley of Sheriffmuir, the insurgents' order of combat was imposing. "I never saw regular troops more exactly drawn up in line of battle," said General Wightman afterwards, "and their officers conducted themselves with all possible bravery."

Personal heroism and undisciplined impetuosity were, how-

ever, ineffectual when commanded by an inexperienced chief without energy. The Highlanders had broken the Duke of Argyle's left wing, but that general, pressing upon their right, soon threw them into disorder. The different corps were scattered and without communication with one another. The Duke of Argyle returning from pursuit, reorganized his regiments on the field of battle, while the Earl of Mar, triumphant at the head of his Highlanders, but disquieted, half-hearted, and suspecting an ambuscade, was slowly collecting his forces, when he perceived the enemy already at the foot of the hill. The Scottish chiefs awaited his orders, wild with impatience to charge upon the enemy. "Oh for an hour, one hour only of Dundee!" cried Gordon of Glenbucket. The bagpipes sounded the signal for retreat, and Mar retired without attempting a last effort. "The battle is gained," he said to his lieutenants, in the hope of calming their irritation. The Duke of Argyle pursued his route to Dumblane; the next day he reappeared on the battlefield, but the Earl of Mar did not. "Your grace has not gained a complete victory," said one of his officers to the duke. Argyle replied with a verse from an old Scottish ballad:

" If it was not weel bobbet,  
We'll bob it again ! "

The same ardor also animated some in the insurgents' army. "If we have not yet gained a victory," said General Hamilton, "we must fight every week until we do." But uneasiness and apathy had already infected the troops, and even reached some of the chiefs. Lord Sutherland was advancing at the head of the Whig clans. The Highlanders were in a hurry to bestow their booty in safety, and the army, which had returned to Perth, was already much weakened, when the Chevalier St. George tardily disembarked at

Peterhead, on the 22d of December, 1715. The forces of the Duke of Argyle had just been increased by the arrival of Dutch auxiliary troops demanded from the States-general by the English government, and his army now outnumbered that of the insurgents. On the 8th of January, the Pretender established himself without opposition in the royal palace of Scone, and the ceremony of the coronation was fixed by proclamation for the 23d of the same month.

The joy of the insurgents on learning the king's arrival had been great. "We are now going to live as soldiers, and measure ourselves with our enemies," they said, "instead of remaining here to rot, while waiting for the foolish resolutions of a frightened council." On his side James had written to Bolingbroke on disembarking: "Here I am, thank God, in my ancient kingdom; I find things in a good condition, and I think that all will go well if the friends on your side do their duty as I shall do mine. Get this letter conveyed to the Regent." The illusion did not last long on either side; the Pretender found the army of his partisans diminishing, disorganized, and divided. He was not himself suited to govern men, and his virtues would have better suited a monarch sitting peacefully on his throne than an exiled prince obliged to conquer his crown. "His person was tall and thin," wrote one of the gentlemen under his standard, "seeming to be inclined to be lean rather than to fill up as he grows in years. His countenance pale, yet he seems to be sanguine in his constitution, and has something of a vivacity in his eye, that perhaps would have been more visible if he had not been under dejected circumstances and surrounded with discouragements which it must be acknowledged were sufficient to alter the complexion even of his soul as well as of his body. His speech was grave, and not very clearly expressing his thoughts, nor

overmuch to the purpose; but his words were few, and his behavior seemed always composed. What he was in his diversions we know not; here was no room for such things; it was no time for mirth, neither can I say I ever saw him smile. We found ourselves not at all animated by his presence, and if he was disappointed in us, we were tenfold more in him. We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigor to animate us: our men began to despise him; some asked if he could speak. His countenance looked extremely heavy. He cared not to come abroad among us soldiers, or to see us handle our arms or do our exercise. If he had sent us five thousand good soldiers and had kept away himself, we should have done very differently than we did."

James III. exercised, however, some formal acts of sovereignty, and royal proclamations succeeded one another in the army, and spread through Scotland. Only two Presbyterian ministers had substituted his name for that of King George in the public prayers; but the Episcopalians in a body hastened to the new monarch, who refused, nevertheless, all promise of tolerance to the Anglican Church in Ireland, and whose assurances were far from positive with regard to the Church of England. He protested his devotion to his partisans and his country. "Whatever happens," he said in his discourse to his council, "I will not leave to my faithful subjects any reason to reproach me for not having done all they could expect of me. Those who neglect their duty and their own interest will be responsible for the evil which may arrive, and as for me, misfortune will be no new thing. From my cradle all my life has been one series of misfortunes, and I am ready, if it please God, to undergo the worst menaces of your enemies and my own."

On the 31st of January, at news of the approach of the Duke of Argyle, at last goaded into action by General Cadogan who had recently arrived from London, the insurgent army commenced its retreat. The soldiers were gloomy; the chiefs uncertain or irritated. "Why has the king come here?" they said in the ranks; "is it to see his subjects massacred by the executioner without striking a blow in self-defence? Let us die like men, and not like dogs." "If his Majesty is disposed to die like a prince, he will find ten thousand Scottish gentlemen ready to die with him," exclaimed a great Aberdeenshire land-owner. But the forces of the Duke of Argyle were overwhelming; the Pretender's advisers, frightened and trembling both for their own safety and for his, hoped to make better conditions in the absence of their prince, and exhorted him to escape. On the 4th of February, in the evening, after having taken all precautions to conceal it from the army, the Chevalier secretly left the quarters of the Earl of Mar, whither he had gone on foot, and, accompanied by the chief of the insurrection, embarked in a little boat. A French ship was in waiting for them out at sea. General Gordon remained, at the head of an army which was already breaking up, amongst the ruins of villages which had been burned as far as Stirling by the order of the prince, and exposed, as well as his friends, to the vengeance of the government against which they had been in arms. On taking leave, and as compensation in full for so many evils, the Pretender had written to the Duke of Argyle, sending him all the money he possessed: "I beg you," he said, "to distribute this sum to the inhabitants of the villages which have been burned, that I may at least have the satisfaction of not having caused the ruin of one of those whom I would die to save."

The honor of saving a people costs more dearly and ne-

cessitates more efforts than the Chevalier St. George, in his indolent good-nature, was disposed to believe. He had failed personally as well as in a political and military point of view. The Jacobite party was not, however, destroyed. It was destined still to go on nourishing its hopes and shedding its blood in the cause. But the insurrection of 1715 was ended. The Highlanders took refuge in their mountains; the great lords and gentlemen hid themselves or escaped from Scotland to swell the exiled court. James meanwhile arrived at Gravelines, and thence went to St. Germain; Bolingbroke immediately sought him there. The prince had designed to remain some days in France, but the regent would not permit it, and refused to see him. It was necessary, therefore, to make haste to return to Lorraine before it could be suspected that the Duke of Orleans had been intimidated by the English government. The Chevalier parted from his minister with abundant protestations of friendship, and three days later the Duke of Ormond presented himself at Bolingbroke's apartments, bearing a letter from James, which, thanking him for his past services, begged him to place all his state papers and official documents in Ormond's hands. "The papers might well have been contained in an ordinary letter-envelope," said Bolingbroke ironically; "I solemnly delivered them to my Lord Ormond, as well as the seals. There were some of the Chevalier's letters which it would have been very awkward to show to the duke, and which the former had probably forgotten, so I sent them to him by a sure messenger, disdaining to play him an ill turn by executing his orders to the letter; I did not wish to appear piqued, being really far from angry."

But this was mere boast, for Bolingbroke's anger against the Jacobites broke out constantly during the remainder of



his stormy and restless life. With the supercilious recklessness to which princes are too prone, James had relied upon his Secretary of State's devotion even when dismissed from office; but he had judged less correctly of the services Bolingbroke had rendered him and those he might still render. "No one in his senses," wrote Marshal Berwick, "can fail to see what a signal stupidity King James committed in thus depriving himself of the only Englishman capable of directing his affairs. Bolingbroke was born with splendid talents, which had raised him while very young to the highest employments. He exerted great influence over the Tories, and was in fact the very soul of that party. Could there then be a more lamentable foolishness than to turn off such a man at the very time when he was most wanted and when it was most desirable to avoid making new enemies?" The entreaties of the queen-mother could not appease Bolingbroke. "I am free now," he said, "and may my hand wither if it ever takes up sword or pen again in the service of her son." From that time all the exile's thoughts turned towards England, while the prince he had served, and who had not appreciated him, took the road to Avignon, thus virtually throwing up the game wherein a crown was the stake by this retreat to Papal territory, of all lands, to the English the most odious and suspected.

Scotland had suffered by the movements of troops, by the destruction of crops, by the flight or death of a number of gentlemen, and by the new animosity excited between the clans engaged against each other. Few prisoners had been made, and none of these were persons of importance. The petty English insurrection had given far more precious hostages to the justice or the vengeance of the Whigs. Lords Widdrington, Nairn, and Kenmure, and the Earls of Nithsdale and Derwentwater, were accused of high-treason, and

were all condemned. The entreaties of their friends procured the pardon of Lords Nairn, Carnwath, and Widdrington. Lord Wintoun, who alone had pleaded "not guilty," and who had consequently been formally tried, succeeded in escaping from the Tower. Lady Nithsdale had the happiness of saving her husband, who escaped in her clothes. Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure alone remained. Many members in both Houses inclined towards clemency. "I am indignant," said Walpole, with a severity which was very unlike his usual character, "to see members of this great body so faithless to their duty, that they can without blushing open their mouth in favor of rebels and parricides." Lord Nottingham pronounced himself emphatically in favor of the condemned; he was dismissed from the ministry.

On the 24th of February, 1716, the two lords perished on the scaffold at Tower Hill, proclaiming to the last moment their faithful allegiance to King James. Condemnations were not numerous among the rebels of inferior rank; justice had been severe, but it did not degenerate into vengeance. "The rebel who bravely declares himself, justly compromises his life," is an axiom laid down by Gibbon. New and purely repressive measures were passed against the Catholics, among whom of course were counted many Jacobites. To the constant partisans of the fallen House, for their devotion, fidelity, and honest and sincere attachment, the respect of men is due as well as the sympathetic indulgence of history; but only indignation and disdain can be bestowed on those who nourished hopes and encouraged intrigues, who even furnished resources, — as did the Duke of Marlborough, general-in-chief of King George's armies, — secretly, and perfidiously, without risking a day of their life or the smallest portion of their grandeur. The splendor of genius and the most brilliant success cannot efface such a stain, and slowly, almost im-

perceptibly, Marlborough sank in public estimation. He was soon to waste away entirely in a mental and physical decline, a fitting chastisement for a life singular in its union of intellectual ability and moral baseness, of the coldest selfishness and the most violent passions, of glory and ignominy. Seized with a first attack of paralysis in May, 1716, John, Duke of Marlborough, expired on the 16th of June, 1722, and was interred in Westminster Abbey with almost royal honors. "I was a man then!" the invalid once said, contemplating his portrait in a picture which represented the battle of Blenheim. He left an immense fortune, derived from the high offices which both he and the duchess had held, as well as from the peculations to which his extreme avidity for money had prompted him. "I heard it from his widow," said Voltaire, "that after making allowances to four children, he had still, without any special salary from the court, seventy thousand pounds sterling of income, which would be more than fifteen hundred thousand francs of our money now." National gratitude had contributed its part to this enormous accumulation of riches. It is to the honor of England that the country has always known how to recompense greatly its great servants.

Of its own authority and by a legitimate exercise of its prerogative, Parliament had just passed an important measure. Experience extending over twenty years of triennial parliamentary elections had convinced many of the leading minds that an agitation so frequently renewed was injurious to the electors as well as to the liberty of action of the elected, and it was remembered how William III. had once refused his consent to the bill which had afterwards been forced upon him. The new law now decided that the duration of Parliament should in future be for seven years. Custom has often abridged one year of this term, which,

however, has remained, in spite of frequent encroachments, the regular limit of legislatures. Almost at the same time, and in spite of serious obstacles, the clause of the Act of Establishment, which formally forbade its sovereigns from ever leaving the soil of Great Britain, was repealed. The desire of King George I. to see his hereditary states became irresistible. He had for some time been detained by the jealousy he felt with regard to his son. It had been to his own great displeasure, and only by the formal advice of his ministers, that he decided to confide the government to the Prince of Wales during his absence. "This family has always been quarrelling," said Lord Carteret one day in full council, "and will continue to quarrel from generation to generation."

The king left England on the 17th of July, 1716, accompanied by Stanhope, Secretary of State. The latter profited by his presence on the Continent to negotiate a treaty of defensive alliance with the States-general and the emperor, the only guaranty he could obtain from the jealous susceptibility of the court of Vienna and the timid feebleness of the Dutch negotiators. Heinsius, now near his death, was no longer in power. "By dint of resting on several heads, the Government has no longer any head at all," said Horace Walpole, brother of the leader of the House of Commons, himself at that time minister at the Hague; "here there are as many masters as there are wills." An understanding with France became necessary to England, against the new enterprises of the Pretender. The regent was not personally opposed to it; he was weary of the weakness and cowardly incapacity of the Chevalier St. George, and was besides urged on by the Abbé Dubois, lately his corrupt and corrupting preceptor, already in secret at the head of foreign

affairs, before being formally intrusted with that office, and finally with the post of prime minister.

Faithless and lawless, devoid of all religious conviction, and hence inaccessible to all those impulses which made many good Roman Catholics in Europe desire the restoration of the Stuarts, Dubois was shrewd, often clear-sighted, and sometimes bold. He had a quick, strong, and practical mind. The alliance with England seemed to him useful for his master and for France. He judiciously made use of his old connection with General Stanhope, who had formerly commanded the English troops in Spain, to commence secret negotiations, which soon extended to Holland. "The character of our regent," wrote Dubois on the 10th of March, 1716, "suggests no fear that he will pique himself on perpetuating the prejudices and the policy of our late court, and as you say yourself he has too much sense not to recognize his true interests." Dubois carried the regent's propositions to the Hague. King George was to pass through Holland, and the clever negotiator hid the real motives of his journey, under the pretence of buying rare books. He was going, he said, to recover from the hands of Jews Poussin's famous pictures of the seven sacraments, which had been carried off from Paris.

The order of succession to the crowns of France and England, conformably to the Treaty of Utrecht, was guaranteed by this treaty. It was the only important advantage gained by the regent, who thus thought he should confirm the renunciation of Philip V. Dubois had demanded the recognition of all the conditions of the treaty of 1713. Stanhope formally refused. "It took me three days to settle with Abbé Dubois," he wrote to England. For the rest, all concessions came from the side of France. Its territory was prohibited to the Jacobites, and the Pretender, now living

at Avignon, was to be requested to cross the Alps. The English demanded the abandonment of the canal works at Mardick, which was destined to replace the port of Dunkirk, and the Dutch claimed certain commercial advantages. Dubois yielded on all points, contesting, however, to the last, vainly though tenaciously, the title of "King of France," which the English still claimed. Stanhope was anxious to conclude the negotiations. Diplomatic complications which threatened to bring on war in the north gave George I. cause for serious anxiety, absorbed as he was still by the interests of his patrimonial estates. "His mind does not extend beyond the Electorate," said Lord Chesterfield; "England is too large a morsel for him." Unfriendly relations had long existed between George I. and the Czar, Peter the Great, a monarch whose powerful and eccentric mind had stamped its imprint upon the development brought about by his own personal will in the vast empire over which he ruled. He had made advances to France. Meanwhile the Dutch hesitated. The preliminaries, however, were signed by Stanhope and by Abbé Dubois alone, in October, 1716, and it was not until the 6th of January, 1717, that the ratifications were finally exchanged at the Hague. "I signed at midnight," wrote Dubois triumphantly to the regent; "you are out of the difficulty, and I am out of fear."

The treaty of the Triple Alliance gave Dubois the post of secretary of foreign affairs in France; it shook the English ministry, and for the moment disorganized the whig party. Lord Townshend had been hostile to the precipitation with which Stanhope had concluded the treaty; his brother-in-law, Horace Walpole, had refused his signature. Court intrigues had aggravated this discontent, for the king was on other grounds irritated against Lord Townshend and Robert Walpole, whom he suspected of being favorable to







his son. Always honest, often blunt, and without tact, Lord Townshend conceived the idea of asking George I. to concede discretionary powers to the Prince of Wales; and the request was the signal for his disgrace. Even before he arrived in England the king revoked his minister's powers, offering him in exchange for his office the vice-royalty of Ireland. But scarcely had the session opened when the animosities grew serious, and apparent reconciliations were broken off. Lord Townshend and Robert Walpole were definitively displaced from office; Lord Sunderland, as able and not as corrupt a man as his father, became Secretary of State at the same time with Addison; while General, soon after Lord Stanhope, was named first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In spite of these ministerial changes power remained with the Whigs. "As long as there are Whigs disposed to serve him the king is decided to make use of the Whigs," Stanhope had written when he was still in Hanover with George I. "It is not I who would turn away his Majesty from this excellent resolution by refusing to take any trouble or expose myself to whatever peril there may be."

The ministry and the people were at this time extremely excited about a new intrigue which had been commenced in Europe in favor of the Pretender. Spain was then governed by Cardinal Alberoni, an Italian, adroit, ambitious, and bold, who had brought about the king's marriage with Elizabeth Farnese, and had seized upon the power under her name. He had increased the finances and restored industry; had prepared an army and a fleet, meditating, he said, the peace of the world, and commencing this grand undertaking by manœuvres which meant nothing less than setting all Europe in a blaze in the name of a feeble, dull monarch, and an ambitious, clever, and unpopular queen, "whom he had

locked up and put the key in his pocket," said St. Simon. He dreamed of reviving the Spanish rule in Italy, of disturbing the government of the regent in France, of overthrowing the Protestant king of England, of re-establishing the Stuarts on the throne, and of raising himself in church and state to supreme grandeur. He had already obtained from Pope Clement XI. the cardinal's hat, while alleging the pretence of a war against the Turks as the reason for the preparations he was making against Italy. After remaining neutral during the Jacobite insurrection of 1715 he had entered into the projects of Gortz, a headstrong intriguer, animated against King George by a bitter personal rancor, and using his influence over the chivalrous madman who reigned in Sweden to engage him in Jacobite intrigues. The alliance formed with the Czar Peter the Great was to serve the projects of the Chevalier St. George.

A first naval enterprise delivered Sardinia into the hands of Alberoni, and the Spanish troops entered Sicily. The Emperor and Victor Amadeus were awakened to their danger, and the Pope, overwhelmed by the reproaches of the two princes, wept according to his custom, saying that he had ruined himself in raising Alberoni to the Roman purple. Dubois profited by the uneasiness caused in Europe by the warlike attitude of the all-powerful Spanish minister to persuade the emperor at last into an alliance with France and England. He renounced his pretensions to Spain and the Indies, and gave back Sardinia to Savoy, who gave him Sicily again. The succession to the duchies of Parma and Tuscany were to be assured to the children of the Queen of Spain. The Quadruple Alliance seemed to promise peace to Europe. The Dutch and the Duke of Savoy had agreed to it, though reluctantly, and France and England had engaged to force by arms the consent of Spain if they could not obtain it

peacefully within a certain time. George I. asked from Parliament an augmentation of naval subsidies, and a considerable fleet, under the command of Admiral Byng, soon appeared in the Spanish seas. Lord Stanhope set off for Madrid in order to strengthen by negotiation the salutary effect of the presence of English vessels. Neither the envoy's persuasions, nor the long list of ships presented by the admiral, had any effect upon the mind of Alberoni. He tore up the paper which Admiral Byng had presented to him. "Execute the orders of the king your master," he said angrily. When he had heard of Lord Stanhope's intended mission, he had written at once: "If my Lord Stanhope is coming as a legislator, he may dispense with the voyage. If he comes as a mediator, I will receive him; but in any case I warn him that at the first attack on our vessels by the English squadron there is not a spot of ground in Spain where I would answer for the safety of his person."

Lord Stanhope had scarcely quitted Spain when Admiral Byng, in concert with General Daun, who commanded for the emperor, attacked the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro. The Spaniards had lately taken possession of Palermo: Messina had opened her gates to them, and the Piedmontese garrison was crowded into the citadel, when the victory of the English and the destruction of the newly-created fleet of Spain changed all at once the face of affairs. That Messina had surrendered, and Palermo was blockaded without hope of succor, was a mortal blow for Cardinal Alberoni. In a frenzy of rage he seized upon the persons and estates of the English resident in Spain, and drove the consuls out of the country. Orders were given with sound of trumpet in the streets of Madrid, that no one should speak of the affairs of Sicily. The hope of a diversion in the north of Europe, which might be favorable to the projects of the Ja-

cobites as well as to those of Alberoni, had just been destroyed by the death of Charles XII., King of Sweden, who was killed on the 12th of December, 1718, before Fredericshall in Norway. Alberoni invited the Pretender to Madrid; Cellamare's conspiracy, mad and absurd, directed in Paris against the power of the regent by the Spanish ambassador and by the Duchess of Maine, had been discovered by Dubois in the early part of December, 1718. The declarations of war by France and England followed rapidly (on the 17th of December, 1718, and on the 9th of January, 1719); at the same time King Philip V., by a proclamation of the 25th of December, 1718, pronounced all his renunciations void, and laid claim to the crown of France in case of the death of Louis XV., making at the same time an appeal to an assembly of the States-general against the tyranny of the regent, who was in alliance, he said, with the enemies of the two crowns.

In England as well as in France, Alberoni counted on domestic divisions and party animosities. The Pretender occupied at Madrid the royal palace of Buen Retiro, and the King and Queen of Spain paid him visits as to the King of England. A little squadron, secretly armed at Cadiz, had just set sail, under the command of the Duke of Ormond; and the uneasiness was so great in England that the government accepted auxiliary forces sent by the emperor and the States-general. The regent also offered troops, and transmitted to London all the information that came to him in respect to the designs of the Pretender. A reward was offered for the capture of the Duke of Ormond. Once more the sea discharged the office of protecting the coasts of England and her chosen king; the Spanish fleet was dispersed by a tempest, and only two frigates, carrying Lord Keith, who was known in Europe by his hereditary title of Lord Marshal,

Lord Seaforth, and the Marquis of Tullibardine, arrived off the coast of Scotland with three hundred Spanish soldiers. Some gentlemen joined them, and the strength of the insurgents had increased to nearly two thousand men when General Wightman marched against them. A few skirmishes sufficed to show what the rebellion was worth; the Highlanders disappeared into the inaccessible retreats of their hills, and the Spaniards were made prisoners and taken to Edinburgh, while the three chiefs of the insurrection escaped to the isles, whence they soon re-embarked for the Continent: one, Lord Seaforth, to return some years later to Scotland; another, the Marquis of Tullibardine, to die of grief in the Tower after the rising of 1745; and the third at last to enter the service of the King of Prussia, and take a share in the diplomatic intrigues of Europe. Many years after, Voltaire and Rousseau were each in turn in close relations with the Earl Marshal.

As usual, the humble partisans of the fallen house bore the burden of punishment for their blind fidelity, and suffered bitterly. "I am making a tour through the difficult passes of Lord Seaforth's country," wrote General Wightman, "to terrify the rebels by burning the houses of the guilty, and preserving those of the honest." Alberoni, tired of the bad fortune of the Stuarts, of the burden it imposed uselessly on all those who wished to serve it, made known to the Pretender that he was requested to leave Madrid. His betrothed, the Princess Clementine Sobieski, lately stopped by order of the emperor, at the instigation of England, had just escaped from prison. James met her in Italy, and the marriage was soon after solemnized at Rome.

Meanwhile war had broken out, however, in spite of the illusions with which Alberoni had constantly deceived his master. "The regent may, if he chooses, send an army of

Frenchmen," the cardinal wrote on the 21st of November, 1718; "announce publicly that there shall not be a shot fired, and that the king, our master, will have provisions ready for them." The army in fact entered Spain in the month of March, 1719. Marshal Villars, now an old man, had declined the honor of commanding it against the grandson of Louis XIV. The Prince of Conti therefore bore the title of general-in-chief, and the Duke of Berwick, less scrupulous than Villars, accepted active service, in spite of his old ties with Spain, of the presence of his eldest son, the Duke of Leria, in the Spanish ranks, and of the services which Philip V. had just rendered the chief of the House of Stuart. Alberoni had brought the king, queen, and the Prince of Asturias into the camp, and Philip V. expected a total defection of the French troops. No one moved. Some refugees made an attempt upon the loyalty of certain officers of their acquaintance, but their messenger was hanged. Fuentarabia, St. Sebastian, and the Castle of Urgel, soon fell into the hands of the French; another division burned six vessels, which were on the stocks at Port Passages. Everywhere the English strove to compass the ruin of the Spanish navy, and their fleets, separate or combined with the French, destroyed Spanish vessels at Santona, Centera, and at Port Vigo. Everywhere arsenals were given up to the flames. This cruel and disastrous war, against an enemy whose best troops were fighting far away, served the passions as well as the interests of England most effectually. "Government must make the new Parliament believe," wrote Marshal Berwick, "that no pains have been spared to destroy the Spanish navy." Meanwhile the English fleet and the emperor's troops, under the command of the Count de Mercy, attacked the Spanish army in Sicily. It defended itself heroically, but had neither supplies nor reinforcements, and diminished every

day. In spite of a momentary success at Villa-Franca, the Marquis of Lede soon lost the whole country except Palermo and the environs of Etna.

An attempt at insurrection, miserably supported by some Spanish ships, had failed in Brittany. Three gentlemen and a priest perished on the scaffold. "I never saw a plot more badly organized," says Duclos in his *Mémoires*; "many did not exactly know what the object of it was, and the rest did not agree with one another." The incitement to revolt in England and France did not succeed better for Cardinal Alberoni than the war in Spain or Sicily. The king, his master, was defeated everywhere, and attempts were made to ruin the minister in his master's favor. Meanwhile he had sent overtures of peace to Paris and London. Dubois wrote on the subject to Lord Stanhope, who immediately replied: "We must make his disgrace an absolute condition of the peace, for, as his unbounded ambition has been the sole cause of the war which he undertook in defiance of the most solemn engagements, and in breach of the most solemn promises, if he is compelled to accept peace, he will only yield to necessity, with the resolution to seize the first opportunity for vengeance. It is not to be imagined that he will ever lose sight of his vast designs, or lay aside the intention of again bringing them forward, whenever the recovery of his strength, or the remissness of the allied powers, may flatter him with the hopes of better success. Let us therefore exact from Philip his dismissal from Spain. When Cardinal Alberoni is once driven from Spain, the Spaniards will never consent to his coming again into administration." Three months later, on the 4th of December, 1718, after an evening passed as usual in transacting business with the king, Alberoni suddenly received the order to quit Madrid in eight days, and Spain in three weeks. No

entreaties could persuade either the king or queen to see him again. The cardinal retired, at first to Genoa, and afterwards to Rome, where he passed the remainder of his long and restless life. The country he had oppressed, while serving and animating it, soon relapsed into its former debility. "The queen has the devil in her," he said, in his retirement; "and if she finds a soldier with some resources of mind who is also a good general, she will create a disturbance in Europe." The queen did not find a general, and on the 17th of February, 1720, preliminaries of peace were signed at the Hague. The definitive articles were not signed till the 13th of June, 1721; and in the interval, thanks to her union with France, England had been able to put an end to the war between Sweden and Denmark. King George had gained the duchies of Bremen and Verden, to which he had for a long time laid claim. Peter the Great alone now remained in arms. Europe had recovered the repose she was to enjoy for several years.

Parliamentary struggles, however, had not been suspended by the war; in 1718, on a sincerely liberal proposition of Lord Stanhope, the Schism Act, and Act of Occasional Conformity, had been repealed by the Houses. The ministers wished to go further and lay hands on the Test Act, so as to place the dissenters on a footing of legalized religious equality with the members of the Anglican Church. The bishops were divided on the question. "We have already had a great deal of trouble," said Lord Sunderland; "but if we touch the Test Act all will be lost." The aims of Lord Stanhope were even higher, extending to the complete enfranchisement of the Catholics. But the day of liberty and justice for them had not yet come.

King George had just arrived in London after his recent visit in Germany, when a bold proposition was mooted in



the House of Lords. The Peers had not yet forgotten the numerous creations ventured on by the Earl of Oxford, so as to insure a majority for the court; the character of the Prince of Wales offered few guaranties, and foreign favorites were eager for honors and distinction. They conceived, therefore, the idea of limiting the number of Peers, thus restraining the royal prerogative. The king made no objection to it. "His Majesty has so much at heart the desire to establish the peerage of the kingdom on a foundation which may assure forever the constitutional liberty of Parliament," said Lord Stanhope, "that he consents not to thwart the scope of this great work by asserting the rights of his strict prerogative." The discussion was long, animated, several times adjourned, but the good judgment of the nation finally triumphed over the rancor of the past and the jealousies of the future. Adopted by the Lords, the bill was rejected in the House of Commons by a great majority. "Among the Romans," said Walpole, "the temple of Fame was placed behind the temple of Virtue, to denote that there was no coming to the temple of Fame but through that of Virtue. But if this bill is passed into a law, one of the most powerful incentives to virtue would be taken away, since there would be no arriving at honor but through the winding-sheet of an old decrepit lord, or the grave of an extinct noble family." It is the happiness of England alone, and it is one of the sources of her grandeur and security, that she has known how to maintain on ancient bases a force in the state constantly renewed and freely recruited by personal merit.

This defeat was serious for the ministry, and it was not destined to outlive the great public disasters which soon followed the royal assent to the South Sea bill. At the very moment when Paris and all France were a prey to the fever

of mad speculation excited by Law's schemes, England for other reasons and under other pretexts underwent a similar contagion, accompanied by the same fatal results. The South Sea Company had been formed in 1711 by Harley, as a guaranty for the due payment of interest on the public debt, and important privileges had then been accorded it. In 1719 the directors of the company proposed to liquidate the public debt in twenty-six years, on condition that the bonds and titles were collectively placed in their hands, and that they were endowed with new privileges and greater latitude in their operations. The Bank of England, seized with jealousy, disputed with the South Sea Company the supposed honor and profit of this enterprise, which was put up to auction. A parliamentary bill assured the monopoly to the company, which had engaged to pay for it seven and a half millions sterling. To maintain this enormous burden the directors launched out into the wildest speculations. Walpole had predicted the disastrous results, without, however, measuring to the full the criminal folly of the promoters and the stupid avidity of the dupes. The company's shares rose from £130 to £1000 sterling, while new associations were daily formed for the most absurd and extravagant objects. Among the number we find — wrecks to be fished for on the Irish coast, the desalification of salt water, the manufacture of oil from sun-flower seeds, the importation of Spanish donkeys, and the fattening of hogs, simultaneously forming the object of fictitious speculations, which were started, and as suddenly withdrawn at the instigation of the directors of the South Sea Company, who were eager to concentrate on their enterprise all the ardor of the stock-jobbers. Change Alley had become emulous of the Rue de Quincampoix. The greatest lords, the most beautiful women, the clergy, elbowed shopkeepers and footmen, all alike eager to

seize on the new shares put in circulation, and the fabulous profits they hoped to get from them. The Prince of Wales himself consented to become director of a company for working copper-mines in Wales; and the ministers were obliged to interfere, threatening to prosecute the company, before his royal Highness could be prevailed on to retire, with a bonus of £40,000.

Law's edifice began to totter in France: the ruin of fictitious companies soon dragged after it, in England, that of all speculations which had originally been more rational and plausible. In a few weeks the shares of the South Sea Company had fallen below £300, and the rapid progress of the catastrophe brought down ruin on the English speculators. Families were everywhere ruined, the most solid fortunes were dissipated, and characters and reputations attacked in their very foundation. "The very name of a South Sea man grows abominable in every county," says a contemporary. It was in vain that Walpole, who had lately retired to his seat at Houghton, was recalled to London to find a remedy for the evils he had foreseen; the evil was beyond his strength and powers. Public indignation and anger knew no limits. The king, who was in Hanover, returned suddenly; Parliament was convoked for the 8th of December. "I confess," said Lord Molesworth in the House of Commons, "that ordinary laws will not suffice to touch the directors of the South Sea Company, but extraordinary crimes call for extraordinary remedies. The Roman lawgivers had not foreseen the possible existence of a parricide; but as soon as the first monster appeared, he was sewn in a sack, and cast headlong into the Tiber; and, as I think the contrivers of the South Sea scheme to be the parricides of their country, I shall willingly see them undergo the same punishment." Walpole's calm good sense and foresight had

powerfully increased his ascendancy in Parliament, and he succeeded in controlling these extravagant passions. "If the town were on fire," he said, "we should try to put out the flames before we pursued the incendiaries; the most important thing is to save the public credit." Wise and able measures to this effect were presented to the Houses of Parliament, but public vengeance was not satisfied. A close inquiry resulted in the discovery of serious acts of corruption and bribery. The discussion became so violent that the doors of the Houses of Parliament were shut, and the keys placed on the tables. The German favorites of the king, the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Platen, Lord Sunderland, the Lord Treasurer, Mr. Aislalie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and several other inferior members of the government, were seriously compromised. A quarrel in Parliament between the Duke of Wharton and Lord Stanhope caused the latter such violent emotion that he was struck with apoplexy, and died the following day, regretted by the public, who had never suspected his probity. Craggs, a secretary of state, justly accused of having received a bribe from the directors of the company, had just died of small-pox; his father, director-general of the post-office, poisoned himself. Mr. Aislalie was sent to the Tower, and the greater part of his estates were confiscated. All the possessions of the directors of the company were seized, and they themselves were declared forever incapable of occupying any public function or sitting in Parliament. Lord Sunderland had lost considerable sums of money in the affairs of the company. "He is a dupe and not an accomplice!" said his enemies disdainfully; he was acquitted, but he had lost all authority and influence, and died shortly after, on the 17th of April, 1721, some weeks after the general election, and

two months before his illustrious father-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough.

Robert Walpole succeeded Sunderland as First Lord of the Treasury, thus at last gaining possession of the power which he was to exercise for twenty years, for the tranquillity, if not always for the honor and moral greatness of his country. Jealous of his authority, even to the point of systematically keeping at a distance from the king all who were not of his coterie, and from his coterie all those who did not accept his yoke, he was confronted at the first step on his road by Jacobite intrigues, which had been revived by the general discontent and the new hopes which the birth of a son had given the Pretender. An attack was preparing, as usual under the command of the Duke of Ormond, matured and directed in England by the council of five members, who conducted the affairs of King James III. The soul of this little Junta was Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, indefatigable in his zeal, as well as inexhaustibly fertile in expedients, sincerely attached to the Protestant faith, but sacrificing everything to his political passion, and more occupied with preparing a disembarkation and insurrection for the moment of the king's departure to Hanover, than he was with the care of his diocese. When the plot was discovered and the inferior agents promptly arrested, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Ossory, and Lord North, at first imprisoned in the Tower, were soon released; the bishop, however, was gravely compromised. Walpole resolved to risk a trial. Among the accomplices, a young lawyer, Laver, alone suffered the extreme penalty: the estates of some others had been confiscated. Public interest was therefore concentrated on the bishop, who was kept in strict and solitary confinement in the Tower.

Atterbury was eloquent, and convinced of the justice of

his cause. When he appeared before the House of Lords all his efforts went to prove that the testimony against him was forged. Walpole was obliged to defend himself. "A greater trial of skill scarce ever happened between two such combatants," says Onslow, the Speaker of the Commons, "one fighting for his reputation, the other for his acquittal." Facts were overwhelming against the bishop; he had evidently conspired against a monarch to whom he had sworn fealty, and he was obliged to rely on an appeal to the feelings of the House. "Such usage, such hardships, such insults as I have undergone," he said, "might have broken a more resolute spirit and a much stronger constitution than falls to my share. By which means what little strength and use of my limbs I had when committed in August last, is now so far impaired that I am very unfit to appear before your Lordships on any occasion, but especially when I am to make my defence against a bill of so extraordinary a nature." He then proceeded to refute the evidence against him so far as possible, and to ask what motives could have led him into conspiracy. "What could tempt me, my Lords, thus to step out of my way? Was it ambition and a desire of climbing into a higher station in the church? There is not a man of my order further removed from views of this kind than I am. Was money my aim? I always despised it, too much, perhaps, considering the occasion I may have for it now. Was I influenced by any secret dislike of the established religion, any secret inclination towards popery, a church of greater pomp and power? Malice has ventured even thus far to asperse me. I have, my Lords, ever since I knew what popery was, disliked it; and the better I knew it, the more I opposed it. Thirty-seven years ago, I wrote in defence of Martin Luther. And whatever happens to me, I will suffer anything, and would, by God's grace, burn at

ROBERT WALPOLE





the stake, rather than, in any material point, depart from the Protestant religion as professed in the Church of England. Once more, can I be supposed to favor arbitrary power? The whole tenor of my life speaks otherwise. I was always a friend to the liberty of the subject, and to the best of my power a constant maintainer of it. I may have been mistaken, perhaps, in the measures I took for its support at junctures when it was thought expedient for the state to seem to neglect public liberty, in order, I suppose, to secure it. I am here, my Lords, and have been here for eight months, expecting an immediate trial. I have declined no impeachment, no due course of law that might have been taken. . . . The correspondence with the Earl of Clarendon was made treason, but with me it is only felony; yet he was allowed an intercourse with his children, while mine are not so much as to write, so much as to send any message to me, without special royal permission. . . . The great man I mentioned carried a great fortune with him into a foreign country; he had the languages, and was well acquainted abroad; he had spent the best part of his years in exile, and was therefore every way qualified to support it. The reverse of all this is my case. Indeed I am like him in nothing but his innocence and his punishment. It is in no man's power to make us differ in the one, but it is in your Lordships' power to distinguish us widely in the other, and I hope your Lordships will do it." He concludes thus: "If, after all, it shall still be thought by your Lordships that there is any seeming strength in the proofs produced against me; if by private persuasions of my guilt, founded on unseen, unknown motives; if for any reasons or necessities of state of which I am no competent judge, your Lordships shall be induced to proceed in this bill, God's will be done! Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked

shall I return; and whether he gives or takes away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" Atterbury was condemned, and most of the prelates voted against him.

The English Catholics had ardently espoused the cause of the House of Stuart; they were to pay once more for their imprudence and mad illusions. The attempt which had just cost the Bishop of Rochester his episcopal seat, and the privilege of living in his native country, served as a pretext to Walpole to propose a tax of one hundred thousand pounds sterling, to be collected on the domains of the Catholics. "Many of them are guilty," said the minister with that disdain of justice and liberty which had so long pursued the Catholics in England, and which weighed longer and more heavily on the French Protestants. Walpole's proposal voted by the Houses was extended to all the proprietors who had refused the oath of allegiance. Many people who had resisted until then, obeying a sincere repugnance, hastened to take their oaths in accordance with the state of things established. "I saw a great deal of it," says Speaker Onslow, who had opposed Walpole's motion, "and it was a strange as well as ridiculous sight to see people crowding at the quarter-sessions to give a testimony of their allegiance to the government, and cursing it at the same time for giving them the trouble of so doing, and for the fright they were put into by it. I am convinced that the people's attachment for the king and his family received a greater blow from this than from anything else which happened at this time."

At the moment when the exiled bishop set foot at Calais on French soil, he learned that Lord Bolingbroke, having received the king's pardon, had just arrived in the town, ready to embark for England. "I am exchanged then!" said Atterbury, smiling. "Surely," wrote Pope, who was

intimately and faithfully attached to the bishop, "this nation is afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius but at the expense of another."

It was to the venal protection of the Duchess of Kendal that Bolingbroke owed the royal pardon. Walpole had received coldly the overtures which had been made to him in favor of the exile. "May attainder never be abolished and crimes never forgotten!" he had exclaimed in council. The Marchioness de Villette, niece of Madame de Maintenon, at first Bolingbroke's friend and afterwards his wife, had succeeded in interesting the favorite in the matter of his recall. Eleven thousand pounds sterling bought, it is said, for the exile his permission to return to England. He had not yet recovered either his title, civil rights, or fortune. The offer of his services was refused by Walpole, and it was only in 1725, still by the interposition of Lady Bolingbroke and the Duchess of Kendal, that the exile, who had now returned to France, finally obtained permission to present to Parliament a petition which Walpole consented to support. With more foresight than he had often shown in his public life, Bolingbroke had, while away, served the interests of the English minister by supporting with his credit at the French court his brother Horace, and his brother-in-law, Townshend, in their rivalry with Lord Carteret, Secretary of State. The amnesty voted by Parliament granted Bolingbroke his personal fortune and his right to his father's inheritance, without, however, the power of disposing of it. The king had, it was said, promised Walpole that Bolingbroke should never regain any political post. "Here I am, two-thirds restored," he wrote to Swift, when installing himself in his country-house, which he had just bought near Uxbridge. He received his friends there, occupying himself,

or pretending to occupy himself, exclusively with the country and letters. Voltaire went there to see him, when forced to leave France in consequence of his quarrel with the Chevalier de Rohan. The French philosopher spent two years in England, a visit which acted powerfully on his mind, and left traces in his writings. His acquaintance with Bolingbroke had existed for many years. He had often seen the English exile at the Château de la Source, near Orleans, which was for some time Bolingbroke's home. "An occurrence which interests me," Voltaire wrote about this time to the wife of the President de Bernière, "is the recall of my Lord Bolingbroke to England. He will be in Paris to-day, and I shall have to take leave of him perhaps forever." When Voltaire had himself returned to his own country, he dedicated the tragedy of *Brutus* to Bolingbroke. "Allow me to present to you *Brutus*," he wrote, "although written in another language, *O docte sermonis utriusque linguæ*, to you who could give me French lessons as well as English, to you who at any rate could teach me to give my language that force and energy which a noble liberty of thought inspires; for the vigorous sentiments of the soul pass often into the language, and he who thinks bravely speaks so too." Voltaire, some time before, when asking for permission to go to England, had said, "It is a country where one thinks freely and nobly, without being restrained by any servile fear."

The troubles caused in Ireland by the recoinage of money, and in Scotland by a tax on beer substituted for a tax on malt, had retained King George for some time in England, but he set out for Hanover in 1725, accompanied, as usual, by Lord Townshend and the Duchess of Kendal. The state of affairs in Europe had become critical. In France the regent had died on the 2d of December, 1723, and the Duke

of Bourbon, who had taken the reins of government in his place, was exercising his authority with noisy ostentation and violence, without real strength or authority, however, and abandoned to the influence of his favorite, the Marchioness de Prie, a corrupt and avaricious woman. Both wished to insure the permanence of their power by giving to the young king, Louis XV., a wife, who, owing her elevation to them, would remain submissive to their will. The Infanta of Spain, who had been living for several years at the court of France, and had been treated as a queen, while waiting for her age to permit her to contract the union which had formerly been solemnly negotiated by Philip V., was sent back to Madrid, and Maria Leczinska, daughter of Stanislaus, the dethroned and ruined King of Poland, was chosen in her place, for the sad honor of sharing the throne of Louis XV. "We must send off the Infanta by the coach, and get the business done quickly," said the Count de Morvilliers, who was intrusted by the duke with arranging the marriage of the young king. The anger and indignation of Spain were extreme. "All the Bourbons are veritable devils!" exclaimed the queen: then turning round towards the king, whose origin she had forgotten in her passion, "with the single exception of your Majesty," she added. The fragile edifice of the Quadruple Alliance was crumbling under the imprudent insolence of the French government. Philip V. had given his daughter to the Prince of Brazil, the heir to the throne of Portugal; and by this alliance, agreeable to England, the faithful patron of Portugal, the King of Spain had hoped to assure himself of the support of George I. "We place no confidence in any one but your master," the queen had said to William Stanhope, the English minister at the Spanish court. "We wish for no other mediator in our negotiations." The English government refused, nevertheless,

to separate itself from France. Philip V. entered, therefore, into relations with the Emperor Charles VI., the most ancient and, until then, the most implacable of his enemies. This prince had no sons, and wished to assure the succession of his states to his eldest daughter, the Archduchess Maria Theresa. The Pragmatic Sanction which declared his intention awaited the assent of Europe ; that of Spain was of great value. Spain offered, besides, to open its ports to the Ostend Company, which had lately been founded by the emperor to compete with Dutch commerce.

The House of Austria thus succeeded in dividing the House of Bourbon, by opposing, the one to the other, the two branches of France and Spain. The treaty of Vienna was concluded on the 1st of May, 1725. The two sovereigns renounced all claims to each other's states, and engaged to support each other, should either be attacked. The emperor recognized the hereditary rights of Don Carlos to the duchies of Tuscany, Parma, and Piacenza, and promised his good offices at the same time with England to obtain the restitution of Gibraltar and Port Mahon. In spite of the negotiations for her marriage already commenced with the Duke of Lorraine, the emperor gave the two sons of Elizabeth Farnese, Don Carlos and Don Philip, ground for hoping that one of them might obtain the hand of the Archduchess Maria Theresa.

King George was in Hanover when certain secret articles of the treaty began to transpire. "In this case," said Walpole many years after, "it was not his Majesty's ministers who informed him ; it was he that informed them of the transaction ; he had his information at Hanover, and it was so good that he could not be deceived. I know as well and am as certain that there were such articles, as those very persons who drew them up." The Count de Broglie

had arrived in Germany to rejoin George I. The King of Prussia, Frederick William I., was called to the conference. The Empress Catherine I., widow of Peter the Great, had made advances to Spain from antipathy to England; the necessity for a strong alliance made itself felt. The King of Prussia hesitated, alleging as an excuse the danger he ran from the propinquity of the emperor. He signed, however, but not without mental reservation, and soon abandoned his allies. The treaty of Hanover was concluded on the 8th of September, between England, France, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden. "Thus Hanover rode triumphant on the shoulders of England," said Lord Chesterfield. In England they accused George I. of having protected his electorate at the expense of his kingdom; in Hanover they reproached the elector with having protected the commercial interests of England while exposing his native country to great perils. The Count de Broglie was of the opinion of the English. "His Majesty considers England a temporary possession, which he must profit by as long as he holds it, rather than as a lasting inheritance," he wrote on the 20th of January, 1724, to Louis XV. The Duke of Bourbon had just been supplanted at the head of the French government by the Cardinal de Fleury, a moderate and prudent man, favorable to the English alliance and sincerely desirous of preserving the peace of Europe. Lord Townshend had directed the negotiations of the treaty of Hanover; Walpole was secretly jealous of it, and blamed certain clauses in the agreement, while the secret articles concluded at Vienna caused most lively uneasiness in England. "I have received information on which I can entirely depend," said George I., at the opening of Parliament in 1727, "that the placing the Pretender upon the throne of this kingdom is one of the articles of the secret engagements at Vienna;

and if time shall evince that the giving up the trade of this nation to one power, and Gibraltar and Port Mahon to another, is made the price and reward of imposing upon this kingdom a Popish Pretender, what an indignation must this raise in the breast of every Protestant Briton!" The emperor protested loudly against this speech from the throne, and appealed from the king to the nation. The Pretender, lately full of hope in consequence of the alliance between the empire and Spain, had alienated these two powers by his treatment of his wife; the princess had left him on the 15th of November, 1727, to retire to the convent of St. Cecilia, in Rome. War, however, seemed inevitable, but the emperor felt his weakness, and he cared little about the interests of Spain. On the 31st of May, 1727, the preliminaries of peace were signed at Paris between France, England, and Holland, on the one part, and the Empire on the other. English commerce was satisfied by the suspension of the privileges of the Company of Ostend for seven years. Without negotiation Philip V. had raised the siege of Gibraltar. The prudent moderation of Walpole and Cardinal Fleury had once more succeeded in maintaining peace in Europe.

Walpole, now Sir Robert, was, however, threatened. He had governed wisely; and the nation, so long and so cruelly distracted, was becoming rich and prosperous; but he governed without brilliancy. Not very careful to honor men as long as he governed them, he was suspicious and haughty, jealously excluding even the shadow of a rival. Bolingbroke, who had never pardoned him his hostility, had attacked him anonymously in a journal conducted by Pulteney, who had been detached from the whig ranks by an old rancor against Walpole, and he now undertook to ruin him in the king's estimation. The Duchess of Kendal, who was a secret enemy of the minister, transmitted to the king



a memorial prepared by Bolingbroke, in which he exposed all the dangers which the state ran in the hands of Walpole, and asked for an audience. George I., in his simple way, gave the paper into Walpole's hands, who guessed without difficulty whence the blow came. He, however, concealed his anger, and only begged the duchess to join with him in persuading the king to grant Bolingbroke an audience. The interview was granted, but Bolingbroke's representations produced no effect, and when the minister afterwards asked him the result of his conversation with Bolingbroke, "*Bagatelles, bagatelles!*" repeated George I.; and Walpole never inquired further.

The king prepared to set off again for Hanover. Some months before, on the 12th of November, 1726, his wife, Sophia Dorothea of Zell, had died. She was a beautiful and attractive woman, but had been silently condemned by her husband to a seclusion of thirty-two years. Count Königs-mark, said to have been her lover, had been assassinated at the same time that the unfortunate princess had been imprisoned by order of her father-in-law as well as of her husband. The place is still shown where the count received his death-blow, and many years later his bones were discovered in the castle under a hearth-stone. The prince obtained a divorce, but never relaxed in his rigor towards his wife, who, on her part, had never ceased to protest her innocence.

It is related that when George I. had crossed the German frontier, in the month of June, 1727, an unknown person threw into his carriage a letter from the princess, written during her last illness, solemnly adjuring her husband to repent of the long injuries he had made her suffer, and summoning him to appear within a year and a day before the tribunal of God.

It was to this citation, coming as it were from the grave, that many chose to attribute the sudden blow which struck King George. On the 10th of June he had left Delden in good health, when he was seized in his carriage with an attack of apoplexy. His servants wished to stop, but the king repeated in a choking voice, "Osnabrück! Osnabrück!" and when the carriage reached the palace of his brother, the Prince-Bishop, the King of England was dead.

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
GEORGE II.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

GEORGE II. 1727-1760.

**I**T is the honor and good fortune of free countries to be often well served and sometimes gloriously governed, without personal greatness or renown of the sovereign whom the law of hereditary succession has called to the throne. Already slowly undermined by the faults and misfortunes of the last years of Louis XIV.'s reign, Absolutism was growing weak and contemptible in the indolent and corrupt hands of Louis XV. In Europe, Asia, and America, war was about to deal it a mortal blow, by despoiling France of that military glory which had been her hereditary possession for so long, in spite of the errors or the crimes of her interior administration. Honest and reasonable towards his people and his advisers, without great sagacity or foresight, always occupied with the German interests of his electorate, George II. was destined to secure to England a long period of tranquillity and prosperity, sometimes brilliant, and always fatal to enemies abroad and rivals at home, — to the House of Stuart as well as to France.

It was to the natural development and regular working of parliamentary government that England owed this repose, often secured with much labor and anxiety, and at last, at the close of the long reign of the second Hanoverian monarch, solidly established upon the most durable foundations. Four important ministries were successively grouped around

the throne of George II. Of these the first and last were under the leadership of men eminent by different titles: Sir Robert Walpole (1727–1741), and Lord Chatham (1756–1760); while the interval was occupied by Lord Carteret, shortly followed by Lord Granville (1742–1744), and by the Duke of Newcastle and his brother, Henry Pelham (1744–1756).

Called, as they all were, to encounter grave difficulties and violent shocks from without and from within, the ministers of George II., whether eloquent or commonplace, remained faithful to the king whom they served, never furnishing a single example of that deplorable weakness and treachery which had stained the lives of so many of the statesmen of the three preceding reigns. There were conspiracies still, it is true, but the conspirators were no longer sheltered in a royal palace, or at the head of the army or of public affairs. It was on the battlefield that the Stuarts were to play and lose their last game. At the time of George I.'s death the fate of the new dynasty and of the Protestant succession may possibly have seemed insecure and precarious; at the time of George II.'s death the work would have been accomplished; henceforth for England, revolutions were to be things of the past, full of sad and glorious memories, but without possibility of return, and without lingering traces of bitterness. The nation's victories would have effaced the last remnants of domestic feuds.

At George II.'s side, upon this throne yet occupied by a half-foreign king, — a man speaking his people's language with a marked accent, of insignificant presence, more courageous in character than kingly in tastes and habits, — was seated a princess, capable, moderate, prudent, well informed, inclining even to pedantry, adroit and soon predominant in public affairs, without ever in the least degree presuming upon this fact. The Princess Caroline of Anspach had had frequent cause

to complain of her husband's infidelities, but he had remained attached to her through them all, and her influence was always first with him. This Sir Robert Walpole had been wise enough to recognize. He had never diverted towards any of the prince's favorites the deference he had shown to the Princess of Wales, and the queen gratefully remembered it.

The first moments of the dawning reign had not been propitious to Sir Robert. When he presented himself at the palace to announce to the new monarch his father's death, George II., scarcely awake from his customary after-dinner nap, had replied abruptly to the minister's question, "Whom does your Majesty intrust with the communication to the Privy Council?" — "Compton," said the king. Withdrawing to carry the royal orders to the rival thus designated as his successor, Walpole lost neither his *sang-froid* nor his fixed determination to govern his country as long as possible. "I go out of office," he said to Sir William Yonge, "but I advise you not to throw yourself into any violent opposition, for I shall come back before long."

In fact, however, Walpole was not to fall; he had merely to feel a slight gust of royal disfavor. Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards Lord Wilmington, an honest and capable man, but slow in mind and without fluency of expression, as well as without ministerial experience, modestly begged Walpole to prepare for him the communication with which he had been charged by the king. Walpole did so, and the secret transpired. At the same time the minister, for the moment in disgrace, sent word to the queen proposing an augmentation of the king's revenue, and a jointure for herself, which he felt sure he could carry through Parliament. Already very favorably disposed towards Walpole, Caroline succeeded in persuading the king that it would be unsafe, at the beginning

of his reign, to part with a powerful and popular minister, and to throw him into the opposition.

Already, however, the courtiers had abandoned Sir Robert, and were crowding about the new minister. At the queen's first levee, Lady Walpole could scarcely make her way "between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees," writes her son Horace in his memoirs; "nor could approach nearer than the third or fourth row; but no sooner was she descried by her Majesty, than the queen said aloud, 'There, I am sure I see a friend!'" The crowd opened right and left. On leaving the queen, says Lady Walpole, "I might have walked over their heads, if I had pleased."

For thirteen years longer the great minister was to exercise the authority which he guarded with such jealous vigilance. "He was moderate in the exercise of power," says Hume; "not equitable in engrossing it." Walpole had already driven away Pulteney and Carteret, and was soon to quarrel with Townshend. The divisions in the Whig party were his work; for a long while these dissensions ministered to his strength; but at last they caused his downfall.

The opposition soon began their attack, directed chiefly against the foreign policy, and hotly sustained, in the House of Commons by Pulteney, for the moment acting with the Tories, and by Sir William Wyndham, — in the newspapers, and in secret parliamentary intrigues by Lord Bolingbroke, always the vindictive enemy of Walpole, who had persistently refused him the right to resume his seat in the House of Lords. The Treaty of Seville had just put an end to the difficulties with Spain (November, 1729); it was therefore the execution of the Treaty of Utrecht which became the object of attack to the *patriots*, as the Whigs had styled themselves on going into the opposition. The minister was reproached for neglecting to require the destruction of the port and fortifications



LADY WALPOLE'S RECEPTION BY THE QUEEN.

TRIUMPH OF PITT AND TEMPLE.



of Dunkirk. "Day before yesterday I visited Parliament," writes Montesquieu, in his Notes on England; "in the House of Commons they were discussing the affair of Dunkirk. I have never seen such excitement. The session lasted from one o'clock in the afternoon till three hours past midnight. The French were well abused; I could see to what an extent is carried the fearful jealousy existing between the two nations. Sir Robert Walpole attacked Bolingbroke in the severest manner, and charged him with having carried on all this intrigue. Sir William Wyndham defended him. Sir Robert Walpole related, *apropos* of Bolingbroke, the story of a peasant, who, passing under a tree with his wife, discovered a man, not yet dead, hanging from one of the branches; they cut him down and carried him to their cottage. He revived. The next day they found out that this man had stolen their spoons, and thereupon they exclaimed, 'We must not interfere with the execution of justice; we must carry him back to the place we took him from.'" It was not, however, until 1734, and under the threat which perhaps made him fear the stings of his own conscience, that Bolingbroke again departed into voluntary exile.

Walpole had conceived a project for the extension of indirect taxes, which he brought before the country under the name of the Excise Bill. The scheme was unpopular, and the opposition made it a pretext for the most violent attacks upon the minister. It was rumored that the excise was to be general. This Walpole denied. "My thoughts," he said, "have been confined solely to the duties on wine and tobacco, and it was the frequent advices I had of the shameful frauds committed in these two branches, and the complaints of the merchants themselves, that turned my attention to a remedy for this growing evil."

Public distrust and irritation were too great to be calmed

by the temperate language of the minister ; he prudently let the matter drop. The queen had steadily supported Walpole, and now she sent Lord Scarborough, one of the king's personal friends, to consult with him. "I can answer for my regiment against the Pretender," said he ; "but not against those who resist the excise." Tears came into the queen's eyes. "Then," she said, "we must give way."

Emboldened by this negative victory, the leaders of the opposition next took up the question of septennial parliaments. The session was nearly over. Wyndham directed the attack, secretly urged and instructed by Bolingbroke. He made a fiery speech, closing with these words, whose application it was impossible to mistake :

"Let us suppose a man, abandoned to all notions of virtue and honor, of no great family and but a mean fortune, raised to be chief minister of state by the concurrence of many whimsical events : afraid, or unwilling to trust any but creatures of his own making ; lost to all sense of shame and reputation ; ignorant of his country's true interest ; pursuing no aim but that of aggrandizing himself and his favorites ; in foreign affairs trusting none but those who, from the nature of their education, cannot possibly be qualified for the service of their country, or give weight and credit to their negotiations. Let us suppose the true interest of the nation, by such means, neglected or misunderstood, her honor tarnished, her importance lost, her trade insulted, her merchants plundered and her sailors murdered ; and all these circumstances overlooked, lest his administration should be endangered. Suppose him next possessed of immense wealth, the plunder of the nation, with a Parliament chiefly composed of members whose seats are purchased and whose votes are bought at the expense of the public treasure. In such a Parliament suppose attempts made to inquire into his conduct, or to relieve the nation

from the distress which has been entailed upon it by his administration. Suppose him screened by a corrupt majority of his creatures, whom he retains in daily pay, or engages in his particular interest, by distributing among them those posts and places which ought never to be bestowed upon any but for the public good. Let him plume himself upon his scandalous victory, because he has obtained a Parliament like a packed jury, ready to acquit him at all adventures. Let us suppose him domineering with insolence over all the men of ancient families, over all the men of sense, figure, or fortune in the nation; as he has no virtue of his own, ridiculing it in others, and endeavoring to destroy or corrupt it in all. With such a minister and such a Parliament let us suppose a case which I hope will never happen: a prince upon the throne, uninformed, ignorant, and unacquainted with the inclinations and true interest of his people, weak, capricious, transported with unbounded ambition, and possessed with insatiable avarice. I hope such a case will never occur; but as it possibly may, could any greater curse happen to a nation, than such a prince on the throne, advised, and solely advised by such a minister, and that minister supported by such a Parliament? The nature of mankind cannot be altered by human laws: the existence of such a prince or such a minister we cannot prevent by act of Parliament; but the existence of such a Parliament I think we may prevent: as it is much more likely to exist, and may do more mischief, while the Septennial Law remains in force than if it were repealed, therefore I am heartily for its being repealed."

Sir Robert Walpole, in his reply, passed over his visible antagonist, and directed against the absent and hidden foe all that eloquence, temperate in expression, but haughty and imperious in substance, with which he could, on occasion, overwhelm his opponents.

“Sir,” he said, “I do assure you, I did not intend to have troubled you in this debate; but such incidents now generally happen towards the end of our debates, nothing at all relating to the subject, and gentlemen making such suppositions, meaning some person, or perhaps, as they say, no person now in being, — and talk so much of wicked ministers, domineering ministers, ministers pluming themselves in defiances, which terms and such like have been of late so much made use of in this House, that if they really mean nobody, either in the House or out of it, yet it must be supposed they at least mean to call upon some gentleman in this House to make them a reply; and therefore I hope I may be allowed to draw a picture in my turn; and I may likewise say that I do not mean to give a description of any particular person now in being. When gentlemen talk of ministers abandoned to all sense of virtue and honor, other gentlemen may, I am sure, with equal justice, and, I think, more justly, speak of anti-ministers and mock patriots who never had either virtue or honor, but in the whole course of their opposition are actuated only by motives of envy, and of resentment against those who have disappointed them in their views, or may not perhaps have complied with all their desires. But now, sir, let me too suppose, in this, or in some other unfortunate country, an anti-minister who thinks himself a person of so great and extensive parts, and of so many eminent qualifications, that he looks upon himself as the only person in the kingdom capable to conduct the public affairs of the nation, and therefore christening every other gentleman who has the honor to be employed in the administration, by the name of Blunderer. Suppose this fine gentleman lucky enough to have gained over to his party some persons really of fine parts, of ancient families, and of great fortunes, and others of desperate views, arising from disappointed and malicious hearts; all these gen-

tllemen, with respect to their political behavior, moved by him, and by him solely ; all they say, either in private or public, being only a repetition of the words he has put into their mouths, and a spitting out that venom which he has infused into them ; and yet we may suppose this leader not really liked by any even of those who so blindly follow him, and hated by all the rest of mankind. We will suppose this anti-minister to be in a country where he really ought not to be, and where he could not have been but by an effect of too much goodness and mercy, yet endeavoring with all his art to destroy the fountain from whence that mercy flowed. In that country suppose him continually contracting friendships and familiarities with the ambassadors of those princes who at the time happen to be most at enmity with his own ; and if at any time it should happen to be for the interest of those foreign ministers to have a secret divulged to them which might be highly prejudicial to his native country, as well as to all its friends, — suppose this foreign minister applying to him, and he answering, ‘I will get it for you. Tell me but what you want, I will endeavor to procure it for you.’ Upon this he puts a speech or two into the mouths of some of his creatures, or some of his new converts ; what he wants is moved for in Parliament, and when so very reasonable a request as this is refused, suppose him, and his creatures and tools, by his advice, spreading the alarm over the whole nation, and crying out, ‘Gentlemen, our country is at present involved in many dangerous difficulties, all which we would have extricated you from, but a wicked minister and a corrupt majority refused us the proper materials ; and upon this scandalous victory this minister became so insolent as to plume himself in defiance.’ Let us further suppose this anti-minister to have travelled, and, at every court where he was, thinking himself the greatest minister, and making it

his trade to betray the secrets of every court where he had before been; void of all faith and honor, and betraying every master he ever served. I could carry my suppositions a great deal further, and I may say I mean no person now in being; but if we can suppose such a one, can there be imagined a greater disgrace to human nature than such as this?"

These extracts are valuable, as giving an idea of the violence of parliamentary discussion in the reign of George II., and also as showing the profound animosity existing between Walpole and Bolingbroke. The latter dared not risk revelations or charges more precise; he shortly quitted England, not to return thither so long as Walpole was in power. When at last he came back, in 1742, upon the occasion of his father's death, he established himself at his country-house at Battersea, his birthplace, and the spot where at length he died on the 17th of December, 1751, after a stormy life abounding in criminal or unlucky enterprises, unscrupulously followed out with all the resources of a rare and fertile genius. "God, who placed me here," he said to Lord Chesterfield, as he bade him good-bye, "will do what he pleases with me hereafter, and he knows what is best to do." All the irregularities of his life, and the inveterate doubts of his intellect, had not been able to eradicate completely from the soul of the dying Bolingbroke that hereditary faith in God which he had learned, as a little child, from his mother, a person devoutly attached to the principles of the early dissenters.

A time came when Sir Robert Walpole's power was threatened and his authority shaken. Difficulties had arisen in Scotland. The escape of one smuggler and the punishment of another had caused a disturbance in the capital, and occasioned that riot against Captain Porteous which forms one of the principal episodes in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Dis-



cord existed in the royal family between the king and his eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, as it had before existed between George I. and his son, the present king. The queen sympathized in her husband's displeasure, and on her death-bed, in November, 1737, she refused to see the prince. She bade adieu to Walpole in these remarkable words: "My good Sir Robert, I have nothing to say to you but to recommend to you the king, my children, and the kingdom." His grief at her death was sincere and bitter; he lost a support as un-failing as it was efficient, and lost it at a time when the attacks made upon him were every day increasing.

The convention signed at Madrid at the close of the year 1738 had excited great discontent among the English merchants. The wise solicitude of the minister for the maintenance of peace with Spain was regarded as cowardice. Sixty members of the opposition, with Wyndham at their head, had declared their determination no longer to take part in the deliberations of a corrupt Parliament. The administration's majority diminished daily. Walpole, always obstinately attached to power, decided to yield to the storm, and gave his consent to a war which he dreaded and deplored. The 19th of October, 1739, when all the bells in London were ringing in honor of the declaration of war, Walpole muttered: "They may ring the bells now, but they will soon be wringing their hands."

Walpole's sagacity and experience had not deceived him. England entered upon a period of agitation and trouble unfortunate in its very beginnings. The first expeditions had been directed against the Spanish colonies of South America. By dint of courage and skill, Commodore Anson, who had been intrusted with the attack on Peru, had succeeded, in spite of winds and sea, in saving one of his ships, and with it circumnavigated the globe, while Admiral Vernon, at first vic-

torious before Porto-Bello, and extolled to the skies by the opposition, the party to which he belonged, had made a lamentable failure before Carthagen and Santiago. The "patriots" attributed to Walpole these disasters to the English arms. Said Carteret: "He is a minister who has for almost twenty years been demonstrating to the world that he has neither wisdom nor conduct. He may have a little low cunning, such as those have that buy cattle in Smithfield, or such as a French valet makes use of for managing an indulgent master; but the whole tenor of his conduct shows that he has no wisdom."

Walpole triumphed again in Parliament; but his strength wore itself out in these repeated conflicts. Europe was agitated by the most serious anxieties: the Emperor Charles VI. had recently died (October 20, 1740). All the great powers had previously consented to the Pragmatic Sanction, which assured the rights of the Archduchess Maria Theresa, but scarcely had her father been interred when the majority of the great sovereigns began to divide his possessions among themselves.

The claimants were many, and the rights they asserted were diverse. The young Queen of Hungary found opposed to her an enemy and rival in the person of the Elector of Bavaria, who claimed the domains of the House of Austria in virtue of the testament of Ferdinand I., father of Charles V. He was supported by France, notwithstanding the pacific inclinations of Cardinal Fleury, now an old man, and much influenced by Marshal Belle-Isle. Spain laid claim to the sovereignty of Hungary and Bohemia, long dependencies of the Spanish crown, and united her forces with those of France and Bavaria against Maria Theresa. The new King of Prussia, Frederick II., alleging antiquated or imaginary rights, marched boldly towards the conquests he desired. From the

time when he had ascended the throne, in August, 1740, preceded by a reputation for culture and liberality, Frederick, who had long been kept out of public affairs by his father's brutal jealousy, had been silently preparing his material for attack.

Coming out from a masked ball, he had set off post-haste for the Silesian frontier, where he had massed thirty thousand troops. Without preliminaries of any kind, without declaration of war, he entered the Austrian territory, which was feebly if at all defended. Before the close of January, 1741, he had made himself master of Silesia. "I am going to play your game," Frederick said to the French ambassador, as he set out; "if aces are dealt me, we will go halves."

England was much disturbed on account of the war, and George II. even more disturbed than England. Hanover was in danger, and he went over into Germany to raise troops. A subsidy was voted in favor of Maria Theresa; English negotiators arrived in the camp of the belligerents. Lord Hyndford strove to awaken some generous scruples in the mind of Frederick. "Talk not to me, my lord, of magnanimity," exclaimed the king; "a prince ought first to consult his own interests. I am not averse to a peace, but I expect to have four duchies, and I will have them." The propositions, transmitted through Mr. Robinson in the name of the Queen of Hungary, appeared hard to that princess. "I hope with all my heart that he will reject them," she had said, with tears in her eyes. "Beggary offers still!" was Frederick's answer. "Since you have nothing to propose in respect to Silesia, all negotiations are useless. My ancestors would rise out of their tombs to reproach me, should I abandon their just rights."

France had just concluded an alliance with the King of Prussia, assuring to him the possession of Lower Silesia. The

Marshal Maille-Bois was threatening Hanover. King George became alarmed, and signed a treaty of neutrality for a year, promising that he would furnish no assistance to the Queen of Hungary, and that he would not cast his electoral vote for Francis of Lorraine, her husband, who aspired to the Empire. On the 26th of November, 1741, the Elector of Bavaria was proclaimed King of Bohemia; and on the 14th of February, 1742, he was crowned emperor, under the name of Charles VII. The allied armies had threatened Vienna, and Maria Theresa, fleeing from city to city before her triumphant enemies, had found shelter and support only in Hungary, amid the nobles and magnates gathered at Presburg. "*Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa!*" — (We will die for our king Maria Theresa!) — they cried as with one voice, drawing their swords. War with all its horrors was desolating Germany; in every direction irregular troops overran the country, burning, pillaging, and massacring. The hereditary domains of the new emperor were in turn threatened. "He remains in Frankfort," writes the Advocate Barbier in his Journal, "and it would be difficult for him to go elsewhere in safety."

The neutrality of Hanover had been received with displeasure in England. Public opinion had been unfavorable towards the minister from the beginning of the session, and a contested election brought this to light. Walpole's most devoted friends urged him to retire. He still hesitated, passionately attached, after twenty years' possession, to that power which he had resolutely maintained against so many enemies. He at last decided, relinquishing with his office that great empire which he had so long held in the House of Commons. He received from the king all the proofs of the most sincere regret and affection, and the title of Earl of Orford. A few months later, Pulteney in his turn entered the Upper House under the title of Lord Bath. Walpole, still influential with

George II., had contributed by all means in his power to this destructive elevation. He approached his former antagonist with a smile. "My Lord Bath," he said, "you and I are now two as insignificant men as any in Europe."

Walpole did not long survive his fall; notwithstanding his retirement to Houghton, he was not, and could never be, insignificant; he had governed for twenty years with consummate skill, using, indifferently, good means and bad — his eloquence as an orator and parliamentary corruption; more careful to serve his friends than to win over his enemies; never giving his country the delight of glory, or the spectacle of moral and political grandeur; useful, however, to the happiness and prosperity of England, securing to her long years of peace between two periods of violent interior and exterior agitations. His great rival in the art of governing was already rising into notice; in the ranks of the patriot Whigs, foreseeing eyes had already discerned young William Pitt, destined to rule as a master that country and Parliament which Walpole had long guided as a skilful pilot. "Between Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Chatham there is all the distance between success and glory," is the brilliant remark of Lord Macaulay.

A new cabinet had just been formed under the direction of Lord Carteret, who afterwards became, in right of his mother, Lord Granville. Pulteney had declined office. "I have too often protested my disinterestedness to accept any place," he said. When he perceived that influence as well as authority had escaped him, it was too late to retrace his steps, the ministry was formed and was already under discussion in Parliament as well as in the country, meeting an opposition which shortly became formidable. Carteret was witty, brilliant, and amiable, but unequal and uncertain; he allowed himself at times to be led away even to debauchery, but was

always eloquent, and skilful in diplomatic management. He concentrated all his efforts upon maintaining his favor with the king, often neglecting his partisans, and counting upon corruption to retain his hold upon them. "What do I care for judges and bishops?" he said, scornfully; "my business is to make kings and emperors, and to preserve the balance of power in Europe." "Very well," said the petitioner so unceremoniously dismissed; "we must address ourselves to those who do care for bishops and judges." In this way began the power of the Pelhams, more careful than was Carteret in using those opportunities to secure friends which high office, with its power of dispensing patronage, confers upon those who hold it.

War continued in Germany. With the fall of Walpole England's neutrality had ceased. Already a body of troops were on the way to Flanders. Ladies of rank in England, headed by the Duchess of Marlborough, had raised by subscription the sum of a hundred thousand pounds sterling, which they offered without success to the haughty Maria Theresa. The king had hired six thousand Hessian soldiers; the cabinet was proposing to raise in Hanover a corps of sixteen thousand men at the expense of England. The opposition let loose all its violence against this measure. "It is too evident," said Pitt, "that this great kingdom, mighty and formidable, is regarded as a province of a miserable electorate, and that these troops are levied in pursuance of a carefully matured plan finally to absorb all the resources of our unfortunate country."

The measure was carried, however, and the king put himself at the head of the forces he was gathering in Germany. The States-general of Holland had united their troops with his. The fortune of the war had changed. Charles VII., in his turn a fugitive, driven from his hereditary states, which

Marshal Broglie had evacuated, had now no hope but in the assistance of France. Alone, France was sustaining all the burden of a war which she had not officially declared. There was much laughter in England at the state of European affairs. "Our situation is absurd," wrote Horace Walpole, the witty son of the great minister, himself an amateur in politics as well as in literature. "We have declared war against Spain without making it, and we are making war against France without declaring it."

Both King George and his second son, the Duke of Cumberland, had exhibited brilliant personal courage, on the 17th of July, 1743, at the battle of Dettingen, which went against the French in spite of Marshal Noailles' skilful disposal of his troops. An act of imprudence on the part of the marshal's nephew, the Duke de Grammont, had decided the loss of the day. But the jealousy prevailing between the English and the German generals impeded the course of operations. A treaty concluded at Worms, the 13th of September, between England, Austria, and Sardinia, was ill received by Parliament, who judged it, and rightly, more favorable to the interests of Hanover than of England. The name of *Hanoverian* was becoming a term of reproach applied sometimes to the king himself; it required all the influence that Walpole had preserved in Parliament, and his speech in the House of Lords, to obtain the maintenance of the foreign troops. Lord Wilmington had just died, and it was again at Walpole's advice that Henry Pelham was called to take his place as First Lord of the Treasury. A year later, in November, 1744, a division appeared in the Cabinet itself; notwithstanding the personal preference of the king, Lord Carteret, who was now Lord Granville, gave way beneath the influence of Henry Pelham and his brother the Duke of Newcastle. War was at last officially declared between France and England. The new

ministers, lately raised to power in the name of English interests as against the German predilections of the king, continued, however, to subsidize the Hanoverian troops, and at the opening of the campaign of 1745 the Duke of Cumberland was placed at the head of the allies.

The Emperor Charles VII. had recently died. It was now two years since Frederick II., master of Silesia, had abandoned the field of battle, watching with cold and curious interest the strifes which ensanguined Europe, and were aiding himself by weakening his rivals. Made uneasy by Maria Theresa's successes, he now, however, returned into the lists personally. King Louis XV. had taken command of his army; he had just arrived before Tournai, accompanied by the Dauphin who had been recently married to the daughter of the King of Spain. The 9th of May, at daybreak, the hostile forces met near the little village of Fontenoy.

The story of this victory belongs to the history of France. Marshal Saxe was there, a foreigner and a Protestant, henceforth to sustain alone the glory and the great tradition of the marshals of Louis XIV. He was ill; they thought him dying, but he insisted on being carried in his litter at the head of the army. "The object now is not to live, but to go," he said to Voltaire, who was surprised on seeing his preparations for departure. The Austrians were not very numerous; the old general Königseck commanded a corps of eight thousand men. An attack made by the English upon the forest of Barri, which was held by French troops, was repulsed. General Ingoldsby had fallen back on the main army, which was commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. "March straight forward, your Highness," said Königseck to the prince; "we must take the ravine in front of Fontenoy." The movements of the Dutch were slow and undecided; the English were shaken; they formed into a deep, serried column, preceded



and supported by cannon. The French batteries poured their fire into it on the right and left; whole ranks were swept away, but their places were instantly filled; cannon drawn by hand into a position facing Fontenoy and the redoubts, replied to the French artillery. It was in vain that the French Guards sought to capture the enemy's guns. The two corps found themselves at last confronting each other.

The story has often been told of the exchange of courtesies between the French and English officers across the ravine. The English officers saluted first; the Count de Chabannes and the Duke de Biron, advancing, uncovered in their turn. "Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire!" cried Lord Charles Hay. "After you, *Messieurs les Anglais*," replied the Count d'Auteroche. "We will not fire first!" The English volley was deadly to the French Guards; their colonel, the Duke de Grammont, had been killed some hours earlier in the day. The soldiers gave way; the English crossed the ravine which protected Fontenoy. They advanced as if at parade, the majors regulating the firing. One after another the French regiments came up, to be shattered against this immovable column; the Duke of Cumberland had ceased to advance, but he remained on the field, already victorious through the calm courage of his soldiers. Königseck sent to congratulate him.

Marshal Saxe urged Louis XV. to retire from the field. "I know he will do all that is necessary," was the king's reply; "but I shall stay where I am." The marshal had just massed his troops for a last effort. The Irish brigade in the service of France, almost entirely composed of Jacobite emigrants, was at the head of the regiments which hurled themselves unitedly upon the English. The Dutch had made good their retreat. The English column found itself overpowered; it gave way at last, but without disorder, and still preserving its proud

demeanor. The Duke of Cumberland, who was the last to withdraw as he had been the first to attack, called upon his troops to remember Blenheim and Ramilies, and with his own hand shot down an officer who was running. The military talent of the English generals was not equal to their personal bravery. The battle of Fontenoy gave the advantage of the campaign to France; but Maria Theresa had just succeeded in her great design: her husband had been raised to the imperial dignity, September 13, 1745. She had signed a treaty with the King of Prussia. Louis XV. remained alone opposed to Germany, now either neutral or rallying around the reviving empire. Great domestic struggles were henceforth to absorb the strength and attention of England.

A fascinating, brave, but frivolous young man, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, eldest son of the Chevalier St. George, had long nourished a hope of re-establishing the throne of his fathers. As early as the beginning of 1744 he had left Rome, where he was living with his father, drawn to Paris by the rumor of an attempt which the ministers of Louis XV. were proposing to make upon England. He was furnished with letters-patent declaring him regent of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the *alter ego* of his father the king,—and intrusted, in the king's absence, with the exercise of the royal power. The enterprise proved a failure; the vessels collected at Dunkirk were dispersed, the prince was not able to obtain an audience with Louis XV., and for some time observed the strictest incognito. "I have taken a house three miles from Paris, and I live like a hermit," he wrote to his father. The defeat of the English at Fontenoy appeared to the young prince a favorable opportunity. "I have it always at heart," he said, "to restore my royal father by the means of his own subjects alone." He was encouraged in his project by Cardinal Tencin, who

CHARLES EDWARD.



had owed his hat to the influence of the dethroned monarch. "Why do you not go over into the north of Scotland?" he said to the prince; "your presence will create for you a party and an army, and France will be obliged to assist you."

Charles Edward had kept his secret from his father as well as from the ministers of Louis XV. It was not till the 12th of June, 1745, that he wrote to the former from the château of Navarre, near Evreux: "Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father; you did the like in the year fifteen; but the circumstances now are indeed very different, by being much more encouraging. This letter will not be sent off till I am on shipboard. Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or to die, and to stand my ground as long as I shall have a man remaining with me." The young prince had pawned his jewels; he had purchased arms and ammunition. On the 13th of July he set sail, accompanied as convoy by an old man-of-war, the *Elizabeth*, which was soon attacked by an English vessel. The little brig which carried the prince reached the Scottish coast; a large eagle was hovering over the island of Erisca as the vessel touched land. "Here is the king of birds come to welcome your royal Highness to Scotland," cried Lord Tullibardine. Delighted at the fortunate omen, the bold exiles fearlessly disembarked. The prince was in disguise, and the crew were still ignorant of his name.

In Scotland people were better informed. The Jacobites had long been made aware of the intentions of the prince. The men of most importance among them had even declared to Murray, the prince's agent, that it would be impossible for them to bring about a popular uprising without the presence of a body of regulars. Charles Edward arrived alone. When he summoned the Macdonalds, lords of the little group

of islands where he had landed, old Macdonald of Boisdale presented himself in the name of his absent nephew, refusing to promise his support to the enterprise. "A word will suffice to bring hither Sir Alexander Macdonald and MacLeod of MacLeod!" exclaimed the prince. "Your Highness is mistaken," replied Boisdale. "I saw them both a few days ago, and they informed me of their determination to risk nothing without foreign support." The prince was silent, more irritated than cast down, when he chanced to notice a young Highlander, who had come on board the vessel with Boisdale, and was watching him with sparkling eyes. "You, at least, will assist me?" he said, eagerly, turning towards the young man. "I will! I will! though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you," cried Ranald. "At the first appearance of the royal youth, though I knew him not, I found my heart swell to my very throat," says another witness of the first interview.

Enthusiasm is contagious: the Macdonald chiefs were conquered; they promised to sacrifice everything — property and life — in the cause of their legitimate sovereign. Before a week had passed, almost all the gentlemen of the Highlands had followed their example. In vain did "young Lochiel," the chief of the Camerons, for a while resist the contagion. His brother Fassefern advised him not to go to see the prince. "If he once sets his eyes on you," said Fassefern, "he will make you do whatever he pleases." For some time Lochiel remained unmoved by the entreaties of Charles Edward. "I am resolved to put all to the hazard," the prince cried desperately, at last; "in a few days, with the few friends I have, I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may

stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince." It was too much. "No, no," cried the Highlander; "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power."

The clan of the Camerons was first and most numerous at the rendezvous appointed by Charles Edward at Glenfinnan. About fifteen hundred men were present at the raising of the royal banner of the Stuarts, so often fatal to Scotland and the Scots. A few weeks later, taking advantage of Sir John Cope, the English commander's apprehensions in regard to the passage of the wild mountain defiles, the young prince pushed rapidly forward. Everywhere received with acclamations, he entered Perth on the 4th of September, where he organized his army, increased every day by new recruits; he chose for his lieutenant-general the Duke of Athol's brother, Lord George Murray, a man who had served with distinction upon the continent. Stirling, Falkirk, Linlithgow, opened to him their gates, or were obliged to surrender. On the 17th, Charles Edward, from the heights of Cortosphine, came in sight of the noble city of Edinburgh, seated like a queen between the mountains and the sea. Already the young prince had offered a reward for the capture of "George, Elector of Hanover;" and the proclamation goes on to say, "Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example."

After having advanced, and then fallen back without fighting, General Cope was approaching the rebels by sea. The weather was unfavorable. The defence of the capital had been intrusted to the trained hands of militia and a corps of volunteers, supported by two regiments of regulars, the latter being charged with the defence of the heights. The alarm was great, and hid itself in vain under a noisy display

of courage. When news came of the approach of the Highlanders, and orders were issued calling out the troops, a handful of volunteers appeared in the market-place, soon diminished still further by the entreaties of wives and mothers. The militia corps was no more courageous; the dragoons took flight, crossed the city at a gallop, and never stopped till they had reached the environs of Berwick.

The prince sent summons upon summons to the provost. "My manifesto and the declaration of the king, my father, are a sufficient protection to insure the safety of all the cities in the kingdom," said Charles Edward. "If I enter your walls peaceably, you shall suffer no harm; if you resist, you will be subjected to martial law." The magistrates still hesitated. The prince refused to receive their deputies a second time. Eight hundred men were detached under Lochiel to blow up one of the gates and force an entrance. A small party stationed outside the Netherbow Port beheld it deliberately opened to allow exit into the suburb to the hackney-coach which had conveyed the unsuccessful delegation to Charles Edward. Finding the entrance entirely unprotected, they rushed in, and seized upon all the other gates. At daybreak the prince, who had been at once informed of what had happened, put his little army in motion. Avoiding the guns of the castle, held by General Guest, they entered the capital at noon without striking a blow. The Scottish heralds, hastily brought into the market-place, were constrained to proclaim King James VIII., and to read aloud the manifestoes of father and son. The Jacobite ladies thronged the windows, greeting the prince with their acclamations. James Hepburn of Keith, carrying before the young regent a drawn sword, introduced him into the palace of his ancestors. Holyrood resounded with shouts of joy; a crowd of great lords gathered around the prince. "To-morrow, gentlemen, we will



march against General Cope," he said, when he bade them good night. Acclamations from every side answered him. Leaving the city at daybreak, Charles Edward drew his sword and brandished it above his head. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have thrown away the scabbard."

General Cope, landing at Dunbar, rallied his fugitive dragoons, and advanced with all speed towards Edinburgh. On the 20th of September the two armies met in the plain of Prestonpans. It was late; the prince was eager to attack, but a marsh separated him from the enemy. A council of war was held. Charles Edward slept upon a heap of straw, in the midst of his soldiers. During the night he was awakened by one of his aides. The owner of the land occupied by the troops was aware of an unfrequented path which avoided the dangerous parts of the marsh; he communicated to the prince his project. By sunrise the Highlanders had crossed the marsh and were threatening the royal troops. A moment's prayer, the soldiers all standing bareheaded, preceded the shrill call of the bagpipes and the shouts of the mountaineers; and then the Camerons and Stuarts, running straight on the muzzles of the cannon, took them by storm, and struck down with their claymores the first ranks, who fell back, dying, upon their companions. Like the peasants of La Vendée, the Scottish mountaineers were especially afraid of artillery, and their first impetuous courage was directed towards the prevention of its ravages. Like the Vendéans, also, the Highlanders dragged along with them an ancient fieldpiece, which they called "the Mother of Muskets," a worthy predecessor of the illustrious "Mary Jane" of the army of Messieurs de Lescure and Larochejacquelein.

The dragoons fled, as they had done the preceding evening, in spite of the efforts of the brave and pious Colonel Gardiner, who was killed while urging on a portion of his troops.

The infantry stood firm; but all the efforts of the Highlanders were now concentrated upon it; the axes of Lochaber crushed in skulls and hacked away limbs. Before this savage onslaught the English soldiers at last gave way. James MacGregor, son of the famous Rob-Roy, himself pierced with five wounds, cried out to his followers, "I am not dead, my lads; I shall see if any of you does not do his duty." Everywhere the chieftains plunged into the thickest of the fight, at the head of their men. "Do you believe our troops will be able to resist the regulars?" the prince had inquired of Macdonald of Keppoch, who had served long in France. "I do not know," said the Highlander; "it is a good while since our clans have been in action; but what I do know is this, the leaders will go forward, and the men will not long leave them alone."

The attack and the victory occupied but a few minutes. General Cope followed his dragoons, and himself carried to Berwick the news of the disaster. "I have seen some battles, and heard of many," said old General Mark Kerr to him, sarcastically, "but never before of the first news of defeat being brought by general officers." The fugitives had not been pursued, the Highlanders being engrossed in the division of the spoils. The prince had looked carefully to the protection of the wounded, and he wrote on the morrow to his father, expressing his poignant grief at the effusion of so much English blood, and his determination to convert the palace into a hospital rather than that the wounded should suffer from neglect.

Just at this time King George II. had returned to England, recalled by the dissensions in his cabinet. The Marquis of Tweeddale, charged with Scottish affairs, himself undecided and anxious, complained that he was neither obeyed nor seconded; the inhabitants of the Lowlands possessed no weapons,





the Whig clans of the Highlands having been disarmed after the rebellions of 1715 and 1719; public spirit was not yet awake in England; there existed only shameful timidity or the excess of indifference. "England is for the first comer," wrote Henry Fox, himself a member of the administration; "and if you can tell whether the six thousand Dutch and the ten battalions of English we have sent for from Flanders, or five thousand French or Spaniards, will be here first, you know our fate." And a few days later, September 19: "The French are not come, God be thanked! But had five thousand troops landed in any part of this island a week ago, I verily believe the entire conquest would not have cost them a battle."

The patriotic sentiment, even when it is slow in awaking, is more powerful than statesmen are sometimes led to believe; in this respect the prudent indifference of the French ministry made no mistake. In spite of the ardor of his warlike enthusiasm, Charles Edward felt how precarious were his successes, and how necessary to him was foreign support. He had many times repeated his appeals to the court of Versailles; they had sent over some supplies of arms and money; there was even talk of placing the young Duke of York at the head of the Irish brigade; but the wonted delays of a weak government hindered operations. The assistance so many times promised by Spain as well as France, had thus far amounted to no more than the private enterprises of a few brave adventurers. The Duke de Richelieu was to put himself at their head, it was asserted. "As to the embarkation they talk of at Dunkirk," writes the Advocate Barbier, at the end of the year 1745, "there is much uneasiness, for it is now the last of December and nothing has yet occurred, which gives every one opportunity to invent news according to his taste. This uncertainty discourages the French, who

declare that our expedition will not take place, or, at least, that it will not succeed."

The expedition did not take place. The prince was eager to march upon London, fatally attracted, like his predecessors in the Scottish insurrection, to seek in the very centre of Great Britain the support and success which always failed them. The Scottish leaders protested, extremely opposed to leaving Scotland. The prince was intolerant of contradiction, and at once grew angry in the presence of the council. "I see, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "you are resolved to remain in Scotland and defend your country. I am no less determined to try my fortune in England; I shall go, even though I should be alone."

The Highlanders yielded regretfully and with distrust. "We have undertaken to re-establish the kingdom, as well as the king, of Scotland," they had often said, and Charles Edward had solemnly announced that his father would never ratify the Union; he had even thought of convoking a parliament at Edinburgh, but the practical difficulties in the way had deterred him from the execution of the plan. Before turning his steps towards England, the prince published an appeal, as judicious as it was impassioned, to his subjects of the three kingdoms.

"Let me now expostulate this weighty matter with you, my father's subjects," he said, referring to the question of religion. "Do not the pulpits and the congregations of the clergy, as well as your weekly papers, ring with the dreadful threats of Popery, Slavery, Tyranny, and Arbitrary Power, which are now ready to be imposed upon you by the formidable powers of France and Spain? But listen only to the naked truth. I with my own money hired a vessel, ill provided with money, arms, or friends; I arrived in Scotland, attended by seven persons; I publish the king my

father's declaration, and proclaim his title, with pardon in one hand, and in the other liberty of conscience. As to the outcries formerly raised against the royal family, whatever miscarriages may have given occasion for them have been more than atoned for since; that our family has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years everybody knows. Has the nation during that period of time been the more happy and flourishing for it? Have you found reason to love and cherish your governors as the fathers of the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Have you found more humanity and condescension in those who were not born to a crown than in my royal forefathers? Do you owe anything else to them besides the weight of an enormous debt? If it is not so, whence arise all those complaints and the never-ceasing upbraidings of your assemblies?

“The fears of the nation from the powers of France and Spain are groundless. My expedition was undertaken unsupported by either. But indeed when I see a foreign force brought by my enemies against me, and when I hear of Dutch, Danes, Hessians, and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover's allies, being called over to protect his government against the king's subjects, is it not high time for the king my father to accept also of assistance? Who has the better chance to be independent of foreign powers—he who with the aid of his own subjects can wrest the government out of the hands of an intruder, or he who cannot, with assistance from abroad, support his government, though established by all the civil power and secured by a strong military force, against the undisciplined part of those he has ruled over for so many years? Let him, if he pleases, try the experiment; let him send off his foreign hirelings and put all upon the issue of a battle, and I will trust only to the king my father's subjects.”

The army of the prince amounted at the utmost to six

thousand men. Many lords and gentlemen remained neutral. Some, like Lord Lovat, the chieftain of the Fraser clan, with shameful perfidy secretly authorized their sons to join the prince, and reserved to themselves the option of denying all knowledge of the fact if occasion arose. A spy sent from England wrote, about the middle of October: "They consist of an odd medley of graybeards and no-beards — old men fit to drop into the grave, and young boys whose swords are near equal to their weight, and, I really believe, more than their length. Four or five thousand may be very good, determined men, but the rest are mean, dirty, villanous-looking rascals, who seem more anxious about plunder than their prince, and would be better pleased with four shillings than a crown." It was with these uncertain and irregular forces that Charles Edward passed the frontier on the 8th of November, 1745. The Highlanders, both soldiers and chiefs, left their country with regret, and desertions were already beginning to occur. At the moment when they set foot on English ground the Highlanders drew their swords and shouted aloud. Lochiel wounded his hand with his weapon, and the sight of the blood filled his adherents with uneasiness. It was under the influence of this unfortunate augury that the army laid siege to Carlisle. The direction of operations was confided to the Duke of Perth, while the prince and Lord George Murray planned a movement on Kelso with the object, and the effect, of deceiving Marshal Wade, who was at that moment at Newcastle with the royal troops. When the English general discovered his mistake, Carlisle was in the hands of the Jacobites. Charles Edward made his solemn entry on the 17th of November, and showed himself eager to destroy the germs of discord which the Duke of Perth's success had just sown among the chiefs of this little army. Lord George Murray was maintained in his



important posts. From Carlisle to Preston, from Preston to Wigan and Manchester, the Scots advanced without striking a blow, but uneasy and suspicious of an enemy who refused to show himself, and who gave them no chance of displaying their bravery on the battlefield. Much jealousy and displeasure was felt towards the English Jacobites, who remained inactive and did not second the invasion in any way. A little corps of volunteers was formed at Manchester under the command of Colonel Townley, a member of an ancient Catholic family of Lancashire.

On the banks of the Mersey, among the gentry gathered to receive him, the prince perceived a very old lady, a Mrs. Skyring, who had been present at the landing of Charles II. at Dover in 1660, and ever since the revolution of 1688 had divided her income into two parts, sending one half to the royal exiles. At the news of Charles Edward's arrival she collected all her plate and jewels and placed them at the service of the young prince. Her wishes had been accomplished, and, like old Simeon, she exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Tradition relates that the old Jacobite did in reality expire a few days after the departure of the young man whose success she so ardently desired.

The prince advanced towards Derby, the fatal limit of Scottish expeditions into England. Three armies had formed around and against him. Marshal Wade was marching through Yorkshire to meet him; the Duke of Cumberland, who had been recalled from Germany, had collected a body of seven or eight thousand men at Lichfield; while considerable forces had assembled at Finchley, for the defence of London. Charles Edward alone was still cheerful. The road to the capital of Great Britain was open to him, for a skilful march had enabled him to leave the Duke of Cumberland and

Marshal Wade far behind. When he entered Derby on the 4th of December, his thoughts were entirely occupied in considering whether he should enter London on foot or on horseback, dressed as an English gentleman, or in the costume of a Highlander, which he had worn since he arrived in Scotland.

The views of his partisans were very different, however, and their anxieties more serious. No sooner had they arrived at Derby, than the chiefs went in a body to the prince, to inform him of the extreme danger they were in, surrounded by the enemy's armies, in a country hostile or neutral, without help from the Jacobites, and separated from the forces which remained in Scotland under Lord Strathallan. Even a victory at the gates of London, which was the only chance of glory and success, would leave them still isolated and exposed to the vengeance and the anger of "the Elector." He had under his command thirty thousand men, while their army only amounted to five thousand combatants. They urgently advised a retreat, while there was yet time, before their communications were cut off, and while reinforcements awaited them in Scotland.

The prince flew into a violent rage. "Rather than go back, I would wish to be twenty feet under ground," exclaimed he. He heaped reason upon reason and argument upon argument, brought forward hopes real or imaginary, promised an arrival of Frenchmen in Kent, and expatiated with good reason on the terror into which their approach had thrown London, where the day of their entrance into Derby was long remembered as "Black Friday." The Scottish leaders remained immovable. Their soldiers, however, prepared to march on the capital, sharpening their swords, and attending worship in the churches; but their officers were resolved to run no further risks. On the evening of

the 5th of December the prince gave way at last. "You will have it so," he exclaimed to the members of his council. "Well! I consent to retreat; but for the future I will consult no one. I alone am responsible for my actions to God and my father. I will no longer ask or accept your advice."

In spite of the liberal professions of Charles Edward, he had from his earliest childhood imbibed the maxims of absolute power; but ill fortune had more than once obliged the Stuarts to bend to the firm resolution of their faithful friends. The anger of the soldiers equalled that of the prince. "If we had been beaten, the grief could not have been greater," said one of them. The discontent of the troops was manifested by a relaxation of discipline. A long train of stragglers pillaged all the huts they passed by, and some set fire to the villages. The prince exercised no surveillance, for he regarded himself no longer as the chief of the army, and had abandoned his post in the vanguard. The Duke of Cumberland struck his camp and pursued the retreating army. Already, at Clifton Moor, one of the advanced detachments had just failed to surprise Lord George Murray's corps, but the lieutenant-general was on his guard. He perceived through the dusk the dragoons, who had dismounted and were making their way stealthily under the shadow of the walls. "Claymore!" cried the Scottish chieftain; rushing at once to attack the enemy, he soon put them to rout. Lord George lost his helmet, and fought bareheaded. The rebel army entered Scotland without any other skirmish; but scarcely had they left Carlisle before the town was invested by the royal troops. The Manchester regiment, which held Carlisle for the young Pretender, was obliged to capitulate, "subject to the good pleasure of his Majesty." The good pleasure of George II. was, for the greater part of the officers, "condemnation to death."

The royal authority had been re-established at Edinburgh as soon as the prince left that city; and General Hawley, who held it for George II., now moved forward towards Stirling. Charles Edward had just arrived there, and laid siege to the Castle, but hearing of the advance of the English general, marched at once to meet him. The prince had gathered all his forces, now amounting to about eight or nine thousand men, and nearly equal in number to the royal troops. The English were encamped in the plains of Falkirk. On the 17th of January, 1746, when the report was spread that the Highlanders were approaching, the general was absent, detained at Cullender House by the hospitality of the Countess Kilmarnock, whose husband was in the rebel army. The soldiers were engaged in preparing their dinner, and disorder prevailed through all the regiments. Hawley arrived in hot haste, without his hat, and led off his cavalry at a hard gallop, ordering the infantry to follow at once and cut off the retreat of the rebel force. The Highlanders had already formed on the hill, the rain beating in the faces of the soldiers, when the royal troops came up with them. Scarcely had the latter taken up their position, when the Highlanders rushed down upon them, and dispersed the cavalry, who were at a disadvantage from the nature of the ground. Three regiments of the left wing alone resisted the impetuous attack. As usual, however, the Highlanders, as soon as they were sure of victory, thought only of the booty, and did not pursue the fugitives. Hawley and his dragoons, dispirited and humiliated, wet through by torrents of rain, with a furious wind driving in their faces, returned at a gallop to Linlithgow, and finally the next day retreated to Edinburgh, where the flying infantry soon afterwards joined them, and had to bear all the anger of their terrible chief. The gibbets which he had prepared for the execution of the

rebels served for the punishment of his cowardly soldiers, and only the arrival of the Duke of Cumberland, who came up by forced marches to measure his strength against that of the Pretender, put an end to the executions. On the 30th of January he slept at Holyrood, in the same apartment and in the same bed that Charles Edward had lately occupied. Once more the future of Great Britain seemed destined to be at stake on the battlefield between two princely adversaries, representatives of the most opposite opinions, both young and brave, their forces apparently about equal—in reality, however, of very different strength. No clear-sighted person of either party could fail to see that the Pretender's cause was now hopeless.

This was the opinion of his most faithful adherents, as resolutely devoted as before the defeat at Derby to a cause the weakness of which they confessed, while they were still resolved to defend it to the end. After the victory of Falkirk the prince wished to resume the siege of Stirling without other advice than that of a French engineer, M. de Mirabelle, and some subalterns. The chiefs were gloomy, and presented a remonstrance to the prince. Desertions became each day more numerous in the face of an enemy becoming each day more formidable. "We are humbly of opinion," said the chiefs, "that there is no way to extricate the army out of the most imminent danger but by retiring immediately to the Highlands, where we can be usefully employed during the winter in taking and mastering the forts of the north; and we are morally sure we can keep as many men together as will answer that end, and hinder the enemy from following us into the mountains at this season of the year; and in spring we doubt not but an army of ten thousand effective Highlanders will be ready to follow your Royal Highness wherever you think proper." Once more the de-

terminated will of these men, who had risked everything for his service, gained the victory over the impetuosity of the young prince. In his anger he struck his head against the wall. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "have I lived to see this?" But he abandoned the siege of Stirling Castle, and the retreat into the Highlands commenced; a disorderly retreat and entirely without direction, for in his ill-temper Charles Edward had neglected to issue any commands on the subject. The rebels took possession of Inverness without difficulty, and the castle capitulated at the end of a few days. Meantime nearly all the vessels laden with arms and ammunition coming from France had been stopped by English cruisers. Money failed in the military chest, and the soldiers had to receive their pay in flour. Discontent increased daily. The French and Spanish adventurers were tired of war; they incurred no risks and received neither glory nor profit. The Duke of Cumberland pursued the retreating army; on the 2d of February he entered Stirling, on the 25th he took up his quarters at Aberdeen, irritated and gloomy. "All in this country are, almost to a man, Jacobites," he wrote, "and mild measures will not do. Were I to enumerate the villains and villanies this country abounds in, I should never have done." The hour of vengeance approached, rendered more cruel by the stern character of the conqueror, as also by the persistent resolution of those of the rebels who became victims. The march of the royal army had already been marked by gibbets. The progress of the duke was retarded for a while by the departure of the Dutch troops. As soon as Lord John Drummond entered Scotland he communicated to the troops of the States-general the fact that he held a commission from Louis XV. As prisoners of war, having capitulated at Tournay and Dendermonde, the Dutch troops had engaged not to bear arms against France.

They had, therefore, to be replaced by Hessians, when the Duke of Cumberland, crossing the Spey in spite of the efforts of the mountaineers, advanced to Nairn, where he established his camp. An interval of seven miles separated the two armies. Abundance reigned in the English camp, and on the 15th of April, the Duke of Cumberland's birthday, a distribution of extra rations was made among the men, while the Highlanders, who had been called up in the night, had scarcely received a biscuit to satisfy their hunger. The prince and Lord George Murray had conceived the hope of effecting a surprise; their troops were few in number, but the night was dark, the road bad, and the English heavy with drink. The Highlanders set off, but they were in feeble condition and advanced slowly, so that day was dawning as they arrived in sight of the English camp. Charles Edward wished to push forward. "A little daylight will help us to use our claymores," said Hepburn. But Lord George, more prudent, who was at the head of the vanguard, had already sounded the retreat. The men, fatigued and discouraged, took up their positions in the plain of Culloden, at the foot of the castle in which the prince established himself, which belonged to Chief Justice Duncan Forbes, one of the most able and determined adversaries of the Pretender's cause. The Duke of Cumberland at once seized the opportunity to offer battle. Charles Edward's army was weak in numbers, several clans having deserted at different places on the road; but he refused to listen to the wise and urgent counsels of his friends, among whom was the Marquis d'Eguilles, lately arrived from France with the pompous title of ambassador, and bearing a letter from the king. The die was cast; the two armies arrayed themselves for battle in the plain. It was then about eleven o'clock in the morn-

ing of the 18th of April, 1746, and before the end of that day the Jacobite army had ceased to exist.

The courage of Charles Edward and his conduct at the battle of Culloden, have often been called in question. Remaining motionless on a hill at the head of a squadron of cavalry, he took no part in the action; and when he perceived the disorder of his troops, he made no effort to rally them or to die with them. He was sombre and discontented, infected by the fatal superstition which seems to have struck several of the clans. The Macdonalds had been placed in the left wing, whereas they had occupied the right at Prestonpans and Falkirk; this innovation had appeared to them a bad omen. Lochiel had been grievously wounded, and two of his servants had carried him bleeding from the field. The courtiers who surrounded the prince were seized with fear, seeing the fortune of the day turn against them, and dragged him away, little dreaming of the fate reserved for him, and not suspecting to what depths of mental and moral abasement this man was to descend, who had commenced life by an enterprise so adventurous and brilliant that it placed him for a time, in the opinion of Europe, in the foremost rank of heroes. The Duke of Cumberland meantime had been constantly in the thickest of the fight. "I lately gave an order that all fugitives should be shot," he said to his troops at the beginning of the combat; "I now say this to you: let those who are not sure of their courage retire. I would rather fight with a thousand resolute men at my back than with ten thousand who are lukewarm." The regiments replied by cries of "Flanders! Flanders!" in recollection of their noble attitude at Fontenoy. The battle was finished and the victory complete when the duke wrote to London: "I thank God most heartily that I was an instrument in the affair, and that the glory of the day was owing



entirely to the English troops, who fully retrieved the little stain of Falkirk without any assistance from the Hessians, though they might have saved us a good deal of trouble, and were of some use even in their inactive state."

The Highlanders had most of them fought bravely; their losses were great, and very few of the prisoners were ever to see their homes again. All the severity of triumphant vengeance began at once to be exercised towards them. The Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley did not manifest the feeling shown by Charles Edward after the battle of Prestonpans; the prisoners and wounded were left to suffer from hunger and thirst, and even a certain number of fugitives were burnt to death in the huts where they had hidden themselves. "I am sorry to leave this country in the condition it is in; for all the good that we have done is a little blood-letting, which has only weakened the madness but not at all cured it; and I tremble for fear that this vile spot may still be the ruin of this island and of our family," wrote the Duke of Cumberland. Already his emissaries were scouring the country, on the track of fugitives of note, meanwhile sacking the houses, and leaving traces of their route by fire and sword. "I believe old Lovat will not escape me," wrote the duke. "I have several parties out for him, and papers such as will suffice to prove high-treason upon him."

It was with Lord Lovat, the most perfidious of all his secret adherents, that Charles Edward had sought refuge from the battlefield of Culloden. The cruel old man, grown gray in intrigues, had refused himself to join the insurrection while sending his son to it; and he had now decided to sacrifice all he possessed to save his own life. He received the unfortunate prince coldly, and Charles Edward would not sleep under his roof, but pursued his way to

the deserted castle of Invergarry. A fisherman of the neighborhood brought in for their meal two salmon which he had just caught in the little river. The prince and his companions were worn out by fatigue, discouraged, and with good reason convinced that the disaster was irreparable, and the game lost; but Lord George Murray had rallied twelve hundred men at Ruthven, and, intrepid in time of misfortune as he had been prudent in the hour of success, now counselled the prince to maintain the struggle at all risks. "We can hold out in the mountains as long as there exists in Scotland a cow and a measure of flour," said he. But the prince sent a message to his faithful adherents, begging them to provide for their own safety. All of them were seriously compromised, the danger was imminent, and they scattered in all directions; and thus terminated the rebellion of 1745-46.

While the Duke of Cumberland, established at Fort Augustus, was practising in the Highlands those severities which gained for him the name of "butcher"; while the more fortunate of his enemies were escaping with great difficulty, often only to die of grief in exile, Prince Charles Edward wandered, as not long before his great-uncle Charles II. had done after the battle of Worcester, from hiding-place to hiding-place, worn out, perishing with hunger, recognized a thousand times, obliged to confide in the very poorest people and the most helpless of his faithful friends, everywhere served, assisted, and defended with a devotion which was proof against everything. He had taken refuge in a little archipelago which bears the name of Long Island; English ships cruised along the coasts; the houses were being continually sacked, the country people arrested, and the danger went on increasing every day. A young lady, Miss Flora Macdonald, who was visiting at the Isle of South Uist, suc-

ceeded in getting a passport for the Isle of Skye; she disguised the prince, and taking him with her as lady's maid, sought refuge in the house of her cousin, Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander had constantly opposed the attempt of Charles Edward, and had been at last positively unfriendly to the prince; but he now, with his wife, Lady Margaret, seconded the efforts of his young kinswoman. The castle was filled with officers of the militia, but she succeeded in assisting the prince to escape, and some days later he arrived at the island of Rasay, just as the brave girl who had saved him was taken prisoner and carried to London, where she was detained nearly a year. Some persons blamed the conduct of Lady Margaret, among them the Princess of Wales. "In a similar case, madam, would you not have acted as she did?" asked her husband, turning suddenly towards her; "I hope you would, I am sure." The persevering fidelity of the Jacobites completed the work of Flora Macdonald, and after five months of peril and suffering, which he bore courageously, the prince set foot in France. He embarked on the 20th of September at Lochmanagh, nearly at the same spot where he had formerly landed, full of the most joyous and brilliant hopes. "He heeded nothing, neither fatigue nor privation," said one of the temporary companions of his flight; "his own sufferings were nothing, he said, but when he thought of all those who were in danger for his cause, his heart bled, and he almost lost courage." His name lived long in the popular songs of the Highlanders, faithful to the memory of their common deeds and dangers.

"We'll fight while we hae breath to draw  
For him we love so dearlie,  
And, ane and a', we'll stand or fa',  
Alang with royal Charlie!"

While the prince, an object of such passionate and disinterested devotion, was receiving at Louis XV.'s court a reception as enthusiastic as it was useless, his illustrious partisans crowded the prisons and scaffolds of the kingdom, and the country was ravaged by English soldiers. In vain did Duncan Forbes appeal to the laws. "Laws!" cried the conqueror, "what laws? I'll make a brigade give laws!" Colonel Townley and his friends had already undergone their horrible sentence at Kennington Common, in sight of an eager and horror-stricken crowd. Lords Cromarty, Kilmarnock, and Balmerino were retained in the Tower. When they were brought before the House of Peers, the first two acknowledged themselves guilty, and Lord Cromarty implored the compassion of his judges for the sake of his wife and eight children. Lord Balmerino pleaded not guilty. "I will be judged by God and my peers," said he proudly. All three were condemned to the punishment of traitors, and Lord Cromarty alone obtained pardon. "I do not consider him worthy of living who is not ready to die," said Lord Balmerino when his sentence was confirmed. When the sheriff pronounced the accustomed formula, "God save King George!" Kilmarnock ejaculated "Amen!" but Balmerino raised his head: "God save King James!" cried he; "if I had a thousand lives I would give them all in his cause." He knelt down on the scaffold. "O God, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless King James, and receive my soul!" he said in a loud voice. The disconcerted executioner had scarcely strength to do his office. Last of all, Lord Lovat suffered that punishment which his whole life, rather than the part he had played in the Jacobite rebellion, merited. Cowardly and cringing, so long as he thought pardon possible, he resumed at the last the theatrical hauteur of his

best days, repeating upon the scaffold the line of Horace:  
*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

After this, legal measures followed; the Highlanders were disarmed, hereditary jurisdictions were abolished, the wearing of the national costume was forbidden; and with the strength of the Jacobites the feudal spirit gradually died out in Scotland. Keppoch, dying on the battlefield of Culloden, had said mournfully, when he saw the Macdonalds fall back slowly without fighting, "My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" The numerous executions had co-operated with the general weariness and private feuds. "It is to the Duke of Cumberland we owe this repose," was written on the monument erected on the battlefield of Culloden.

The wrath and rigor of the English government against the Jacobites increased with the defeats which the coalition had suffered everywhere on the Continent, except in Italy. While the Duke of Cumberland was defeating Charles Edward at Culloden, Antwerp surrendered to Louis XV. in person, and Mons, Namur, and Charleroi also soon yielded. The victory of Raucoux in 1746, and that of Lawfelt in 1747, had exalted to its greatest height the reputation of Marshal Saxe. The Count of Lowendall, like the marshal originally a foreigner, but now serving France with distinction, was pressing close upon the Dutch, who had reluctantly engaged in the struggle. He had already taken Ecluse and Sas de Gand, and Berg-op-Zoom was besieged. As in 1672, the French invasion had occasioned a political revolution in Holland: the aristocratic burghers, who had been in power, fell beneath the efforts of the popular party, directed by the House of Nassau, and supported by England. "The republic requires a chief against an ambitious and perfidious neighbor who mocks at the faith of treaties," said a deputy of the

States-general on the day of the proclamation of the stadtholdership, re-established in favor of William IV., grand-nephew of the great William III., and nephew of George II., the King of England. The young prince at once put himself at the head of the Dutch troops; but a misunderstanding soon arose between him and the Duke of Cumberland. "Our two young heroes agree but little," wrote Mr. Pelham on the 14th of August, 1747. "Our own is open, frank, resolute, and perhaps hasty; the other is assuming, pedantic, ratiocinating, and tenacious. In what a situation, then, are we! We must pray for the best, for we cannot direct it alone. We have nothing to do but to make up the present quarrels and get a little breathing-time, and then perhaps some people may come to their senses, or some senses may come to them!"

Marshal Saxe had said to Louis XV., "Sire, peace will be found in Maestricht." The place was invested on the 9th of April, 1748, before the thirty-five thousand Russians, promised to England by the Czarina Elizabeth, had had time to arrive. The Dutch took fright, and eagerly insisted upon peace. Philip V. was dead; his successor, Ferdinand VI., less faithful to the house of Bourbon, now made overtures to England. For a long time the prime minister, Henry Pelham, had shown an inclination for peace. His brother, the Duke of Newcastle, had opposed it from a servile deference to the king. Lord Chesterfield, a member of the cabinet, intelligent and sagacious in spite of his worldly indifference, had just tendered his resignation, being discontented with the proceedings of the court with regard to him. In spite of her successes, France was as wearied as her adversaries, and Marshal Saxe himself made pacific overtures. The preliminaries of peace were signed on the 30th of April. Austria and Spain were not long in giving in their adherence,

and on the 18th of October the definitive treaty was concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle. After so much blood shed and treasure squandered, France gained no other advantage from the war than the guaranty of the duchies of Parma and Piacenza to the Infant Don Philip, son-in-law of Louis XV. England gave back to France the island of Cape Breton and the colony of Louisburg, the only territory she had retained from her numerous expeditions against the French colonies and the immense losses she had inflicted on French commerce. This clause excited much anger in England. Hostages had been promised. Prince Charles Edward was in Paris on the day of their arrival, and was filled with patriotic anger at the sight. "If I ever mount the throne of my fathers," he exclaimed, "Europe shall see me use my utmost endeavors to force France in her turn to send hostages to England."

Charles Edward was himself a troublesome and compromising hostage, whom France had promised to expel from her territories. In vain, since his return from Scotland, had the young Pretender persistently striven to rekindle a fire now forever extinct. "If I had only received half the money which your Majesty sent me," he wrote to Louis XV., on the 10th of November, 1746, "I should have fought the Duke of Cumberland with equal numbers, and I should certainly have conquered him ; for, as it was, with four thousand men against twelve thousand, I for a long time contested the victory. These failures may yet be made good if your Majesty will confide to me a body of troops numbering from eighteen to twenty thousand men. Abundance of warlike subjects never failed me in Scotland, but I stood in need of money, provisions, and a handful of regular troops, all at the same time. With either one of these three I should now be master of Scotland, and probably of all

England." Louis XV. had remained deaf to this appeal, nor had it met with any better reception in Spain. The Duke of York, the second son of the Chevalier St. George, had just taken orders, and the Papal Court at once made him cardinal, to the violent indignation of his brother. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle deprived the unfortunate Stuarts of the asylum which France had formerly offered them with so much liberality. Charles Edward refused to understand the hints which the ministers of Louis XV. had given him. "The king is bound to my cause by honor, and that is worth any number of treaties," he said. In vain his father counselled him to yield to necessity, and not offend a monarch who might yet be useful to him; the prince persisted in remaining in Paris. On the 11th of December, 1748, as he arrived at the opera, his carriage was surrounded by the agents of the police. M. de Vaudreuil, major of the guards, presented himself before the prince. "I arrest you in the name of the king my master," said he. "The manner is not quite a polite one," replied the young man coldly. When the major demanded his arms of him, "Take them," said he, disengaging himself from the hands of the officers. They bound him with a silken cord, a last sign of respect shown to the heir of a fallen House, and conducted him by easy stages to the frontier. He was never to see France again; twice he secretly reappeared in England: in 1753, on the occasion of an attempt upon the life of George II., which he himself had deemed unadvisable; and again in 1761, in the midst of the festivities which took place at the coronation of George III. On both occasions the Hanoverian kings were not unaware of the presence of their enemy in the capital, but they made no effort to seize him, wisely permitting him to return to that exile whose weary length had broken him down both in mind and body. Deprived







by his own fault of the pure joys of domestic life, he had stooped so low as to seek forgetfulness in habits of intoxication. At last, old and almost forgotten, he died at Rome in 1788. An inscription upon a tomb is all that now recalls the name of the three last Stuarts; and it was King George IV. himself who had it engraved as a memento of passions long since extinct. "To James, son of James II., King of England, to Charles Edward, and to Henry, Cardinal of York, the last descendants of the House of Stuart. 1819."

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had, and with good reason, excited even more discontent in France than in England. France alone had achieved splendid victories, and made great conquests; and France alone had obtained no increase of territory. Frederick the Great kept Silesia, and the King of Sardinia the territories already ceded by Austria. The street-songs of Paris were full of the public ill-humor. "As stupid as the Peace," was the phrase of the day.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had even a greater fault than that of being unprofitable; it was not, and could not be, durable. England had proved her strength by sea; she had fought against the disorganized navy of France, and against enervated Spain: Holland, her ally after having been her rival, could no longer dispute with her the sovereign empire, and she became day by day more greedy of conquests over the remote colonies which France was no longer in a position to defend. Peace had left unsettled certain disputed points which were soon to serve as a pretext for new aggressions. As the influence of the policy of Richelieu and Louis XIV. grew more feeble in European politics, English influence, founded on the growing power of a free country and a free government, increased in strength. Without other allies than Spain, herself shaken in her fidelity, France remained exposed to the attacks of England, henceforth deliv-

ered from the ghost of the Stuarts. "The peace which had been concluded between England and France in 1748 had been in Europe no more than an armistice," says Lord Macaulay; "and had not even been an armistice in the other quarters of the globe." It was abroad that the two nations were soon to measure their strength with one another, and the faults of her government were to deprive France of that empire of India and those colonies in Canada, founded and for a time maintained by distinguished men, victims, one after the other, to their unrewarded and unvalued patriotic devotion.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, died on the 20th of March, 1751. He had been attacked by a slight cold, which had at first caused no anxiety; he soon, however, felt himself growing rapidly worse. "I feel I am dying," he had said. The discord which reigned in the royal family did not cease in the presence of death. The proposed enactment with regard to the regency had occasioned bitter disputes between the princess-dowager, mother of the new Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cumberland. This prince was not popular. "The English nation is so changeable," said King George II. "I do not know why they dislike him. It is brought about by the Scotch, the Jacobites, and the English that do not like discipline." On the 6th of March, 1754, Henry Pelham died suddenly. His administration had been equitable and sensible, without vigor, but without disaster. "Now I shall have no more peace," exclaimed the old king when they acquainted him with the death of his minister. As skilful in court intrigues as he was incapable of directing a grand national policy, the Duke of Newcastle succeeded in obtaining for himself the supreme power, as it slipped from his brother's dying hand. Meanwhile William Pitt bided his time.

In the midst of this weakness of government and this

mental stagnation, a religious movement began, destined to reanimate the moral element in England, to purify her manners, and give her strength to resist the fatal allurements of the French Revolution. Under the influence of the examples first set by the Court of Charles II., and maintained afterwards by numerous scandals, English society of the upper classes had slowly become corrupt, and the contagion made itself felt even to the most remote part of the kingdom; religious faith, weakened by the indifference of the clergy, as well as by the theories of philosophers, strove but feebly against the general depravity of manners; the Anglican Church had fallen into a decent languor, and the dissenting sects, escaped from the close bondage of persecution, had lost their ancient fervor. The religious sentiment still existed in a latent state in the lower and middle classes, and it was there that it revived with unexpected ardor at the eloquent voice of John Wesley and George Whitfield. Both students at Oxford, and both destined to the church, both consecrated in Anglican orders, they now undertook with enthusiasm a crusade for the salvation of souls, and the defeat of the forces of evil. Whitfield, more ardently eloquent but less self-restrained and less rational than Wesley, at one time travelled through the country, preaching to the miners, who came out by thousands from their underground work to listen to his fervent exhortations, at another collected at the Countess of Huntingdon's house all the *élite* of London society. Sturdy workingmen sobbed and trembled under his pathetic appeals, country women fell to the ground in convulsions, and philosophers tranquilly admired an eloquence whose force and sincerity they could not but acknowledge. "All were in some degree affected," said Whitfield, when describing an assemblage of piously fashionable people. "The Earl of Chesterfield thanked me, and

said, 'Sir, I will not tell you what I shall tell others, how I approve of you,'—or words to that purpose. At last Lord Bolingbroke came to hear, sat like an archbishop, and was pleased to say that I had done great justice to the divine attributes in my discourse." Some years later, Whitfield's eloquence wrested from the economical Franklin the entire contents of his purse. But already the ardor of his zeal had closed against him the pulpits of the Anglican Church, and he was obliged to seek in America for sympathy for his cause. Upon his return to England, some differences of opinion separated him from Wesley, and for the future each worked alone in the vast field of incredulity, indifference, and corruption. Both, however, carried on the same work, each following the bent of his natural character, more ardent and more dissenting on Whitfield's side and on that of the sects which sprung up under his inspiration,—more moderate and conservative on Wesley's and on that of the innumerable adherents who still think it an honor to bear his name.

Never was the author of a great and durable popular movement further removed from any revolutionary tendency than was Wesley. The spirit of government and organization, an attachment to ancient and venerated forms, a liberal and calm judgment, united to an ascetic nature somewhat inclined to mysticism: such were the characteristic and necessary traits of a reformer and religious founder of the eighteenth century. Wesley was affectionately devoted to the Anglican Church: he separated from it with regret, forced to do so by the ecclesiastical repugnance which closed all pulpits to him, and compelled him by degrees, and against his will, to accept the vault of heaven for his temple, and laymen for the companions of his work, as Whitfield had done from the very first. During his long apostolate, which extended from 1729 to 1791, from the early prayer meet-

ings in his rooms at Oxford, down to the strong and complete organization of the sect which he had founded, Wesley exercised over his numerous disciples an absolute power. "If you mean by arbitrary power, a power which I exercise alone," he said with quiet simplicity, "that is certainly true, but I see no harm in it." In the brave carrying forward of his work, Wesley did more than he intended; he had designed to establish a religious society, but he had not intended to found a sect. As a minister of the English Church, and a witness of its shortcomings, he had felt that in order to awaken the clergy of the parishes, it was necessary to form a sort of religious Order; that for the sake of preaching the gospel to those who did not go to church, or who heard their only languid exhortations, it was necessary to organize an army of zealous missionaries; that to reach the heart of the masses it was necessary to go and seek them in the fields, markets, and highways, and to address them in their own familiar language. He was at last constrained to separate from the Anglican Church, but his followers have always shown the greatest respect for it, and as an intermediate body between it and the dissenters, have rendered it, from without, most important services. Wesley and Whitfield revived religious life in England, and no religious society has profited so much thereby as has the Anglican Church itself. Movements of divers kinds, all serious and sincere, have manifested themselves in its large community. It has been able to nourish zeal in many forms, to satisfy minds and hearts radically different from one another but all urged by honest religious needs, it has united in the noblest efforts of modern philanthropy, worthy fruits of a reanimated and reawakened Christian faith. To the great religious movement led on by Wesley and Whitfield, England owes the glorious efforts of Clarkson and Wilberforce

for the emancipation of her slaves, and the reform of her prisons by John Howard.

England had need of all her strength, old and new, moral, religious, and patriotic, for she was fast approaching a mingled era of glory and peril, agitated and stormy even in victory. The war with France, which had been long sustained on distant seas, without any previous declaration and at an enormous disadvantage to French commerce, which was everywhere fettered and ruined, at length became declared and officially inevitable. In India, as well as in Canada, it had not ceased for a single day. In the month of March, 1755, the ministers begged from Parliament an accession of forces for the defence of the American possessions threatened by the French. The governor of Canada, the Marquis Duquesne, had erected a series of forts in the valley of Ohio; and M. de Contre-cœur, who commanded in this region, learned that a body of English troops were marching towards him under young Colonel Washington. He immediately sent off M. de Jumonville, with thirty men, to order the English to retreat and evacuate French territory. At break of day on the 18th of May, 1754, the corps commanded by Washington surprised the little encampment of Jumonville; the attack was unexpected, and the French envoy was killed, with nine men of his troop. The irritation which this event caused precipitated the beginning of hostilities. A body of Canadians, reinforced by some savages, marched against Washington, who had intrenched himself in the plain; it was found necessary to support the attack with cannon. In spite of his bravery, the future conqueror of American independence was obliged to capitulate. The colonies were intensely excited; they formed a kind of confederation against the French power in America, and everywhere the militia was called out. In January, 1755, General Braddock was



—  
GEORGE WASHINGTON.



already in Virginia with regular troops; in the beginning of May, Admiral Boscawen, after a furious encounter, captured some vessels which had been separated from Admiral Dubois de la Motte's squadron by bad weather. Three hundred merchant-vessels fell into the power of the English fleet. War was finally declared, to the secret disquietude of the two governments and the two nations. "What is the good of our having plenty of men and plenty of money," wrote the advocate Barbier, "if we are only to fight the English by sea? They will take all our vessels one after the other, will seize our settlements in America, and get all the commerce into their own hands. We must hope for some division in the English nation itself, for the king does not personally wish for the war."

George II. was anxious about Hanover, the point which the armies of Louis XV. were most likely to attack. The English nation feared that invasion which had been so often and so vainly announced. "I want," exclaimed Pitt, "to call this country out of that enervated state that twenty thousand men from France could shake it!" As a member of the government and paymaster-general of the forces, he violently attacked the Treaties of Subsidies and Alliance which the king had just concluded with Prussia and Hesse. For the first time his eloquence won over the House. "He has surpassed himself," wrote Horace Walpole; "and then I need not tell you he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, labored, cabinet orations, make by the side of his manly vivacity and dashing eloquence at one o'clock in the morning, after sitting in that heat for eleven hours! He spoke above an hour and a half, with scarce a bad sentence." Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, like Pitt, had refused his consent to the Treaties, and both of them were displaced. Pitt joined the

opposition, which rallied round the princess-dowager and the young Prince of Wales. "This day I hope is the day that shall give the color to my life," he exclaimed in his great speech.

Each day the weakness of the English government became more evident. "I say it with concern, because of my friend Fox," wrote Horace Walpole, "but the year 1756 was the year of the worst administration I have ever seen in England; for now Newcastle's incapacity was left to its full play." In spite of the insufficiency of their resources, the Canadians defended themselves heroically, and not without success, against all the efforts of the American colonies supported by the mother country. Acadia, the boundary of the neutral territory between the English and French dominions, its inhabitants having steadfastly refused to take the oath of fealty to England, had been invaded by American troops, the population carried off, and the houses pillaged. General Braddock found more resistance in the valley of Ohio. He designed to surprise Fort Duquesne, and hurried the march of his little troop. "I never saw a more glorious spectacle than that of the English troops on the 9th of July, 1755," wrote Colonel Washington, who commanded under Braddock; but soon the English vanguard was stopped by a heavy discharge of artillery. The enemy did not show themselves, and the front ranks were repulsed and fell back upon the main body. The confusion became great, and the regulars, little accustomed to this kind of warfare, refused to rally round the general, who wished them to manœuvre as if they were still in the plains of Flanders. Only the Virginian militia, scattered in the woods, replied from behind shelter to the French and Indian fire. Early in the day General Braddock received a mortal wound. Colonel Washington, preserved by God for other days, sought in vain to rally his

soldiers. "By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation," he wrote to his brother after the action; "for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, though death was levelling my companions on every side of me! We have been most scandalously defeated by a trifling body of men." The little French corps in question, which had come from Fort Duquesne, under the command of M. de Beaujeau, only numbered two hundred Canadians and six hundred Indians. And yet, only three years later, in 1758, when Canada, worn out and dying, succumbed under the weight of a war which she had sustained almost without help, Fort Duquesne, destroyed by its defenders, fell into the hands of the English, who gave it the name of Pittsburg, in honor of the great man who was then at the head of affairs, and whom at the present day a flourishing city still commemorates.

The Marquis of Montcalm carried on the war against the English in America with success; while in Europe, Marshal Richelieu, a courtier, as able as he was prodigal and corrupt, had the good fortune to bring to pass the only French success in the Seven Years' War. On the 17th of April, 1756, a French squadron under the command of M. de Galissonnière, attacked the island of Minorca, an important military station in the Mediterranean, to which the English attached a high value. Driven from Ciudadella and from Port Mahon, the garrisons had taken refuge in Fort St. Philip, where they counted on the help of the English fleet. Admiral Byng, who commanded it, attacked M. de Galissonnière on the 10th of May, but the English were repulsed and could not effect a landing. The vessels had suffered severely, and the English forces were inferior to those of the French; Byng, therefore, fearing a disaster, consulted a

council of war, and fell back upon Gibraltar. General Blakeney, shut up in the fortress, himself ill and without any hope of help, made but a feeble defence against the impetuous assault of the French. Fort St. Philip was carried by storm, and the Duke de Fronsac, the eldest son of Marshal Richelieu, hastened to Paris to carry the news to Louis XV.

The anger and humiliation of the English, and the joy and pride of the French, exceeded even the importance of the success. Admiral Byng, peremptorily recalled, was with difficulty brought safe to London, so great was the irritation of the populace. The government made no effort to protect him; the Duke of Newcastle, in reply to the first representations made to him against the admiral, an honest and courageous man, but a slave to rules, and badly equipped both with vessels and sailors, replied immediately, "Oh, certainly, certainly! he shall be judged at once and hanged at once." In spite of the efforts that were made to save him in Parliament, as well as by Richelieu and Voltaire, Byng paid with his life for the defeat he had suffered and the wounded pride of his country. The Duke of Newcastle succumbed finally under his notorious incapacity. William Pitt obtained the power for a moment, but the king's aversion soon took it from him. The great orator had refused to support Mr. Fox, who reproached him bitterly with having assented to the treaties of Subsidies and Alliance which he had formerly so hotly attacked. France had just formed an alliance with Maria Theresa, and the Houses of Bourbon and Austria now made common cause. All the active forces of England were engaged in the struggle, and Pitt did not hesitate to get recruits from the Highlands. "I remember how I employed the very rebels in the service and defence of their country. They were reclaimed by this

means; they fought our battles; they cheerfully bled in defence of those liberties which they had attempted to overthrow but a few years before;" he said later, "my lords, we should not want men in a good cause!"

It was in vain that George II. struggled against the minister whom the will of the nation as well as the favor of Heaven imposed on him. In vain, making despotic use of his royal prerogative, the king demanded his seals of office, in the beginning of April, involving Earl Temple, his brother-in-law, in the same disgrace. In vain he sought to form a new Cabinet, with the Duke of Newcastle's insatiable thirst for the meaner side of power, and the longing which Fox had to govern in reality. Both Parliament and the country called aloud for the powerful hand that could direct them through the gathering storm, and on the 29th of June, 1757, Pitt was named Secretary of State, gathering around him some illustrious names, but himself the sole master of government, and resolved alone to bear its whole weight. The most sagacious observers exchanged sad forebodings. "It is time for England to slip her cables, and float away into some unknown ocean," wrote Horace Walpole. "Whoever is in, or whoever is out," said Lord Chesterfield, "I am sure we are undone both at home and abroad; at home by our increasing debt and expenses, abroad by our ill luck and incapacity. We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect."

It is sometimes the good fortune and glory of great men to defeat, under the hand of God, the gloomy forebodings of their contemporaries. As a constitutional minister, the first William Pitt must rank below the noble career of his son. He was passionate, fantastic, self-conscious, and theatrical. In foreign politics he exaggerated national pride into the most impolitic insolence; he sacrificed the interests of

his country to the pleasure of humiliating his country's enemies; he made England feared, but he isolated her in Europe and in the whole world, by the proud and stern policy for which, later, she had to pay heavy penalties. In his home policy he was unequal and violent, carried away by contrary and extreme passions, without moderation and without foresight. But the greatness of his mind, talents, and character rose above all his faults; he governed his country during a long and difficult war, in stormy times requiring painful sacrifices, by always appealing to the noblest passions of the soul, by the prestige of eloquence, uprightness, patriotism, and glory. It is to his honor that he re-established the fortunes of England in war, and it is not a small service to have exalted men's hearts to the level of their fortunes in order to sustain a great cause.

The first war measures of Pitt were not fortunate. An expedition attempted against Rochefort was unsuccessful, while the King of Prussia, lately victorious in Saxony, whence he had driven out the Elector, King of Poland, now found himself hard pressed in his turn by the Austrian Marshal Daun, who had gained a victory over him at Kolin. Marshal d'Estrées, who was slowly gaining possession of Westphalia, had driven back the Duke of Cumberland to the Weser. On the morning of the 23d of July, 1757, the marshal called together his lieutenant-generals. "Gentlemen," said he, "I do not assemble you to-day to ask you if we shall fight against the Duke of Cumberland and invest Hameln. The honor of the king's arms, his will, his express orders, the interest of the common cause, all combine to force upon us the firmest resolution. I wish, therefore, only to profit by your experience, and to decide with you the most suitable means for attacking the enemy with advantage." The Duke of Cumberland's troops were drawn from various



sources: he had no English regiment under his command, and his military genius was not sufficient to compensate for the defects of the organization of his forces. On the 26th of July, Marshal d'Estrées forced him back into his intrenchments at Hastenbeck. He beat a retreat without being pursued, and took refuge in the marshes at the mouth of the Elbe, under the protection of English vessels. Marshal d'Estrées had been recalled by a court intrigue; Marshal Richelieu and the Duke de Soubise divided the command. Richelieu pillaged Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Brunswick systematically; and threatened the Duke of Cumberland's positions. The latter offered to capitulate, and on the 8th of September, by the intervention of Count Lynar, the King of Denmark's minister, who had remained neutral in the war, Marshal Richelieu and the Duke of Cumberland signed, at the advanced post of the French army, the famous capitulation of Closter-Severn. The troops of Louis XV. held the whole of the conquered country; those of Hesse, Brunswick, and Saxe-Gotha were sent back to their quarters. Frederick the Great had already recalled the Prussians; the Hanoverians were to remain in cantonments in the neighborhood of Stade. In his presumptuous carelessness, the marshal had not even required them to disarm.

Incomplete as was this agreement, afterwards judged so severely by Napoleon I. in his *Memoirs*, it excited great anger in England and Prussia, and when the Duke of Cumberland presented himself before his father, the old king saluted him with this crushing sentence: "Here is my son, who has ruined me and disgraced himself." Wounded and discouraged, the duke resigned his command, and shortly after gave up all his other posts, retiring into obscurity, where he lingered a few years, and at last died in 1765, at the early age of forty-six. Pitt was the only one of the minis-

ters who defended him. When the king repeated that he had given the duke no orders for such a treaty, the firm antagonist of the prince replied, animated by an honest spirit of justice, "But full powers, Sir, — very full powers!"

The King of Prussia remained alone against the allies, and each day his forces diminished, wasted by desertion as well as by death. The Russian army had invaded the Prussian provinces, and defeated General Schouvaloff near Memel; twenty-five thousand Swedes had landed in Pomerania, and for a moment Frederick thought of suicide, but the indomitable vigor of his soul — a strange mixture of corruption and heroism — constantly brought him back again, to struggle on with new plans and fresh courage. Madame de Pompadour had reserved for Prince de Soubise the honor of destroying the King of Prussia; the two armies met on the 5th of November, 1757, on the banks of the Saale, near Rosbach; the same evening the French army, utterly routed, fled to Erfurt, leaving eight thousand prisoners, and three thousand dead on the battlefield. A month later the Austrians were in their turn defeated at Lissa. The glory of Frederick the Great, which had been for a moment obscured, again shone out in all its splendor. He became the national hero of Germany; the Protestant powers, not long since leagued against him, gathered around the conqueror: in England the enthusiasm was at its height, and Pitt concluded a fresh agreement with Prussia. Parliament willingly voted a subsidy of six hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling. King George, as Elector of Hanover, had refused to ratify the capitulation of Closter-Severn, and his troops were already in the field, under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, an able and honest commander, who soon regained possession of the country of Luneburg, Zell, a part of Brunswick, and Bremen. To maintain the strug-

gle in Germany, Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour had placed the Count de Clermont at the head of the French troops.

The Russians were overrunning Prussia, and Frederick II. had but just defeated them in the bloody engagement at Zorndorf, when he was himself conquered at Hochkirch by Marshal Daun, and obliged to evacuate Saxony. Prince Frederick of Brunswick had just gained the victory of Crevelt over the new French general who gave evidence of the most lamentable incapacity; his army became every day less amenable to discipline: it was discontented and humiliated, without confidence in the chiefs who succeeded one another in command, raised to their position only through the intrigues and manœuvres of the court. The Marquis de Conflans now took the place of M. de Clermont; while at Versailles the Count de Stainville, created Duke de Choiseul, became Minister of Foreign Affairs in the place of Cardinal Bernis, always on the side of peace. The second Treaty of Versailles had united France more firmly than ever with Maria Theresa. The English had twice unsuccessfully made an attempt on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany; the Duke d'Aiguillon, governor of this province, took to himself the honor of having repulsed the invasion: one combat only, and that of no importance, had taken place; it furnished, however, the pretext for a great projected descent on the coasts of England. The Prince de Soubise was recalled from Germany to take command of the invading army. The expedition was ready, and only awaited sailing orders; but Admiral Hawke was cruising before Brest, and Admiral Rodney had just bombarded Havre. It was not, therefore, until the month of November, 1759, that Marquis Conflans, who commanded the fleet, could put to sea with twenty-one ships of the line and four frigates. The Eng-

lish fleet was superior to his, and started immediately in pursuit. M. de Conflans thought he should find refuge in the difficult channels at the mouth of the Vilaine, but the English followed him thither. Sir Edward Hawke singled out the "Soleil Royal," the French admiral's ship, and the largest in the French navy. His pilot represented to him the dangers of the navigation, but the bold sailor was not deterred. "Very good!" said he; "you have done your duty in this remonstrance, now you are to obey my orders and lay me alongside the French admiral." The combat thus commenced in the straits was disastrous for the French ships; the commander of the rear-guard, M. St. André du Verger, allowed himself to be riddled by the enemies' cannon in order to protect the retreat. The admiral's ship ran aground in the Bay of Croisic, and Conflans set fire to his own vessel; seven French ships and two English ones remained stranded in the Vilaine. "M. de Conflans' day," as the sailors called the affair, completed the destruction of the French navy, and the English henceforth triumphed everywhere on the seas, even in French waters.

They triumphed also abroad in the French colonies, now abandoned to their own resources, and prolonging their own death-struggle by their heroic efforts. Pitt had resolved to complete the conquest of Canada, and already the defences of Louisburg and Cape Breton had succumbed to the English attack, the Anglo-American forces having been increased during the campaign of 1758 to sixty thousand men, a number equal to that of the entire population of Canada. In 1759, three armies at once invaded the French territory. On the 25th of June, General Wolfe, a young officer of great promise, who had distinguished himself at the siege of Louisburg, arrived with a considerable fleet off the island of Orleans, opposite Quebec. Pitt had discovered the superior





merit of this young man, and in spite of Wolfe's singular shyness and faults of manner, which at one time made him appear presumptuous, and at others gave him the air of undue humility, he resolved to intrust him with the command of the great expedition now proposed. "If the Marquis de Montcalm succeeds this year also in deceiving our hopes," said the new general, "he may well pass for an able man; either the colony possesses resources about which we know nothing, or our generals are worse than usual."

Quebec occupied an advantageous position, but the fortifications were bad. The loss of the place would involve the loss of Canada. "If the marquis had shut himself up in the town of Quebec," wrote Wolfe, "it would have been long since in our possession, because the defences are inconsiderable, and our artillery very formidable." An intrenched camp extended in front of Quebec. The Indian tribes, heretofore ardently attached to France from the kindness habitual in her intercourse with them, were now decimated by the war, and silently withdrew, gained over perhaps by the money and the success of England; the two great European nations thought it no crime to fight with the cruel and perfidious tactics of their Indian allies.

For more than a month the town had borne the fire of the enemy, its churches and convents were in ruins, and the French had not stirred from their camp of L'Ange Gardien. Skirmishes were constant. "Old men of seventy years of age and boys of fifteen fire at our detachments," wrote Wolfe, "and kill or wound our men from the edges of the woods." The anger of the English soldiers had by degrees reduced both banks of the St. Lawrence to a desert, and everywhere villages and solitary houses had been given up to the flames.

Generals Amherst and Johnson, intrusted with the two dis-

tant expeditions against Niagara and Ticonderoga, had succeeded in their enterprises; but they had not joined General Wolfe as Pitt had intended, so that upon Wolfe rested all the responsibility of the crowning success; repulsed before the French camp on the 31st of July, Wolfe fell ill with grief and vexation. "Nothing remains for me but the choice of difficulties," he wrote to the English cabinet. "I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined without my having the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it." Three days after the date of this letter, General Wolfe suddenly crossed to the bank of the St. Lawrence, and in the night of the 12th of September landed at the creek of Toulon. The officers had replied in French to the "*Qui vive?*" of the sentinels, who thought it was only a convoy of provisions which had been for some time expected. Twice the boats, which were insufficient in number, had crossed the river silently, Wolfe alone repeating in a low tone Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," adding as he finished, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

It was scarcely daybreak when the English army occupied the heights of Abraham. A skirmish had been sufficient to scatter the detachment of French intrusted to guard them. The Marquis de Montcalm contemplated his enemies from afar. "I see them where they ought not to be," said he; "but since we must fight, I shall crush them." The English had already commenced their march. Before the end of the day the French were routed; Montcalm was dying, and Quebec was lost.

The night before General Wolfe was reciting Gray's line,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave;"



he had now received three mortal wounds while encouraging his grenadiers in the charge. His eyes were already veiled by the shades of death, when an officer who was watching over him exclaimed, "See, they run!" "Who?" demanded Wolfe, raising himself with difficulty. "The enemy — they are giving way at every point." The hero fell back upon his couch. "God be praised!" said he; "I die happy." He was not yet thirty-four years old.

Montcalm also was dying, eager to the last in giving orders and reviving the courage of his men. "All is not lost!" he kept crying to them. When the surgeons announced to him that he had but a few hours to live, "So much the better," said he, "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He was buried in a hollow made by a cannon-ball in the church of the Ursulines, and there he still rests. In one of the squares of the now English town, from which however has never been effaced the affectionate recollection of its French days, Lord Dalhousie, when Governor-General of Canada, erected an obelisk in marble, bearing the names of Wolfe and Montcalm, with this inscription: "*Mortem virtus communem, famam historia, monumentum posteritas dedit.*" "Their courage gave them the same death, history the same renown, posterity the same monument."

Parliament decreed a magnificent tomb to the great conqueror of Quebec in Westminster Abbey, and all England mourned for him. With Quebec the French lost Canada. In their impotent despair, M. de Vaudreuil and the Duke de Levis, incapable of defending Montreal, in vain attempted the recapture of the capital. A second time the heights of Abraham witnessed a furious combat; the French troops blockaded the place, and both sides awaited reinforcements from Europe. The invincible power of hope which the French possess again deceived the Canadians. The English

vessels entered the river; in the night of the 16th of May, 1760, the little French army raised the siege, and on the 8th of September Montreal fell in its turn into the hands of the conquerors.

During this time and after long alternations of successes and reverses, England achieved a conquest in India, which assured to her forever the European empire of the East. A whole nation had fought in Canada, with passionate attachment to the mother country. In India a few eminent men had formed the design of placing French power on a solid basis; they had carried out their views at the price of every sacrifice, and one after another had fallen victims to their devotion and also to their mutual jealousy. Mahé de la Bourdonnais, Governor of the Isle of France, an able, honest, and energetic man, and the conqueror of Madras in 1746, became unfortunately the rival of Dupleix, who was then Governor-General of Pondicherry, and this led them both into serious faults. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle gave back Madras to the English; and La Bourdonnais, abandoned, suspected, thrown into the Bastille, at length died of mortification, employing his last days in sowing those suspicions against Dupleix which were presently to bear fruit fatal to that French authority in India to which M. de la Bourdonnais had so ardently devoted his life.

Joseph Dupleix, of Gascon parentage, son of the controller-general of Hainault, had resided from his youth in India. He had married there, and had learned all the intricacies of the policy of the Hindoo princes, of whom his wife, "the Princess Jane," as she was called, knew the language and divined the secrets. Unscrupulous, ambitious, daring for his country even more than for himself, he had foreseen and pursued by all measures that European empire in India which was so soon to fall into more fortunate

if not more able hands. In 1748 he defended Pondicherry against Admiral Boscawen ; and the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, while changing the name of the belligerents, had not put an end to hostilities. The two commercial companies, the French and English, continued the war, which had before been carried on in the name of their sovereigns. Dupleix had become more and more involved in the domestic intrigues of India. He supported Mirzapha Jung against Nazir Jung, in the Deccan, and Chunda Sahib against Anwar-ood-Deen, in the Carnatic. His strong protection had brought success to his protégés, and in their anxious gratitude they ceded vast territories to France. One third of India already obeyed Dupleix, and the Grand Mogul, that invisible sovereign who silently dispensed his firmans of investiture, had just recognized his sovereignty. Dupleix believed that he had reached the summit of his ambition. He had not taken into account the short-sighted weakness of the French government.

The successes of Dupleix had already alarmed Louis XV. and his ministers, more timid about any new embarrassments which might arise, than they were anxious for French supremacy in India. England was displeased and troubled ; her affairs had long been badly managed in India, but she remained there full of vigor, active, and supported by the indomitable ardor of a free people. The French court refused Dupleix the assistance he asked for, and were slow even in confirming his conquests. The man who was to assure to England the empire of India, founded on the ruins of Dupleix's work, had suddenly appeared. Robert Clive, born in 1725, the son of a small landed proprietor in Shropshire, was appointed, as a lad, to a writership in the East India Company's service. His nature was turbulent, the drudgery of an invoice writer did not suit him ; he was born

to be a general, and already the heads of his department listened to his counsels. In the danger which threatened the East India Company in consequence of the triumphs of Dupleix, young Clive was placed at the head of an expedition which he had projected against Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic. He made himself master of the place by a sudden assault, in the month of September, 1751, and was soon attacked by Chunda Sahib. For fifty days he held out in the fortress against all the efforts of the Hindoos and French. Provisions began to fail them, and every day rations became more scant; but Clive knew how to inspire those who surrounded him with the heroic resolution which animated himself. "Let the English have the rice," said his sepoy, "we will content ourselves with the water in which it was boiled." A body of Mahrattas, allies of the English, at length raised the siege. Clive pursued the French in their retreat; he twice defeated Chunda Sahib, and razed to the ground the town and the monument which Dupleix had raised in memory of his victories. Effecting a junction with the Governor-General Lawrence, he raised the siege of Trichinopoly, and delivered Mahomed Ali, son and successor of Anwar-ood-Deen. In his turn, Chunda Sahib, shut up in Seringham, was given up to his rival by a Tanjore chief in whom he had confided: he was strangled. The French commander, a nephew of Law, surrendered to the English. Clive thus destroyed two French corps, and was now pressing hard upon the third. Bussy Castelnau, the stanch lieutenant of Dupleix, was carrying on war in the Deccan, and could not come to his assistance. In vain did the indomitable energy of Dupleix triumph over all obstacles; in vain did he obtain both troops and money, and make head against Clive, now infirm in health; the news of his dismissal suddenly arrived from Europe. His temporary reverses of fortune had completed the work com-

menced by the suspicions sown by M. de la Bourdonnais; the ministers of Louis XV. took fright. M. Godeheu, one of the directors of the French Company, had been commissioned to treat with the English. Dupleix returned to France, saddened and irritated, but still full of illusions and hopes. When he landed at Lorient he was received with acclamations by the populace; but the government was hostile to him. He had employed all his personal fortune in carrying forward his patriotic designs, but his claims for compensation were not admitted; his wife died of grief, and he himself succumbed finally in 1763, in poverty and despair. "I have sacrificed my youth, my fortune, and my life," he exclaimed with just bitterness. "I endeavored to win honor and glory for my nation in Asia. Unfortunate friends and virtuous citizens have sacrificed their wealth to make my projects succeed, and now they are in penury. . . . I have to ask as the meanest of creditors for what is due to me; my services are treated as fables, my demands as ridiculous, and I myself as the vilest among men; the little that remains to me is seized upon, I have been obliged to obtain decrees of demurrer, not to be thrown into prison." History has avenged Dupleix, and rendered justice to his services. He was the most conspicuous victim of French ambition in India, but not the last, nor the most tragical.

Detained some time in England on account of his health, Clive returned to India in 1755, strong in his past glory, and for the future delivered from the indomitable energy and able intrigues of Dupleix. He now cast his eyes on Bengal, whose sovereign Surajah Dowlah was hostile to English dominion. The Hindoo prince had just taken the initiative in hostilities by attacking Fort William, which defended the rising town of Calcutta. The governor took fright, and the place fell into the hands of Surajah Dowlah, who shut up

the English who had become his prisoners in the common dungeon of the fort, the dreadful "Black Hole," heretofore employed for the confinement of some half dozen offenders at a time. A hundred and forty-six miserable creatures were heaped one upon another in this stifling place, and in the morning when the doors were opened, the cries of suffering and heart-rending appeals had ceased, and twenty-three survivors, gasping and dying, had scarcely strength to drag themselves out of this terrible place, the scene of their suffering. The Indian prince, indifferent and triumphant, gave Calcutta the name of Alinagore, or God's Port, and returned himself to Moorshedabad, his capital, where he occupied himself in torturing men, as in his childhood he had taken pleasure in torturing animals.

The anger of the English had placed Clive at the head of a little army. Surajah Dowlah called the French who were established at Chandernagore to his aid. Dupleix was no longer there to take advantage of all the military and political complications. The French merchants refused to have any part in hostilities, although the Seven Years' War had broken out in Europe. French arms were everywhere opposed to those of England; Chandernagore did not escape from the common fate; the English seized upon it as soon as Clive had retaken Calcutta and Fort William. The downfall of France in India progressed with rapid steps; the treaty concluded by Godeheu had been the deathblow to her empire, for all Dupleix's conquests had been abandoned.

Upright and sincere in his relations with Europeans, Clive had contracted the fatal habit of a different standard of morality with regard to the Hindoos. Treaties concluded and violated, conspiracies encouraged in all directions, shameful and flagrant perfidies, marked with their dark stains, in the career of the great general, his relations with the cruel

Nabob of Bengal. The victory of Plassey, which was gained on the 23d of June, 1757, finally terminated this campaign remarkable for its heroism and its crimes : henceforth Bengal belonged to England. Bussy, who had too late been appealed to by Surajah Dowlah, had not been able to stop Clive's success, but he revenged himself by driving the English from all their posts on the side of Orissa, and closing the road between the coast of Coromandel and Bengal.

Immediately after Clive's successes in India, a bold but imprudent soldier, a man of indomitable courage and obstinacy, proposed to the ministers of Louis XV. a new attempt to retrieve the fortunes of France in the East. M. de Lally-Tollendal sprung from an Irish family which had followed King James into exile, and was devotedly attached to France, where his family and cause had been sheltered. He had already distinguished himself in Germany, and had proposed the daring plan of landing in England to assist Charles Edward's enterprise in Scotland. The directors of the French Company supported his proposition. The king promised troops. M. d'Argenson knew Lally's character, and hesitated. The wishes of the company carried the day. When M. de Lally landed at Pondicherry in 1757, the treasury was empty, the arsenals contained neither arms nor ammunition, and the English were attacking all the French possessions. The general's ardor was, however, sufficient to conquer all difficulties. He at once invested Fort St. David, the most formidable of the English fortresses in India, and as there was not in Pondicherry a sufficient number of persons of the lower class to assist in forwarding the troops and munitions, he ordered the native inhabitants of the town to be employed without distinction of caste,—a proceeding which outraged the most cherished prejudices of the people whom he had come to govern. Fort St. David was taken and razed to the ground.

Devicotah, whose siege had just commenced, at once surrendered. Lally had scarcely been in India a month, and had already chased the English from the southern coast of Coromandel. "All my politics are contained in these six words, but they are a religion to me: 'No more English in the Peninsula!'" wrote the general. He had sent Bussy an order to join him at Madras.

M. de Lally's fiery zeal had troubled the English for a moment, for it endowed the wreck of the French colonies with new courage; but the grave defects of his character soon began to favor the efforts of his adversaries, as it surrounded him with secret or declared enemies, even among his countrymen themselves. Badly seconded by M. d'Aché, who commanded the French fleet, and who was twice beaten by the English, he attacked Madras in the month of December, 1758, with an undisciplined army, given up to the most dreadful debauchery, commanded by irritated or discontented chiefs. Bussy could not console himself for having been obliged to abandon the Deccan into the feeble hands of the Marquis de Conflans. The Black Town had been carried by assault, but the White Town resisted valiantly, and on the 18th of February, 1759, Lally was obliged to raise the siege. Hostilities now languished for some months between the rival nations, until on the 30th of November Colonel Coote had attacked and carried the fort of Wandewash. Lally was anxious to regain possession, but the battle which took place on the 22d of January, 1760, was extremely disastrous to the French, — M. de Bussy himself being taken prisoner, and sent at once to Europe. "He alone would have been able to prolong the war ten years," said the Hindoos. Karekal had fallen into the hands of the English, and they now prepared to attack Pondicherry.

M. de Lally had shut himself up there, resolved to hold



to the last a place which was badly defended, and where he was generally hated. The English commander busied himself for several months in reducing the various outposts of the French dominion, finally, on the 8th of December, opening fire from four batteries upon the town itself. It was not until the 16th of January, 1761, that the general at last capitulated, indomitable even in the midst of his ruin. "No one can have a higher opinion of M. de Lally than I have," wrote Colonel Coote, who had just razed the ramparts and exploded the magazines of Pondicherry; "he struggled against obstacles which I thought insurmountable, and triumphed over them. There is no other man in India who could so long have maintained an army, without pay and without any resources."

No succor arrived from France for the last general who defended its power and glory in India, and so the great game was lost, never again to be renewed. The fate of M. de la Bourdonnais and that of Dupleix remains a dark testimony to the ingratitude of corrupt and feeble governments; but that of M. de Lally is enough to daunt the most courageous hearts, and shock even the most prejudiced. Upon arriving a prisoner in England and learning of the charges brought against him in France, he begged to be allowed to return to his own country on parole, in order to confront his accusers. No sooner did he arrive in Paris than he was thrown into the Bastille, where he remained fifteen months without being even interrogated. When his trial finally commenced, the enmities which he had imprudently created in India arose against him with irresistible violence; a legal quibble enabled his judges to sentence him to death, and on the 9th of May, 1766, he expired on the scaffold of the Place de Grève. Just at the same time Lord Clive, in the enjoyment of wealth, power, and popular favor, returned to

India as Governor-General of Bengal, intrusted with the reformation of the entire administration,—a contrast that explains the frequent disasters France has met with in distant enterprises, gloriously conceived, courageously followed out by the patriotic devotion of citizens, but feebly and basely abandoned by the government.

Such important successes outside of Europe meanwhile lent new strength and ardor to the struggles of England on the Continent. In Germany the Duke de Broglie had repulsed with success the attacks of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick against his positions near Bergen, on the 13th of April, 1759. The two armies, united under M. de Contades, invaded Hesse, and advancing towards the Weser, occupied Minden, when Prince Ferdinand threw himself upon them on the 1st of August. The action of the two French generals was badly combined, and the rout was complete. The English infantry took its part gloriously in the victory. The cavalry was commanded by Lord George Sackville, son of the Duke of Dorset. Prince Ferdinand had sent him the order to advance, but some apparent contradiction in the words of the order, sent twice, caused the English commander to hesitate, and he resisted the entreaties of the aide-de-camp. "The orders are positive," said young Fitzroy; "the French are in disorder; here is a glorious opportunity for the English to distinguish themselves." Lord Granby actually started with his squadron, but the order of his superior obliged him to stop. When Lord George's scruples were finally satisfied, the battle was gained, the enemy routed, and the reputation of the English commander was so gravely compromised, that he was obliged to resign his rank, and asked to be judged by a council of war. The sentence was severe, as was public opinion, and Lord George Sackville was declared unworthy to serve his Majesty in his army. He already belonged

to the opposition which was forming round the heir to the throne, the princess-dowager and the Marquis of Bute, the declared favorite of both mother and son. George II. announced to his grandson that he had forbidden Lord George to present himself before him. The day, however, was coming when the recollection of the mistake or error on the battlefield of Minden, in spite of its bitterness, would not be permitted to interfere with the proud career of Lord George Sackville.

Mr. Pitt meanwhile triumphed at home and abroad. In spite of the king's coldness towards his minister, the latter had obtained the order of the garter for his brother-in-law, Lord Temple. Enormous subsidies were voted willingly by the two Houses. "To push expense is the best economy," Pitt said, unhesitatingly, as he presented the army estimates to Parliament. His animosity against France increased. "Once I should have been contented to see her humbled," he said to a friend, "but now I want to see her lying in the dust!" In spite of the untiring courage of the gentlemen of France, always ready to die on the battlefield, the want of discipline among the troops, and the inferiority of the generals who commanded against Frederick II. and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, were only too serviceable to the hatred of the great English minister.

England's victories on both continents, and Pitt's triumphant ascendancy in Parliament, were not enough to assure success to her allies in Europe. For a moment Frederick the Great had believed that all Germany was faithful to him; now beaten and shut up in Saxony during the winter of 1760, he sought for allies everywhere, and found himself everywhere repulsed. "I have only two allies left," said he, "valor and perseverance." Repeated victories, gained by the sword, by dint of boldness and in the extremity of

peril, did not suffice even to protect Berlin. The capital of Prussia was constrained to open her gates to the enemy, making only the one condition that the Cossacks were not to pass into the town. When, however, the regular troops retired, the generals could not prevent the pillage of the city. The heroic efforts of the King of Prussia only resulted in his being able to keep one foot in Saxony. He wrote on the 10th of March to Count Algarotti: "It is certain that we have had nothing but disasters during the last campaign, and that we were nearly in the same condition as the Romans after Cannæ. Unluckily for me I had a sharp attack of gout, my left hand and both my legs were useless; I could only be dragged along from place to place, a witness of my own reverses. Fortunately we can say of our enemies what Barca said to Hannibal, 'You know how to conquer, but not how to profit by the victory.'" The cruel bombardment of Dresden in the month of August, 1760, was, as it were, the explosion of Frederick's anger, which he had smothered so long. He had lately said: "Miserable fools that we are, we have only one moment to live, and we make this moment as sad as possible; we take pleasure in destroying the masterpieces of art which time has spared, and we seem resolved to leave behind us the odious memory of our ravages and the calamities we have caused." The monuments and palaces of Dresden fell under the Prussian cannonade by the light of the flames which devoured the suburbs.

It is a relief in the midst of the horrors of war, and of the savage fury which is often displayed in it, to remember an act of disinterested bravery and of devotion, which had no other reward but glory. Marshal Broglie, who had become generalissimo of the French army, had sent off M. de Castries to succor Wesel, which was besieged by the

hereditary Prince of Brunswick. The French corps had just arrived and was bivouacked. In the night of the 15th of October, 1760, Chevalier d'Assas, captain in the regiment of Auvergne in command of an outpost, had walked a few steps away from it, when he fell among a troop of the enemy. The Prince of Brunswick was preparing an attack; a hundred bayonets were levelled at his breast. "If you move, you are a dead man," whispered menacing voices. M. d'Assas collected all his strength: "*A moi, Auvergne!* here are the enemy!" he exclaimed, and fell immediately, pierced with mortal wounds; but the heroic act probably saved the French army from destruction. The hereditary prince was compelled to abandon the siege of Wesel and re-pass the Rhine. The French corps maintained their positions. War continued still, bloody, monotonous, unfruitful; when an event suddenly occurred which was to change the face of Europe. On the 25th of October George II. rose at his wonted hour of six, as regular and methodical at seventy-six years of age as he had been in his youth, and had just inquired about the wind, probably with a thought of the foreign despatches, when his servant heard the noise of a fall. They rushed in; the king was on the floor, and already dying. Lady Yarmouth was called, and then the Princess Amelia, who, being deaf and short-sighted, bent over her father to hear his last words, but drew back terrified, only then becoming aware that the king was dead.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

GEORGE III.—WAR WITH AMERICA. 1760–1783.

THE House of Hanover reigned unopposed. The Stuarts had now disappeared, borne away forever from the throne of their ancestors by their faults and their misfortunes, and the young king, George III., peaceably succeeded his grandfather. Europe, however, as well as England, understood the importance of the change that had thus been effected. William III., called to the throne by the nation, had delivered England from an odious yoke, and had secured to her both political and religious liberty, but he had always remained a stranger to the country which he had so efficiently and gloriously served, but had never loved. George I., and George II. also, were likewise Germans, raised to the throne by the strong, wise will of a nation which had no personal affection for them or pleasure in their rule; and in manners and language these kings remained Germans all their lives. England had grown great during their reigns, and her institutions had been strengthened and developed; at the death of George II., thanks to the illustrious man who governed it in the interests of liberty though as its absolute master, England had become the arbiter of Europe, and predominant both in America and in Asia. Meanwhile, however, that loyalty of the affections so largely possessed by the English people had never found satisfaction since the fall of the Stuarts; and even the most obstinate of the Whigs, however ardently opposed to all attempts at a Jacobite

E RONIAT

GEORGE III





restoration, could not but find excuses for those who had sacrificed all to their attachment to the hereditary sovereign. At last came George III., loved and respected beforehand, and not all the misfortunes of his life and of his long reign were enough to take from him the confidence and affection of his people. It was the feeling of the whole nation, as well as his own, which the young monarch expressed when he said, in his first speech from the throne: "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton, and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of a people whose loyalty and warm affection to me I consider as the greatest and most permanent security of my throne."

New counsels soon commenced to make themselves heard, less violent with regard to France than those of Mr. Pitt. The young king had cordially received the ministers of his grandfather, asking them to continue in office, but he had immediately admitted Lord Bute into the Privy Council, and already the favorite's intrigues ran counter to those of the Duke of Newcastle. Some weeks later, at the dissolution of Parliament, Bute replaced Lord Holderness as Secretary of State, an appointment in reference to which Pitt had not been consulted.

The haughty discontent of the great minister influenced the tone of negotiations then opened with France. Ardent in the service of his country, active, prompt, and bold, the Duke de Choiseul, however, felt the necessity of peace, and proposed a congress. While Pitt delayed his reply, an English squadron blockaded Belle-Isle. A first assault attempted on the 8th of April by General Hodgson was repulsed, but the governor, M. de Sainte-Croix, had received no help, and, after an heroic resistance, was obliged to capitulate on the 7th of June, 1761. Almost at the same moment arrived the

news of the defeat of De Broglie and Soubise at Minden, and the calamitous reduction of Pondicherry. England's reply to the propositions of peace arrived at last. The Duke de Choiseul had offered to evacuate Hesse and Hanover, asking for the restitution of Guadaloupe, of Marigalante, and Belle-Isle, in exchange for Minorca. He acquiesced in the conquest of Canada and Cape Breton, but demanded the restitution of all the captures by sea before the declaration of war, as also a promise that the English troops under the command of Ferdinand of Brunswick should not reinforce the Prussian army. The ultimatum was modest, and caused a bitter pang to the patriotic pride of Choiseul. Pitt's reply left no hope of peace. All conquests, all captures to be retained, and full liberty to send succors to the King of Prussia: such was the language of the English minister. Dunkirk had been razed to the ground as a permanent memorial of the yoke imposed on France. "So long as I hold the reins of power," Pitt had said, "no Peace of Utrecht shall again stain the annals of England."

Pitt had judged correctly of the exhaustion and weariness of France, but he had not foreseen what an unexpected influence a new monarch on the throne of Spain would exercise upon English affairs. Ferdinand VI. had died without children, and his brother, Charles III., King of Naples, had succeeded him. This prince brought to his hereditary sovereignty a more active intelligence than that of the late king, and a great aversion for England, — against which country he believed himself to have numerous and just causes of complaint, — as well as the traditional attachment of his race to the interests and glory of France. The Duke de Choiseul knew how to take advantage of this state of affairs. In the distress into which war threw Louis XV. at the time when Pitt rejected the French ultimatum,

insulting him by impossible proposals, Spain entered generously into the lists, and the treaty, known by the name of the Family Compact, was signed at Paris on the 15th of April, 1761. Pitt proposed at once to George III. to take possession of the Isthmus of Panama, and to attack the Philippines.

This was, however, too great a strain upon the already tottering empire of the minister who had so long been absolute in the council and in Parliament. The cabinet had reluctantly accepted the conditions which he had exacted from France, but the declaration of war with Spain was thrown out by a large majority. Pitt stood up and declared that this was the time for humbling the House of Bourbon; that if this opportunity were let slip it might never be recovered; and that if he could not prevail in this instance, it was the last time he should sit in that council. He thanked the ministers of the late king for their support; said that he was himself called to the ministry by the voice of the people, to whom he considered himself as accountable for his conduct; and that he would no longer remain in a situation which made him responsible for measures he was no longer allowed to guide. Three days later Pitt placed in the king's hands his seals of office. George III. received him with kindness; regretting, he said, to part with so illustrious a servant. The proud minister melted into tears; "I confess, Sir," said he, "that I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure. I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodness. Pardon me, Sir: it overpowers, it oppresses me." Against the advice of his friends, Pitt accepted a pension of three thousand a year, and a peerage for his wife, who became Lady Chatham. His popularity suffered somewhat by it, but remained nevertheless so great that at the annual festival of the Lord Mayor, on the 9th

of November, all eyes were turned towards the fallen minister, all applause was reserved for him, almost to the neglect of the king and his young wife, Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Says an eye-witness: "But what was most remarkable were the prodigious acclamations and tokens of affection shown by the populace to Mr. Pitt, who came in his chariot accompanied by Earl Temple. At every step the mob clung about every part of the vehicle, hung upon the wheels, hugged his footmen, and even kissed his horses. There was a universal huzza; and the gentlemen at the windows and in the balconies waved their hats, and the ladies their handkerchiefs. The same, I am informed, was done all the way as he passed along."

"Mr. Pitt will not make peace, because he cannot make such a one as he has promised the nation," said Bubb Doddington, a sagacious hanger-on at court. In arriving at power, Lord Bute and the Tories found themselves pressed by public opinion to more violent measures than accorded with their tastes or their inclinations. France had made a supreme effort to restore its army to efficiency. In the month of January, 1762, the English government declared war against Spain, from the very first dealing dreadful blows against this faithful ally of France. The year had not passed by, and Cuba was already in the hands of the English, the Philippines plundered, and galleons, laden with Spanish gold, captured by British ships. The campaign attempted against Portugal, which was still in alliance with England, had no result; and then Martinique followed the fate of Guadaloupe, lately conquered by the English, after a brave resistance. In Germany war dragged on languidly. The death of the Czarina Elizabeth, and the brief elevation to the throne of the young Czar Peter III., who was an ardent admirer of Frederick the Great, had delivered the King of Prussia from

a dangerous enemy, and promised him an ally as faithful as he was powerful. The hope which the Family Compact had for a time given France had now vanished, and negotiations with England were resumed. On the 3d of November, 1762, the preliminaries of peace were signed at Fontainebleau. France renounced all her possessions in America, only the little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon being reserved to her as a shelter for French fishermen. A special stipulation guaranteed to the Canadians the exercise of the Roman Catholic faith. To balance the promise of not keeping troops in Bengal, France was to have restored to her Chandernagore and the ruins of Pondicherry. Guadaloupe and Martinique became French again, but the English retained Tobago, Dominica, St. Vincent, and Grenada. In Germany, the places and countries occupied by France were to be evacuated. Like his illustrious rival, Lord Bute insisted on the demolition of Dunkirk. After some hesitation Florida was also relinquished to England, and the territory of Louisiana was, by a private agreement between France and Spain, given up to the latter as a compensation for her loss of Florida.

This success was great for England, and the humiliation profound for France. It was not sufficient, however, for the persistent hatred of Pitt, now free from the shackles of power, and at liberty to indulge his rancor against Lord Bute, as well as his animosity against France. Suffering from gout, the constant curse of his life, and wrapped in flannel, he went down to the House of Commons, and denounced the whole treaty in the strongest terms. He was held up by two of his friends in the first part of his speech, but, exhausted with pain, he had to sit down, contrary to all parliamentary usage, to finish his speech. He came, he said, at the hazard of his life, to raise his voice, his hand,

his arm, against the preliminaries of a treaty which obscured all the glories of the war, surrendered the dearest interests of the nation, and sacrificed the public faith by an abandonment of England's allies.

Peace was voted, however. Lord Bute had felt the want of support in the House of Commons against the crushing eloquence of Pitt: he called to his aid Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland), a statesman wanting neither in clever speech nor disingenuous strategy. His personal experience had taught him to judge men severely. Some one in our times asking old Lord Grey, "Who was the last English minister open to corruption?" received the unhesitating reply, "Lord Holland!"

England had acquired peace gloriously. She was tired of war, and resolved for the future to let continental powers settle their own quarrels. Austria and Prussia were the only two who remained opposed; they had been the first to enter the lists, and were the only ones having an important interest in the questions in dispute. Frederick the Great had founded new hopes upon the young Czar, but a sudden turn of affairs deprived him of this support. Catherine II., Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, had lived on bad terms with her husband, and profited by the imprudence of Peter III. to excite against him a military revolt. He was deposed, and died soon after in prison. Catherine was proclaimed in his place. The new sovereign was bold, ambitious, and equally unscrupulous in her eagerness for power and in her private life. She remained neutral between Prussia and Austria. Both states were at the end of their resources; their populations had been decimated. In ten years Berlin had lost the tenth part of her inhabitants, and thirty thousand people depended for subsistence upon public charity. The two sovereigns at length consented to a recip-

rocal exchange of conquests. So much disturbance and so many sufferings ended, therefore, in Germany's returning to the *status quo*. France was exhausted, deprived of her most flourishing colonies, humbled in her own eyes as in those of Europe. Spain had shared the misfortunes of France. England alone came out of the struggle triumphant and enriched. She had conquered the empire of India forever; and for some years at least civilized America obeyed her laws. She had conquered what the French had lost, not by the superiority of her arms, nor even of her generals, but by the natural strength of a free people ably and grandly governed.

Peace had been accepted by the nation as well as by Parliament, but the ill-feeling existing against Lord Bute had in no degree abated, and he was violently assailed not only in Parliament but also by pamphlets from all sides. More jealous of his influence in the royal circle than of power, Lord Bute made up his mind to resign. About this time he wrote to one of his friends: "Single in a cabinet of my own forming; no aid in the House of Lords to support me, except two peers (Denbigh and Pomfret); both the secretaries of state silent, and the Lord Chief Justice, whom I myself brought into office, voting for me, and yet speaking against me, — the ground I tread upon is so hollow that I am afraid not only of falling myself, but of involving my royal master in my ruin. It is time for me to retire." George Grenville replaced him in power. Fox passed into the House of Lords with the title of Lord Holland.

A brother-in-law of Pitt, but never under his rule, George Grenville was bold, presumptuous, incautious, and violent in his proceedings, while methodical in his administration. His faults of mind and character caused grave embarrassment to the administration which he directed, and drew down great

misery on England; he persecuted John Wilkes, the pamphleteer, with bitterness, and it was he who proposed imposing the parliamentary taxation of the American colonies.

John Wilkes, born in London in 1727, was member of Parliament for the town of Aylesbury, a blustering fellow, ruined in estate, corrupt in mind, hideous in face, and given up to all the licentiousness of the most abandoned life. He thought to raise his fortune by establishing a journal, ably and impudently edited by himself, which he had called "The North Briton." Lord Bute had already been violently attacked by Wilkes, — secretly encouraged, some said, by Lord Temple, — but no proceedings had been instituted against him. In proroguing Parliament at the end of April, 1763, the king congratulated himself on the happy termination of the war, "on terms," he said, "so honorable to my crown, and so beneficial to my people." Wilkes' journal, in its forty-fifth number, attacked the speech in an article dated April the 23d. Eight days later, in spite of his parliamentary privileges, Wilkes was arrested at his house and committed to the Tower, where he was for some days kept in rigid seclusion. Passing under the dark gateway, Wilkes asked ironically to be lodged in the room which had been formerly occupied by the father of Lord Egremont, one of the ministers who had signed the mandate of arrest against him. As soon as the severity of his imprisonment was relaxed, Lord Temple and the Duke of Grafton hurried to see him. Public feeling gained the day over the contempt which the personal character of the accused generally inspired, and transports of joy broke from the crowd, when the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Pratt, pronounced his acquittal. "We are all of opinion," he said, "that a libel is not a breach of the peace; it tends to a breach of the peace, and that is the utmost. But that which only tends to a



breach of the peace, cannot be a breach of it. Let Mr. Wilkes be discharged from his imprisonment."

For seven years longer, through many different phases, now taking shelter in France under pretext of seeking recovery from a wound he had received in a duel, now in London as a candidate for the House of Commons, outlawed by the courts for not appearing to answer to the indictment against him, finally elected from Middlesex to the House of Commons, John Wilkes continued to occupy the scene, supported by partisans of all kinds, the honest, sincerely interested in public liberty, which they considered outraged in his person, the corrupt, sympathetically interested in the impious audacity which hoists unblushingly the flag of moral and political lawlessness. It was an error and fault of government that, by its imprudent proceedings, it thus led public opinion astray, and thus insured Wilkes a popularity which he in no way merited. When he died at last in 1797, the venal and debauched pamphleteer had for a long time fallen into the obscurity and contempt from which he ought never to have emerged.

The Stamp Act has stamped its date and an uneffaceable stain on the history of England and of the world. Already for a long time, encouraged by their rapidly developing prosperity and strength, the American colonies had proudly defended their privileges, resisting the importunate scrutiny of the excise officers, though admitting the right of the mother country to that monopoly of commerce which they violated by incessant smuggling, and always carefully guarding their rights on the question of taxation. As early as 1692, the general court of Massachusetts passed an act which was a kind of Magna Charta, in which it declared that no tax of any kind could be levied on his Majesty's subjects in the colonies, without the consent of the governor, council,

and representatives of the people assembled in general court. It was this fundamental principle of the liberties of Great Britain as well as of its colonies, namely, that an English subject cannot be taxed without his consent, which Mr. George Grenville's proposition openly violated in 1765. This financial expedient had been suggested to Sir Robert Walpole some years before, but he had replied with his accustomed good sense: "I have old England set against me; and do you think I will have New England likewise?"

Grenville was naturally bold, as Cardinal de Retz said of Anne of Austria, "because he was neither prudent nor far-sighted," and he was at the same time arbitrary and rude. The extension of the stamp tax to the English colonies had been voted almost without opposition. Mr. Pitt himself had not protested. Thus carelessly, and in consequence of the financial embarrassment occasioned by the war, the English government entered upon that fatal road in which national pride was so long to maintain it. The taxes were light and could not cause any distress to the Colonies. They recognized this at once themselves. "Had Mr. Grenville, instead of his Stamp Act, applied to the king in council for requisitional letters," said Dr. Franklin many years later, "I am sure he would have obtained more money from the colonies by their voluntary grants than he himself expected from his stamps. But he chose compulsion rather than persuasion."

It was in the name of colonial rights, justly offended by the aggressions of the mother country, that there arose in 1765, in New England, a general, and soon after a revolutionary protest. In Boston, the stamp distributor was hung in effigy, and the following day resigned his unpopular office, while riotous gatherings and bonfires in different parts of the town testified to the excited state of public feeling. In Philadelphia bells were tolled, and flags displayed at half

mast; in Williamsburg the house of the Virginia burgesses resounded with the most violent menaces, and in the midst of the controversy about the Stamp Act, Patrick Henry, still quite a young man, uttered these words: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third —" "Treason!" exclaimed the Speaker. "Treason! treason!" shouted the royalists from all parts of the house, "—may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!" continued the young orator.

The American movement, and the numerous petitions which manifested its popularity, now warned Pitt of the danger, and he openly attacked the cabinet, demanding the abrogation of the Stamp Act. "The Colonies," he said, "are the subjects of this kingdom, equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind, and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen, and equally bound by its laws. The Americans are the sons and not the bastards of England. The taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone. When, therefore, in this House we give and grant, we give and grant what is our own. But in an American tax, what do we do? We, your Majesty's Commons for Great Britain, give and grant to your Majesty — what? Our own property? No. We give and grant to your Majesty the property of your Majesty's Commons of America. It is an absurdity in terms. . . . I beg leave to tell the House what is my opinion. It is, that the Stamp Act be repealed, absolutely, totally, and immediately; that the reason for the repeal be assigned, because it was founded on an erroneous principle; at the same time let the sovereign authority of this country over the Colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatever; that we may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power whatsoever, except

that of taking their money out of their pocket without their consent."

The honor of obtaining from Parliament the revocation of such an unjust measure was reserved for a new and more moderate ministry. George Grenville, defeated but not daunted, remained obstinately attached to the line of conduct he had adopted. "I am one who declares that if the tax were still to be laid on, I would lay it on," he said; "the enormous expense of the German war, an expense which I always disapproved, made it necessary. The eloquence which the author of that profusion now points against the constitutional powers of Parliament, makes it doubly necessary. I do not envy him the huzzas. I rejoice in the hiss. If it were to be done again, I would do it."

Twice already since George Grenville had held the reins of power, the king, soon tired of his haughty yoke, had asked Mr. Pitt to deliver him from it. A new cause of discord had just increased the bitterness between George III. and his minister. The monarch, suffering and ill, had felt the first attack of that malady which, several times renewed, darkened his faculties, and plunged him finally into an insanity which lasted as long as his life. Immediately upon his recovery, the young king, with touching firmness and resignation, himself proposed to his ministers the question of a regency. The Prince of Wales was not yet three years old. The act prepared by George Grenville and his colleagues excluded the princess-dowager from the regency, on a technical quibble that she did not form part of the royal family. The hatred and jealousy felt towards Lord Bute, who was still all-powerful both with the mother and son, had suggested this strange interpretation of the letter of the law; but the insult offered to his mother wounded the king, and decided him to free himself from a tyranny which became

every day more odious. He had formerly feared the junto of great whig lords. That now, however, appeared less formidable to him than George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford. The Duke of Cumberland went in the king's name to Mr. Pitt, who was ill and detained in the country. Pitt refused to take the direction of affairs without Lord Temple's help. The latter was particularly hostile to Lord Bute, and personally compromised with the king. George III. would not submit, and the negotiations of the Duke of Cumberland ended finally in the formation of a whig cabinet which was sincerely honest, but dull. The Marquis of Rockingham was at its head, and it was in his service, as his private secretary, that Edmund Burke took part for the first time in public affairs, and soon after entered Parliament.

The only important measure of Rockingham's ministry was the repeal of the Stamp Act, accompanied by a Declaratory (but somewhat contradictory) Act which proclaimed the right of Parliament to bind the Colonies by its decrees in any case whatsoever. This fruitful germ of new dissensions passed unperceived in the first outburst of joy in America and triumph of the friends of liberty in England. Mr. Pitt was meanwhile on the threshold of power. Lord Rockingham, who was constantly thwarted by a new party, designated by the title of "the King's friends," saw his authority set at naught, and his honest intentions weakly seconded. The king wished to get rid of the Whigs at any price, except that of being obliged to suffer once more from George Grenville. Pitt consented to become prime minister again, but to the great astonishment and universal regret of his friends, he renounced at the same time the supremacy he had held so long in the House of Commons, and entered the House of Peers with the title of Lord Chatham.

The cabinet which the new earl had just formed was composed of divers and opposite elements. His powerful hand alone could preserve their unity. "Lord Chatham," said Burke, "made an administration so chequered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a tessellated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and Republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies, that indeed it was a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on."

Lord Chatham himself was conscious of this, and in spite of the pride of his character felt that the wind of prosperity no longer carried him as in the past on its powerful wings; he was ill, distrustful and jealous of his colleagues, and thoroughly discontented with the new atmosphere of the House of Lords. He had conceived great projects of reform in the administration of India; a motion for inquiry was made in the House of Commons, but the measure which finally passed was but a petty compromise, far different from the minister's original design. Upon the close of the session he retired into the country, and strange reports were circulated about the state of his mind. Lady Chatham absolutely refused to let any of his colleagues find their way into his presence. Disagreement grew graver within the cabinet; the weakness and factions of the administration became more and more apparent, and it was further enfeebled by the loss of Charles Townshend, a brilliant orator, lively and imaginative, who died suddenly just at this time, at the age of forty-three years. Intrigues multiplied in Parliament and at court, and the king renewed his entreaties with Lord Chatham. "I am thoroughly convinced," he wrote,

“of the utility you are to my service; I therefore, in the most earnest manner, call on you to continue in your employment.” Gout had again attacked the Premier, dissipating, they said, a more cruel malady. Lord Chatham finally consented to receive the Duke of Grafton. “Though I expected to find Lord Chatham very ill,” writes the duke in his Memoirs, “his situation was different from what I imagined. His nerves and spirits were affected to a dreadful degree, and the sight of his great mind, bowed down and thus weakened by disorder, would have filled me with grief and concern, even if I had not long borne a sincere attachment to his person and his character.” For all practical purposes, the Duke of Grafton had become Premier, many months before Lord Chatham had finally resolved in October, 1768, to send in his resignation. Sir Charles Pratt, who had now been raised to the peerage as Lord Camden, the chief ornament of the Bench, from the purity of his character and the gentleness of his temper, as well as from his oratorical talents, still supported the tottering ministry. The importance of Lord North, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, increased every day.

It is a sad spectacle that of some great ruling star fading into darkness, of a power, but now supreme, losing all influence over men. Lord Chatham was destined to throw out one more ray before disappearing forever. After two years of mysterious retirement, he reappeared in public life in 1769, and the ministry of the Duke of Grafton could not resist his attacks. Lord North, still young, without great political ambition, of an amiable character and personally agreeable to the king, had just accepted the heavy burden of power (January, 1770). Lord Chatham pretended to see in this new combination the persistent influence of Lord Bute, a favorite theme for the attacks of pamphleteers,

whether of John Wilkes, or of the mysterious writer still hidden, after more than a hundred years, under the name of Junius. "Who does not know," he said, "the Mazari-nade of France, — that Mazarin absent was Mazarin still; and what is there, I would ask, to distinguish the two cases? When I was earnestly called upon for the public service, I came from Somersetshire with wings of zeal. I consented to preserve a peace which I abominated; a peace I would not make but would preserve when made. . . . I own I was credulous, I was duped, I was deceived; for the same secret invisible influence still prevailed, and I found that there was no original administration to be suffered in this country."

The situation of affairs in America became every day more grave. When in office, Lord Chatham had consented to a new attempt to draw a revenue from the Colonies. Customs duties were laid on tea, glass, painters' colors, and paper, and a permanent department was formed for the supervision of the export trade. The distinction which the Colonies had lately established was thus turned against them, and they now abandoned it unconditionally. The time of legal fictions had passed by.

To speak truly, there was already something besides a constitutional and financial question between the government of George III. and the Colonies; the Americans were no longer merely subjects of the mother-country, only fighting against this or that abuse of power and violation of right; they were a nation rising up against the oppression of another nation, whatever might be the name or form of that oppression. Still attached by ties of fidelity to the mother-country, and defending themselves ardently against the charge of aspiring towards independence, the colonists were governed, nevertheless, by a supreme sentiment of love for their



own land, America, for its greatness, its liberty, and its strength. "Permit me, with the freedom of a friend," wrote Washington on the 9th of October, 1774, to an old comrade in arms stationed among the British troops in Boston, "to express my sorrow that fortune should place you in a position that must fix curses upon the contrivers of it. . . . For my own part, I view things in a very different point of light from the one in which you seem to consider them; and though you are led to believe by venal men that the people of Massachusetts are rebellious, setting up for independency and what not, give me leave, my good friend, to tell you that you are abused, grossly abused. I think I can announce it as a fact, that it is not the wish or interest of that government, or of any other upon this continent, separately or collectively, to set up for independence; but this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of their valuable privileges, and rights which are essential to the happiness of every free state, and without which life, liberty, and property are rendered totally insecure."

America did not hesitate to follow out her destiny. "From 1767 to 1774," says Cornelis de Witt, in his History of Washington, "patriotic leagues were everywhere formed against the consumption of English merchandise and the exportation of American products; all exchange ceased between the colonies and the mother-country. To dry up the sources of the riches of England in America, and constrain her to open her eyes to her folly, the colonies did not recoil from any privation or sacrifice; luxury had disappeared; poor and rich alike preferred accepting ruin to abandoning their political rights." "As to the resolution for addressing the throne," wrote Washington, who was already one of the firm champions of American liberty, "I own I think the whole might as

well have been expunged. I expect nothing from the measure, nor should my voice have sanctioned it, if the non-importation scheme was intended to be retarded by it; for I am convinced, as much as I am of my existence, that there is no relief for us but in their distress; and I think, at least I hope, there is enough public virtue left among us to deny ourselves everything but the bare necessities of life to accomplish this end. This we have a right to do, and no power upon earth can compel us to do otherwise, till it has first reduced us to the most abject slavery." And he added, with a severe sense of justice: "The stopping of our exports would no doubt be a shorter method than the other to effect this purpose; but if we owe money to Great Britain, nothing but the last necessity can justify the non-payment of it; and therefore I have great doubts upon this head, and wish to see the other method tried first, which is legal."

All minds were not so firm, nor were many consciences as equitable as Washington's. Resistance, however, was still restrained by respect for law, and the efforts of the nation were still circumscribed within its limits. Every day, however, the public excitement increased, and the public feeling grew more intense. Order still reigned in nearly all the colonies. Scarcely even in the principal towns, and especially in Boston, did the popular excitement offer any pretext for violence to George III. and his ministers. Jefferson himself, the year before he drew up the Declaration of Independence, wrote to Mr. Randolph: "I am sincerely one of those who wish for reunion with the parent country, and would rather be in dependence on Great Britain, properly limited, than on any nation upon earth, or than on no nation. But I am one of those, too, who, rather than submit to the rights of legislating for us assumed by the British Parlia-

ment, and which late experience has shown they will so cruelly exercise, would lend my hand to sink the whole island in the ocean."

As early as 1759, Lord Camden, then Sir Charles Pratt, had said to Franklin, the agent for the Colonies in England: "For all that you Americans say about your loyalty, I know you will one day throw off your dependence on this country, and notwithstanding your boasted affection for it, you will set up for independence." "No such idea was ever entertained by the Americans," replied Franklin; "nor will any such idea ever enter their heads, unless you grossly abuse them." "Very true," was the answer; "that is one of the main causes I see will happen, and will produce the event."

Lord Camden's prediction was sadly accomplished in England. Fault succeeded fault; indecisive and violent by turns, the measures of the mother-country aggravated the excitement of the Colonies. All the new taxes had been abolished with the exception of the tax on tea, maintained solely out of pride and to support the principle without any hope of drawing an important revenue from it. American resistance at once concentrated itself on this importation of tea. At the end of November, 1773, the Dartmouth, laden with tea, arrived in Boston harbor, followed in a few days by two more tea-ships. An attempt was made by legal measures to send the tea back to London in the vessels in which it came. Unsuccessful in this, the citizens voted in town meeting that the tea should not be landed; and the same night, a body of about two hundred men, disguised as Indians, took possession of the three ships, and, without disorder or injury to other property, emptied the tea-chests into the bay. George III. and his ministers did not understand the nature of the movement which agitated America, and thought they

might punish a rising by new rigors: the port rights of Boston were withdrawn from her, and the old charter of Massachusetts was cancelled. "Do you ask what the people of Boston have done?" said Lord North; "I will tell you then. They have tarred and feathered your subjects, plundered your merchants, burnt your ships, denied all obedience to your laws and authority. Yet so clement and long-forbearing has our conduct been that it is incumbent on us now to take a different course. Whatever may be the consequence, we must risk something: if we do not, all is over."

In the name of the eternal principles of justice and liberty Lord Chatham and his friends protested against the measures adopted with regard to the Colonies. "'Tis liberty," said the great orator, using the remains of his failing strength passionately in the struggle, — "'tis liberty to liberty engaged. In this great cause they are immovably allied — it is the alliance of God and nature, immutable, eternal — fixed as the firmament of heaven! . . . Foreign war is hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread. Spain and France are watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors, with a vigilant eye to America and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may. To conclude, my Lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown, but I will affirm that they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the king is betrayed, but I will pronounce that the kingdom is undone."

Charles Fox, Lord Holland's second son, who held a subordinate office in the administration, had embraced the cause of the American colonies. Lord North wrote to him on the





27th of February: "Sir, his Majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name." The opposition received him into their ranks with joy. He had already shown faults of character and a tendency to licentiousness of life; but he had at the same time gained the attachment of numerous and staunch friends by his frank and open nature, and by the generosity and sweetness of his disposition, while he had inspired his adversaries with a great admiration for his oratorical talents and the inexhaustible fertility of his mind. The young rival who was soon to dispute his pre-eminence, and ultimately to surpass him, had not yet appeared in public, except to support the tottering steps of his infirm father. The last time that Lord Chatham appeared in Parliament he was leaning on the arm of the second William Pitt.

Discussions succeeded each other rapidly in the English Parliament. The opposition and the administration exchanged suggestions, conciliatory or treacherous, generous or harsh, maintained each in its turn by powerful voices in the House. No measures and no speeches sufficed, or could suffice in future, to calm the growing irritation of the colonies. New England and Virginia, the sons of Puritans and the descendants of Cavaliers, marched abreast at the head of the national movement, animated by the same spirit, however diverse its manifestations. It was from Virginia the call to arms went forth. Washington had said with his usual circumspection: "I have no intention to point out exactly what line should be drawn between Great Britain and the Colonies, but it is decidedly my opinion we must have one, and definitively assure our rights." Patrick Henry, less scrupulous and more ardent, uttered the war-cry. "We must fight," he said explicitly, in March, 1775, in the session of

the Virginian Convention; "an appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us." Already in 1774 a general Congress of all the colonies was assembled at Philadelphia, at which a second Congress was appointed to meet the next year. Political resistance had henceforth a centre: the day of armed resistance had come.

It was time to act. On the 18th of April, 1775, at night, a body of chosen men from the garrison of Boston sallied forth from the town by the order of General Gage, governor of Massachusetts, with the intention of destroying the colony's military stores at Concord; the soldiers were still ignorant of their destination, but the "Sons of Liberty" had guessed it. The governor had sent out sergeants in disguise to intercept communication, and on the night of the 18th had forbidden any one to leave the town; but two men had found means of escape and spread the alarm in the country, and when the king's troops entered Lexington, they found a small body of militia drawn up on the village green. The Americans remained motionless before an order to retire; the English soldiers, led on by their officers, fired, and some men fell. The war had commenced between England and America. The same evening Colonel Smith, searching for stores in Concord, found himself attacked by successive detachments raised in haste in all the villages, and retired in disorder under the guns of Boston. Some days later the town was besieged by an American army, and the Congress assembled at Philadelphia appointed Washington General-in-chief of all the forces of the United Colonies, "of all that have been or shall be raised, and of all others that shall volunteer their services or shall join the said army to defend American liberty, and to resist every attack directed against it."

There is a spectacle as beautiful and not less salutary than



that of a virtuous man struggling against adversity: it is the spectacle of a virtuous man at the head of a good cause achieving a triumph. God reserved this happiness for George Washington.

Born on the 22d of February, 1732, on the banks of the Potomac, at Bridge's Creek, in Virginia, the new general belonged to a family of well-known planters, descendants of those country gentlemen who had formerly been engaged in the revolution of England. He lost his father at an early age, and was brought up by his mother, a remarkable woman, for whom he always preserved as much tenderness as respect. He had led in his youth an open-air and hardy life as an explorer, and at nineteen, during the war in Canada, had taken a place in the militia of his country, and had fought with distinction by the side of General Braddock. When the war was over, his pride, piqued about a question of military rank, decided him to return home. His eldest brother was dead, and had bequeathed to him the estate of Mount Vernon, and he established himself there, becoming a great farmer and sportsman, beloved and esteemed by all, and already the object of the hope and confidence of his fellow-citizens. Capable of rising to the level of the highest greatness, he could without a pang have remained ignorant of his own powers, and he would have found in the cultivation of his estate enough to satisfy those vast faculties which were equal to the command of armies and the foundation of a government. But when the occasion offered, when the necessity arrived, without effort on his part or surprise on the part of others, or rather in conformity with their expectations, the wise planter shone forth a great man. He had to a very high degree the two qualities which in active life fit men for great achievements. He trusted firmly in

his own thoughts, and dared resolutely to act upon them, without fear of responsibility.

The new general was disturbed and troubled, however, at the commencement of a struggle the weight of which was to rest on his shoulders, and he did not accept without an effort the decision of the Congress. "As it has been a kind of destiny," he wrote to his wife, "that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose." In his letter to Congress on receiving the appointment he says: "Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me, yet I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important work."

When the new general arrived before Boston, to take the command of troops, described by himself as "a mixed multitude of people under very little order or government," he learned that an engagement had taken place on the 17th of June on the heights of Bunker Hill, which commanded the town. The Americans had seized on these positions, and had so bravely defended themselves there, that the English lost more than a thousand men in killed and wounded before they carried their batteries. Some months later Washington was master of all the environs of the place, and General Howe, who had replaced General Gage, saw himself constrained to evacuate Boston (17th of March, 1776).

On the 8th of July, as if it were a last effort of fidelity towards the mother-country, Congress signed a second petition to the king, which was then and afterwards spoken of in America as the "Olive Branch," and which Richard Penn was commissioned to carry to England. A numerous and considerable faction in the American assemblies gave their weight in favor of a legal union with the mother-





country. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Dickinson, the delegate from Pennsylvania, "there is but one word in this paper which I wish altered, and that is *Congress*." "It is the only word I wish should remain," said Harrison of Virginia.

The petition received no reply. At the opening of the session of Parliament, on the 25th of October, 1775, the king's discourse was avowedly menacing. The Duke of Grafton had resigned his office as Keeper of the Privy Seal. "I ventured on communicating our apprehensions to the king," he wrote in his Memoirs; "I added that, deluded themselves, his ministers were deluding his Majesty. The king vouchsafed to debate the business much at large; he informed me that a large body of German troops was to join our forces, and appeared astonished when I answered earnestly that his Majesty would find too late that twice that number would only increase the disgrace, and never effect his purpose." Lord George Germaine, a man of proud and violent temper, had been charged with the direction of American affairs. Public feeling, much exasperated by the Americans taking up arms, began to show itself in addresses and loyal declarations; George III., his ministers, and his people, were of one accord against the rebellion of the colonies. Alone, and for different reasons, the whig opposition in Parliament and the city of London struggled against the rising tide of national irritation. The Prohibitory Bill had just been passed forbidding all commerce with the thirteen revolted colonies, authorizing the capture of American ships and merchandise, and making all prizes the property of the conquerors. The arguments were as violent as the measures. The chancellor, Lord Mansfield, the most illustrious of the judges, recalled the words of a Swedish general in the reign of Gustavus Adolphus, to his troops during a

campaign: "My lads, you see those men yonder: if you don't kill them, they will kill you."

But strong resolutions were taken in America as well as in England. The hour of independence had come at last. Already at the end of their public proclamations, instead of the time-honored formula, "God save the King," the Virginians had adopted this proudly significant phrase, "God save the liberties of America." The Continental Congress resolved to give its true name to the war now carried on by the colonies against the mother-country. After two days' discussion, the project drawn up by Jefferson for the Declaration of Independence was adopted unanimously, — "a unanimity which unfortunately is a little factitious." \* To the solemn opening affirming the eternal right of the people to liberty and justice, succeeded an enumeration of the grievances which had forever alienated from the sovereign of Great Britain the obedience of his American subjects, concluding in the following memorable words: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved. . . . And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

In America the solemn Declaration of Independence did

\* Cornelis de Witt, "History of Washington."

not cause any lively emotion, for the die had been cast for the Americans from the day they had taken up arms. At the opening of Parliament on the 31st of October, King George III., while deploring the decisive act by which the rebels had broken all the ties which bound them to the mother-country, and rejected all attempts at reconciliation, concluded his appeal to the fidelity of the nation with these words: "One great advantage, however, will be derived from the object of the rebels being openly avowed and clearly understood,—we shall have unanimity at home, founded in the general conviction of the justice and necessity of our measures. In this arduous contest I can have no other object but to promote the true interests of all my subjects. No people ever enjoyed more happiness, or lived under a milder government, than those now revolted provinces; the improvement in every art, of which they boast, declare it; their numbers, their wealth, their strength by sea and land, which they think sufficient to enable them to make head against the whole power of the mother-country, are irrefragable proofs of it. My desire is to restore them to the blessings of law and liberty, equally enjoyed by every British subject, which they have fatally and desperately exchanged for the calamities of war and the arbitrary tyranny of their chiefs."

The calamities of war already weighed on the United States of America. The attempt directed by Arnold against Canada had completely failed; several times during the cruel campaign of 1776 Washington believed that all was lost. He saw himself under the necessity of abandoning the posts he had seized and of falling back on Philadelphia. "What would you do if Philadelphia were taken?" he was asked. "We should fall back beyond the Susquehannah; then, if we must, beyond the Alleghanies," replied the general with-

out hesitation. By unhopèd good fortune for the destinies of America, General Howe, in spite of the reinforcements which he received continually from Europe, let the war languish, counting on time and the rigors of the season to wear out the courage of the rebel troops. He was deceived about the strong national feeling that had been awakened, and still more about the boldness and indomitable perseverance of the general. At the end of the campaign Washington, suddenly reassuming the offensive, had defeated the royal troops twice, at Trenton and Princeton. These splendid actions had raised American prospects and prepared the formation of a new army. On the 30th of December, 1776, Washington was invested by the Congress with powers of the most extensive kind. He himself made application for them, with that modest but lofty authority which aimed simply at a patriotic end without a thought for popular clamors. Ten days before he wrote to the President of Congress: "If, in the short interval in which we have to provide for and make these great and arduous preparations, every matter that in its nature is self-evident is to be referred to Congress, at the distance of a hundred and thirty or forty miles, so much time must necessarily elapse as to defeat the end in view. It may be said that this is an application for powers that are too dangerous to be intrusted. I can only add that desperate diseases require desperate remedies; and I with truth declare that I have no lust for power, but I wish, with as much fervency as any man upon this wide extended continent, for an opportunity of turning the sword into the ploughshare. But my feelings as an officer and a man have been such as to force me to say that no person ever had a greater choice of difficulties to contend with than I have."

The need of some assistance from without in the terrible



struggle in which they were now engaged had been for some time deeply felt by the United States. Already agents had been sent to France to sound the intentions of the government with regard to the colonies in rebellion. M. de Vergennes inclined towards secret succor; M. Turgot recommended the strictest neutrality. "Let us leave the insurgents," he said, "full liberty of making purchases in our ports and procuring by regular trade the munitions of war, and even the money they require. But to furnish them with it would be difficult to hide, and this proceeding would excite just complaints on the part of the English." The ministry of foreign affairs, under the influence of the Duke de Choiseul, had for a long time founded great hopes on the possible rupture between England and her colonies, and faithful to this tradition the first clerk, M. de Rayneval, presented a remarkable note which cut short all hesitation. A million francs, soon followed by further aid, was placed for the Americans in the hands of Beaumarchais, who was warmly engaged in the cause of American independence, to which service he had devoted all the resources of his most fertile and restless mind. "I should never have succeeded in my mission here without the indefatigable, intelligent, and generous efforts of M. de Beaumarchais," wrote Silas Deane to the secret committee of which he was the agent. "The United States owe him more on all accounts than any other person on this side of the ocean."

In December, 1776, Franklin had joined Silas Deane at the French court. Already well known in Europe, where he had often discharged diplomatic functions with success, his great scientific reputation, his strong and prudent devotion to the cause of his country, had prepared the road to a social favor which the clever negotiator knew well how to turn to the success of his enterprise. The French gov-

ernment soon went so far as to remit money directly to the agents of the United States, and everything seemed in train for the recognition of their independence. In spite of the king's formal prohibition, numerous French volunteers offered themselves to serve the cause of liberty in America. The most illustrious of all, M. de la Fayette, although strictly forbidden by his own government, had escaped the vigilance of the authorities, and leaving his young wife, who was about to become a mother, embarked on board a ship which he had secretly chartered, arriving in America in the month of July, 1777.

England was irritated and uneasy. Lord Chatham, again in his seat, pursuing with hatred more bitter than ever the influence and intervention of France, exclaimed, with the exaggeration characteristic of his powerful and prejudiced mind: "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now 'none so poor to do her reverence.' I use the words of a poet, but though it be poetry it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honor, and substantial dignity are sacrificed. France, my Lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America, and whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies are in Paris; they transact the reciprocal interests of France and America. Can there be a more mortifying insult? This people, despised as rebels or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy! and our ministers dare not interfere with dignity or effect. Is this

the honor of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who but yesterday gave law to the House of Bourbon?"

At the same time he moved an amendment entreating his Majesty to lose no time in proposing the immediate cessation of hostilities in America, in order to open a treaty for the redress of grievances and the restoration of peace. In the violent discussion which arose on this subject Lord Suffolk undertook to defend the employment of the Indian savages in the service of Great Britain, as being only the use of "means that God and Nature have put into our hands." Lord Chatham rose in his place, forgetting that he had lately accepted the same auxiliaries during the war against the French in Canada. "My Lords," he exclaimed, "I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation; I feel myself impelled by every duty. We are called upon as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. 'That God and Nature have put into our hands!' I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and Nature, but I do know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife, to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating,—my Lords, literally eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles? From the tapestry that adorns these walls the immortal ancestor of this noble lord, the Earl of Effingham, frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleet against the boasted armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion, of this country against the

arbitrary cruelties of popery and the inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us: to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! — to send forth the infidel savage — against whom? — your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name!”

Lord Chatham's amendment was rejected; but already the situation had changed. Soon after the Marquis de la Fayette's arrival in America the battle of Brandywine, in which he had taken part as major-general, had been disastrous for the Americans, and the young volunteer had been wounded. At Germantown fate had been equally adverse to the Americans, and they had been obliged to evacuate Philadelphia, the object of attack in General Howe's operations. They fell back upon Valley Forge, where General Washington had skilfully established his camp for the winter. However, on other points the successes outbalanced the reverses. On the frontiers of Canada the English General Burgoyne, an obstinate and presumptuous man, had been defeated by General Gates. Deceived by his hopes of succor from Howe or Clinton, who commanded at New York, he allowed himself to be hemmed in by the American troops. Unprovided with food and ammunition, without resources or means of communication, Burgoyne found his strength exhausted, and after a gallant resistance was obliged to lay down his arms and capitulate at Saratoga on the 17th of October, 1777. He obtained honorable conditions, his entire army being allowed to return to Great Britain, on condition of not serving again in America during the war. The news of this victory kindled a sympathetic excitement in Europe and seconded Franklin's efforts in Paris. On the 6th of

February, 1778, France officially recognized the Independence of the United States, and a Treaty of Alliance was concluded with the new power, which thus took its place among nations. Two months later, on the 13th of April, a French squadron, under the command of the Count d'Estaing, set sail for America, and hostilities soon commenced in the Channel between the French and English ships, without a declaration of war, by the natural pressure of circumstances and the state of men's minds in the two countries.

At the very moment when France publicly accorded to the American revolt the aid she had secretly given it for more than two years, Lord North proposed two bills to Parliament, by one of which England renounced the claim to parliamentary taxation in the American Colonies, and by the other the king was to be enabled to send five commissioners to America with powers to treat for peace, and recognize the legal existence of the congress. "A dull melancholy silence for some time succeeded to this speech," wrote an eye-witness, probably Edmund Burke; "it had been heard with profound attention, but without a single mark of approbation to any part from any description of men, or any particular man in the House." The bills however were passed without serious opposition. Necessity weighed on all minds with a sad bitterness.

Public feeling in England as well as in Parliament accused the administration of weakness. Lord North felt it; and on the 14th of March, 1778, at the reception of the French note, announcing the treaty concluded with the United States, and ironically assuring King George of the continuation of the pacific intentions of Louis XVI., the minister had counselled the king to recall his ambassador from Paris, and at the same time to form a new cabinet strong enough to meet the emergency. It was with profound repugnance

that the minister consented to make advances to Lord Chatham: the demands of the great orator were so haughty that negotiations remained suspended. The king made a last appeal to Lord North. "Would you abandon me in the moment of danger, as the Duke of Grafton did?" he said.

The Duke of Richmond gave notice of an address to the throne for the recall of all the sea and land forces in America (7th April, 1778); he counted on the aid of Lord Chatham, but the latter's passions and hatred of France gained the victory over all abstract considerations of right and justice. He had recently said, "You will never conquer America: your efforts will be vain and powerless. If I were an American, as I am English, so long as foreign forces marched against my country I would never lay down arms. Never! never! never!" The intervention of France in the struggle made a change in the views of the minister, who had so long pursued her with his hatred, and now wished her to be entirely humiliated and conquered. The recognition of American independence became to him impossible, encouraged as it was by the House of Bourbon. Lord Chatham appeared at Westminster supported by his son William and his son-in-law Lord Mahon: he was nothing more than the shadow of himself, pale, thin, only just risen from a bed of suffering. He rose slowly, resting on his crutch, and leaning heavily on his son's shoulder. His voice at first was dull and feeble, his words were broken; at length his tones became distinct and his manner animated. "I thank God," he said, "that I have been able to come here this day to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which is so deeply impressed on my mind. I am old and infirm; I have already one foot in the grave. I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country, perhaps never again to speak in this House. . . . I rejoice, my







Lords, that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy! . . . . My Lords, his Majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and its fairest possessions? Shall this great kingdom that has survived whole and entire the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, and the Norman conquest; that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, now fall prostrate before the House of Bourbon? Surely, my Lords, this nation is no longer what it was. . . . . In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former cannot be preserved with honor, why is not the latter commenced without hesitation? . . . . My Lords, any state is better than despair; let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men."

He sank back exhausted into his seat. The Duke of Richmond replied to him courteously but not without some asperity. Lord Chatham again made an attempt to rise, but his strength failed him; he pressed his hand to his heart and fell back fainting. The peers who sat near him rushed to his assistance; the debate was at once adjourned; he was carried from the House, and a few days later he expired in his country house at Hayes, respected and regretted by the whole nation, and was interred at the expense of the state in Westminster Abbey. Thus passed away the great orator and honored statesman, the life-long foe of France. Twenty-seven years later his son's body was carried to the same spot; his son, the enthusiastic witness of his glory, the emulator of his eloquence and political virtues, and superior to him in public affairs, who now sleeps at his feet without any other epitaph than the name "Wil-

liam Pitt," and the funeral oration which his father, with extended arms, seems to be forever pronouncing above his tomb.

The Duke of Richmond's proposed measure had been thrown out, but Lord North's bills caused Washington great disquietude. Better than any one he knew at what price war had till then been maintained, and he feared for his country weaknesses to which his own nature had ever been a stranger. "Nothing short of independence," he wrote to Mr. Banister, a delegate in Congress, "it appears to me can possibly do. A peace on other terms would, if I may be allowed the expression, be a peace of war. The injuries we have received from the British nation were so unprovoked, and have been so great and so many, that they can never be forgotten. . . . Were we easily to accede to terms of dependence, no nation upon future occasions, let the oppressions of Great Britain be ever so flagrant and unjust, would interpose for our relief. . . . France by her supplies has saved us from the yoke thus far, and a wise and virtuous perseverance would, and I trust will, free us entirely. . . . A peace on the principles of dependence, however limited, would, after what has happened, be in the last degree dishonorable and ruinous. It is however much to be apprehended that the idea of such an event will have a very powerful effect upon the country, and if not combated with the greatest address will serve at least to produce supineness and disunion. Men are naturally fond of peace, and there are symptoms which may authorize an opinion that the people of America are pretty generally weary of the present war. If this is the case, it must surely be the truest policy to strengthen the army and place it upon a substantial footing, . . . and immediately try the full extent of our interest abroad, and bring our European

negotiations to an issue. I think France must have ratified our independence, and will declare war immediately on finding that serious proposals of accommodation are made. A European war and a European alliance would effectually answer our purposes."

From natural predisposition, and from the English instinct in him, Washington had no love for France and no confidence in her. M. de la Fayette alone had been able to gain his affection and esteem. He rose, however, above his own inclinations, feeling as he did the need of an alliance with the great Continental Powers, the enemies or rivals of England. Congress refused all negotiation with Great Britain so long as an English soldier remained on American ground; on every sea the English and French fleets encountered in desperate engagements. In the naval combat opposite Ushant, on the 27th of July, 1778, success remained doubtful. The English people, accustomed to conquer, were much irritated, and Admiral Keppel was put upon his trial; the result of the court-martial was favorable to him, and meanwhile the tide of public opinion had turned, and upon his acquittal he was presented with the freedom of the city of London, and received with the wildest enthusiasm in the streets. The merchant service of France at this time suffered many serious losses, for the English ships covered the sea in every latitude.

Franklin had lately said, with keen foresight, "It is not General Howe who has taken Philadelphia; it is Philadelphia which has taken General Howe." The necessity of keeping this important place had indeed obstructed the operations of the English, and at the news of the alliance of France with the United States, and the departure of the Count d'Estaing's squadron, orders had been given to evacuate the place and fall back on New York. Howe had been

hotly pursued by Washington, who had gained an important advantage over him at Monmouth, and the victory would have been decisive had it not been for the jealous disobedience of General Lee. Sir Henry Clinton, who had taken the chief command of the English army, was more active than his predecessor; but not more capable than he of fighting against Washington. "I don't know whether they frighten the enemy or not," said Lord North ironically, "but I know they make me tremble every time I think of them." Washington established his camp thirty miles from New York. "It is not a little pleasing," he wrote, on the 20th of August, 1778, "nor less wonderful to contemplate, that after two years' manœuvring and undergoing the strangest vicissitudes that perhaps ever attended any one contest since the creation, both armies are brought back to the very point they set out from, and that the offending party at the beginning is now reduced to the use of the spade and pickaxe for defence."

An expedition planned by General Sullivan against Rhode Island, which was still occupied by a body of English, had just failed through the clever strategy of Admiral Howe. The weather had been bad, and the French admiral had re-entered Boston to repair and refit. The cry at once arose that they were being betrayed, and Count d'Estaing was greeted by a riot in the streets of Boston, all the violence of revolutionary and democratic spirit seeming to be let loose against the allies, who had lately been welcomed with so much eagerness. Washington's efforts, seconded by those of the Marquis de la Fayette, were successfully employed to re-establish harmony, and, carried away by an inconsiderate reaction, Congress conceived the idea of attempting, in union with France, a great expedition against Canada. Washington, who had been consulted late, refused his assent, for he

preserved a sagacious distrust of French politics. "The question of the Canadian expedition," he wrote to the President of Congress, "appears to me one of the most interesting that has hitherto agitated our national deliberations. I have one objection to it which is in my estimation insurmountable, and alarms all my feelings for the true and permanent interests of my country. This is the introduction of a large body of French troops into Canada, and putting them in possession of the capital of that province, attached to them by all the ties of blood, manners, religion, and former connection of government. I fear this would be too great a temptation to be resisted by any power actuated by the common maxims of national policy. . . . I fancy that I read in the countenance of some people, on this occasion, more than the disinterested zeal of allies. I hope I am mistaken, and that my fears of mischief make me refine too much, and awaken jealousies that have no sufficient foundation. But upon the whole, sir, to waive every other consideration, I do not like to add to the number of our national obligations."

The project against Canada was tacitly abandoned; and the Marquis de la Fayette returned to France, still ardently devoted to the American cause, which he was soon to serve materially in Paris under the government of Louis XVI.

The English had just made a descent on Georgia, had seized on Savannah, and threatened the Carolinas as well as Virginia. Count d'Estaing was carrying on a guerilla warfare in the Antilles, where he had seized on St. Vincent and Grenada; and the Marquis de Bouillé, governor of the Windward Islands, had taken Dominique. On the other hand, the English had captured St. Pierre and Miquelon. The French admiral, who had just been recalled, undertook

to make a last effort in favor of the Americans; he laid siege to Savannah, but was repulsed after a desperate struggle. The only advantage from the expedition was the surrender of Rhode Island; for Sir Henry Clinton, fearing a sudden attack on New York, had withdrawn the garrison. Washington had just seized on Fort Stony Point, which assured to the Americans the navigation of the Hudson. Spain had at last decided to take part in the war in virtue of the Family Compact, and to give assistance to France. Faithful to the monarchical traditions of his house and nation, until now Charles III. had refused to recognize the independence of the United States, or to ally himself with them.

The situation of England grew serious, and the country was deeply agitated in every part. The administration was weak and incompetent to bear the burden of a struggle which grew every day more desperate. Formidable petitions, supported by the most eloquent voices — by Fox and Burke — clamored for the economical reform now rendered needful by the ever-increasing expenses of the war, while sudden risings, excited in the name of the Protestant religion, which some professed to consider menaced, caused bloodshed both in England and Scotland at once. In the preceding year a law, designed to console the Catholics for some legal disabilities, had passed in Parliament almost without opposition, and this equitable measure had caused considerable uneasiness among the masses. Lord George Gordon, a bigoted fanatic, whose religious mania had unsettled his judgment, put himself at the head of a combination of Protestant associations, who signed petitions against the alleviation which had been introduced into the penal laws against the Catholics. On the second of June, 1780, an immense crowd assembled in St. George's Fields for the presentation of the peti-

tion, committed the most violent outrages against the peers suspected of being favorable to the Papists. Lord Mansfield entered the House of Lords with his robes torn and his wig in disorder; and the Bishop of Lincoln had great difficulty in escaping with his life. Soon the tumult extended to the entire town, private houses were attacked and pillaged, and attempts were made upon the Bank of England. Mortal terror seized upon the whole country, now menaced both from within and without, troubled at the thought of a French and Spanish invasion, and ceaselessly disturbed by a furious populace crying, "No Popery!" It was a spectacle at once sad and threatening. Sixty-six ships of the line belonging to the allies cruised in the Channel; fifty thousand men collected in Normandy were preparing to attack the southern counties. An American pirate, Paul Jones, ravaged the coasts of Scotland with impunity. The powers of the North, united with Russia and Holland, threatened to support by force of arms the rights of the neutral powers which were ignored by the courts of the English Admiralty. Ireland was only waiting for the signal to rise, religious schisms rent England and Scotland, and the authority of Lord North's cabinet was shaken in Parliament as well as in the country. Popular passions carried the day in London, and the sight was beheld of that great city given up for nearly a week to the populace, with nothing to limit its excesses except its own weariness or shame.

The king's firmness finally quelled the rising; twenty-three of the rioters were found guilty, and suffered the penalty of death. After long delays, occasioned by legal quibbles, Lord George Gordon was finally acquitted on the ground that he had not been privy to the seditious projects. He continued the course of his follies without interruption, and towards the end of his life embraced Judaism. The Eng-

lish Parliament, however, had the courage openly and honorably to maintain the principles of religious tolerance, which had been so brutally attacked by popular violence. Burke, like Lord North, had defended the bill of 1778. "I am a friend to universal toleration," exclaimed Fox, "and an enemy to that narrow way of thinking which makes men come to Parliament not for the removal of some great grievances felt by them, but to desire Parliament to shackle and fetter their fellow-subjects."

The imposing preparations of the allied powers against England had brought no greater results than the Protestant risings fomented by Lord George Gordon. The Spanish and French fleets had, as early as the month of August, 1779, effected a junction off Corunna; they tardily entered the Channel on the 31st of August, and when near the Scilly Islands came in sight of the English fleet, consisting of only thirty-seven vessels. The Count de Guichen, who commanded the advanced squadron, was already manœuvring with the intention of cutting off the enemy's retreat, but Admiral Hardy had the advantage of him in speed, and took refuge in the port of Plymouth. Some partial engagements took place. That of the *Surveillante* with the *Quebec* was glorious for the Chevalier du Couëdic, who commanded it, without any other result, however, than the honor to the Breton seaman of having made his name alone illustrious in all this great parade of the maritime forces of France and Spain. After a hundred and four days of useless manœuvring in the Channel, the immense fleet slowly re-entered Brest harbor, and soon afterwards dispersed. Admiral d'Orvilliers, who had lost his son in a petty combat, retired into a monastery; the Count de Guichen sailed for the Antilles, where he supported the honor of the French flag in a series of combats more or less successful, against



Admiral Rodney. . The latter, embarrassed by debts, had long been detained in Paris without the means for returning to England. "If I had only been free," he said one day in the hearing of Marshal Biron, "I would soon have destroyed the Spanish and French fleets." The marshal paid his debts at once. "Go, sir," he said with that arrogance of generosity to which the eighteenth century was rather disposed; "the French wish to gain advantage over their enemies only by their bravery." The first exploit of Rodney was to defeat Admiral Zangara, near Cape St. Vincent, and revictual Gibraltar, blockaded by sea and land by the allied forces.

Meanwhile the campaign of 1779 had been insignificant in America, and the nation was humbled and sad. Congress had lost much of its authority by falling in the public esteem; its moral forces seemed exhausted; the great springs of national action were relaxed while the war was still going on; a violent reaction led men's minds towards indifference, and their inclinations to an excess of indulgence. Washington himself felt his influence decreasing with the heroic resolution of his fellow-citizens. "What may be the effect of the dissensions, extravagance, and general laxity of public virtue, Heaven alone can tell," he wrote; "I am afraid even to think of it. . . . If I were to be called upon to draw a picture of the times and of men, from what I have seen, heard, and in part know, I should in one word say that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most of them; that speculation, speculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches, seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day; whilst the momentous concerns of an empire, a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, de-

preciated money, and want of credit, — which in its consequences is the want of everything, — are but secondary considerations, and postponed from day to day, from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect.”

In a military point of view as well as a political one, American affairs languished between unfortunate alternatives. Sir Henry Clinton had taken occasion to profit by the interior dissensions of the Union; he had rallied the royalists around him in Georgia and the Carolinas, and civil war reigned there with all its horrors, precursors and guaranties of still more cruel bitterness to be witnessed in our days. General Lincoln had just been constrained to capitulate in Charleston. Washington, still encamped before New York, had to see his army decimated by hunger and cold, without pay or provisions, even without shoes, and obliged to subsist by despoiling the neighboring population. Discouragement took possession of the stoutest hearts, when in the month of April, 1780, the Marquis de la Fayette landed again in America, bringing the news that a corps of the French army was preparing to embark to support the failing strength of the Americans. With prudent foresight as to the disagreements that questions of rank or nationality might bring about, the Count de Rochambeau, who commanded the French troops, was to be placed under the orders of General Washington, and the auxiliary corps was to be put entirely at his disposition. The enthusiasm of M. de la Fayette in the cause of American liberty had gained over the court and nation of France. The matter had weighed heavily upon the government of Louis XVI., ever uncertain and just now naturally anxious about the difficulties and increasing expenses imposed upon France. The national ardor and that inconsiderate generosity common to the French character gained the victory; the campaign of 1780 had

been sluggishly conducted and without any great results, but the year 1781 was to be decisive in the annals of the war of Independence, and France was to take a glorious part in it.

Washington had just suffered a serious blow and a great disappointment. In spite of the notorious vices of General Arnold and his faults, so repugnant to the austerity of the general-in-chief's character, his signal bravery and military talents had kept him in the first rank among Washington's subordinates. Accused of embezzlement, and not long ago condemned by a council of war to suffer a severe reprimand, Arnold still commanded the fort of West Point, the key to the Hudson. He had obtained command of this post in the month of August, 1780, under the pretext that his wounds unfitted him for active service in the field, and before long began to make overtures to Sir Henry Clinton. "I am ready to give myself up," he had said, "in the way which will be most useful to his Majesty's arms." The English general charged a young officer of his staff to meet the treacherous general of the Union, and make the final arrangements for the betrayal of West Point and its dependent posts. The interview took place, but before Major André could reach the English lines on his return, he was arrested as a spy. Arnold heard of it, and had time to escape, leaving behind him his young wife and infant child. Washington, just then returning from an interview with the Count de Rochambeau, was on his way to meet Arnold, but the latter did not appear at the place indicated, and a message was brought the commander-in-chief that the general had gone to West Point. Washington at once repaired thither with his suite; they landed, but the fort remained silent. Arnold had not been there for several days. Disappointed, but without any suspicions, Washington was inspecting the

fortifications, when Colonel Hamilton brought him the important despatches which had been following him, containing the news of Major André's arrest, and of Arnold's perfidy. Still master of himself, the general did not betray his emotion even by a change of countenance, but taking General Knox and the Marquis de la Fayette aside, he informed them of the fact. "Whom can we trust now?" he asked sadly.

The guilty man was beyond reach; his wife, as ignorant as innocent of his crime, was overwhelmed with despair and grief. Major André was judged as a spy and condemned to suffer the fate of one. He was young, honorable, and brave: he had been brought up for another career, and had entered the army only in consequence of grief caused by a love affair. His tastes were elegant and his mind cultivated. He had not foreseen all the danger of his mission, and of the disguise which he had adopted in spite of Sir Henry Clinton's advice. "My mind is perfectly tranquil," he wrote to his general when he was arrested, "and I am ready to suffer all that my faithful devotion to the cause of the king may bring upon my head."

One thing, however, disturbed Major André's equanimity. He feared the ignominy of the gibbet, and implored that he might die as a soldier. "Sir," he wrote to Washington, "buoyed above the fear of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor. Let me hope, sir, if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me; if

ought in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet."

With a severity unparalleled in the rest of his life, and the silent and painful remembrance of which he seemed ever after to preserve, Washington remained deaf to the pathetic appeal of his prisoner. He did not even do Major André the honor of replying to him. "Am I to perish thus?" exclaimed the unfortunate young man, perceiving the gibbet, and then, growing calm immediately, he added, addressing the American officer charged to superintend his execution, "I pray you to bear witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." Washington himself paid him the tribute of his respect. "André has met his fate, and with that fortitude which was to be expected from an accomplished man and gallant officer. . . . Arnold's conduct is so villanously perfidious that there are no terms that can describe the baseness of his heart."

A monument was erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Major André, "Who fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country." His remains have rested there since 1821. The vengeance and anger of the Americans in vain pursued General Arnold, now engaged in the war at the head of English troops with all the passion of unsatisfied hatred. Spite and wounded pride, added to the shameful needs of a disorderly life, had tempted him to his treachery, and he lived for twenty years despised and enriched by the enemies of his country. "What would you have done to me if you had succeeded in catching me?" he asked one day of an American prisoner. "We should have cut off the leg that had been wounded in the service of

your country," replied the soldier calmly, "and the rest of you we should have hanged on a gibbet."

New disquietudes assailed General Washington, scarcely recovered from the grievous surprise which Arnold's treachery had caused him. He had been trying for nearly a year to reorganize his army, when a large part of the Pennsylvania troops revolted in order to obtain their pay and clothes, and some of the New Jersey regiments showed signs of being corrupted by this bad example, all such disturbances being eagerly though secretly encouraged by Sir Henry Clinton. The hardships of the army had indeed been extreme. "Human patience has its limits," La Fayette wrote to his wife at this time. "No European army would suffer the tenth part of what the American troops endure." Mr. Laurens, lately President of Congress, intrusted with the negotiation of a treaty of alliance and a loan with Holland, had been captured by an English ship. He was imprisoned in the Tower, when his son, General Washington's aide-de-camp, set out for France. "The efforts we have been compelled to make for carrying on the war," wrote the general-in-chief, in a letter of instructions to the younger Laurens, "have exceeded the natural abilities of the country and by degrees brought it to a crisis which renders immediate and efficacious succors from abroad indispensable to its safety. . . . The patience of the army is now nearly exhausted, and their discontents matured to an extremity, which demonstrates the absolute necessity of speedy relief, a relief not within the compass of our means."

At the same time that he asked for money, Colonel Laurens was charged to request a reinforcement of troops. France provided all her ally asked for. M. Necker, a bold and clever financier, supplied all the costs of the war by successive loans, and in a few months Louis XVI. had lent

six million francs, and guaranteed ten million more, to the United States. A French fleet, under the command of the Count de Grasse, set off on the 21st of March, 1781, and arrived on the 28th of April at Martinique, in spite of the efforts of Admiral Hood to close the passage. The Count de Grasse captured the island of Tobago from the English on the 1st of June, and on the 3d of September arrived in the Chesapeake, bringing to Washington a reinforcement of thirty-three hundred men. A fortnight before this Laurens had returned from France, bringing two and a half million francs, and the soldiers as well as the subsidies were personally intrusted to Washington. No dissent arose between the general and the foreign auxiliaries. With that natural authority which God had given him, Washington was always acknowledged the superior and chief by those who approached him.

After so many and such painful efforts, the day of victory at length arrived for General Washington and his country. Alternations of good and ill fortune had marked the early part of the campaign of 1781. Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the English armies in the south, occupied Virginia with considerable forces, when Washington, who had succeeded in concealing his designs from Sir Henry Clinton by deceiving even his own subordinate officers, passed through Philadelphia on the 4th of September, and advanced by forced marches against the enemy, who had for a long time been harassed by Lafayette's little army. Lord Cornwallis threw himself into Yorktown, and on the 30th of September the place was invested. It was but slightly and poorly fortified, and the English troops were fatigued by a trying campaign. "This place is not in a condition to be defended," Lord Cornwallis wrote to Sir Henry Clinton before the

blockade was completed; "if you cannot come to my assistance, you must expect the worst news."

The besiegers, on the other hand, were animated by a zeal which was further heightened by a spirit of emulation between the Americans and the French. They rivalled one another in the ardor of their work; the soldiers labored incessantly, the trenches were commenced on the night before the 6th of October. On the 14th the batteries opened upon the town, and on the same day an American column, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, stormed one of the redoubts. Some months before, Hamilton had ceased to hold a position on the staff of Washington in consequence of a moment's ill-temper of the general, which had awakened lively resentment in his proud and sensitive lieutenant. But the reciprocal attachment which united these two illustrious men to the end of their lives in reality suffered nothing from their separation. The French attacked the second redoubt, led by the Baron de Viomesnil. The resistance of the English was heroic, but almost at the same moment the flag of the Union floated over both redoubts. When the attacking columns joined each other beyond the enclosure, the French had already made five hundred prisoners. All defence became impossible. Lord Cornwallis in vain endeavored to escape, and was obliged on the 17th of October to sign a capitulation even more humiliating than that of Burgoyne at Saratoga: eight thousand men laid down their arms, and the English vessels which were at Yorktown and Gloucester were given up to the conquerors. The hatred which divided men but lately compatriots and now become enemies, was profound and bitter. "I remarked," writes M. de Rochambeau's chaplain, "that the English officers in laying down their arms and passing by our lines saluted the



lowest French officer courteously, while they refused this mark of politeness to American officers of the highest rank."

In the surrender of Yorktown the question of the independence of America was decided, and England felt this. "Lord North has received the news of the capitulation as he would have taken a cannon-ball in his breast," related Lord George Germaine, Secretary of State for the Colonies; "he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, 'O God, it is all over!' words which he repeated many times under the deepest agitation and distress."

A month later than this George III. wrote: "No difficulties can get me to consent to the getting of peace at the expense of a separation from America." The catastrophe which struck consternation into his ministers and people did not modify the obstinate determination of the king. "No member of the cabinet," he wrote immediately to Lord George Germaine, "would suppose, I am sure, that this event can modify in any way the principles which have guided me up to this time, and which will continue to guide my conduct in this struggle." By one small sign alone did the king betray his agitation: contrary to his custom, he had omitted to mark the exact date, even to the hour and minute, at which he wrote.

Repeated reverses had at other points overtaken the English arms. Embroiled with Holland, where the republican party was at feud with the Stadtholder, who was himself devoted to England, the English had carried war into the Dutch colonies. Admiral Rodney had taken St. Eustace, the centre of a vast commerce, and had pillaged the warehouses and laden his vessels with an immense booty of merchandise. The convoy which was escorting a part of the spoils to England was captured by Admiral Motte-Piquet, while M. de Bouillé surprised the English garrison on duty

at St. Eustace, and gave back the island into Dutch possession. These, meanwhile, had been maintaining with brilliancy their ancient naval reputation by an affair off the Dogger-bank. "Both officers and men fought like lions," said Admiral Zouthemann. "It is plain from this," wrote a contemporary, "that those nations contend with the greatest eagerness whose interest it is not to contend at all." The ships of both fleets had suffered most serious injuries; indeed they were hardly fit to remain afloat. The glory and the losses of the engagement were equally divided; but the English admiral, Hyde Parker, was disgusted and discontented. King George paid him a visit on board his ship. "Sir, I wish your Majesty," said he, "younger officers and better ships; as for me, I am grown too old for the service;" and he persisted in his determination to resign. This was the only action fought by the Dutch during the war; grown insolent in their prosperity and wealth, they justified the judgment passed on them some years later: "Holland could pay for all the armies of Europe, but she would not know how to face any one of them." They left to Admiral Kersaint the task of retaking from the English the colonies of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, on the coast of Guiana, and to the Bailli de Suffren the duty of protecting the Cape of Good Hope; a small Franco-Spanish army at the same time besieged Minorca. The fleet there was considerable; but the English had neglected their preparations, and General Murray was obliged to shut himself up in Fort St. Philip. The naval operations having failed, the Duke de Crillon, who commanded the besieging army, was ordered by the court of Madrid to tempt the fidelity of General Murray by offering the enormous bribe of a hundred thousand pounds sterling and a most lucrative employment in the French or Spanish service. The unworthy attempt was repelled with

merited indignation. "When your brave ancestor," replied the British officer, "was desired by his sovereign to assassinate the Duke of Guise, he returned the answer which you should have made when the King of Spain charged you to assassinate the character of a man whose birth is as illustrious as your own. I can have no other communication with you but in arms." Crillon replied in the same noble tone. "Your letter," he wrote to Murray, "places us each in our proper stations; it confirms me in the esteem I always had for you, and I accept with pleasure your last proposal." He directed the assaults in person, and was the first to mount the breach. When Murray surrendered, on the 4th of February, 1782, the fortress was found to contain only a handful of soldiers, and those so worn by fatigue and privation, that the Spanish and French troops are said to have shed tears as they saw them file past between their ranks.

This was the last blow struck at the ministry of Lord North, already for a long time tottering on its foundations. An attempt had been made to strengthen it by joining with him as chancellor Lord Thurlow, remarkable for eloquence even at a time abounding in great judges, less esteemed nevertheless than many of his illustrious rivals. Such great efforts and sacrifices, culminating in such great disasters, wearied out and irritated the country. "Good God! Mr. Speaker," cried Burke, "are we yet to be told of the rights for which we went to war? Oh excellent rights! Oh valuable rights! valuable you should be, for we have paid dear at parting with you! Oh valuable rights, that have cost England thirteen provinces, four islands, one hundred thousand men, and more than seventy millions of money! Oh wonderful rights, that have lost to Great Britain her empire on the ocean — her boasted grand and substantial

superiority, which made the world bend before her! Oh inestimable rights, that have taken from us our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home; that have taken from us our trade, our manufactures, and our commerce, that have reduced us from the most flourishing empire in the world to be one of the most compact, unenviable powers on the face of the globe! Oh wonderful rights! that are likely to take from us all that yet remains! We had a right to tax America, and so we must do it. . . . 'Oh,' says a silly man, full of his prerogative of dominion over a few beasts of the field, 'there is excellent wool on the back of a wolf, therefore he must be sheared.' 'What! shear a wolf?' 'Yes.' 'But will he comply? have you considered the trouble? how will you get this wool?' 'Oh, I have considered nothing, and I will consider nothing but my right: a wolf is an animal that has wool; all animals that have wool are to be shorn; therefore I will shear the wolf!'"

Discussion grew more and more virulent, and Lord North, at heart devoted to the public welfare, tried in vain to make the king decide on a change of ministry. And George III., as sincere as his ministers, rigid and obstinate in disposition, even began to talk of retiring to Hanover, if the concessions which Lord Rockingham asked should be repugnant to his conscience. Already negotiations with the opposition had been several times interrupted, and the chancellor, Lord Thurlow, who was given full powers to treat, lost his temper, and declared that an arrangement was impossible. "Lord Rockingham," said he, "is bringing things to a pass where either his head or the king's must go, in order to settle which of them is to govern the country."

Government lost its majority in the House of Commons, and by only nine voices was the vote of want of confidence,

which had been subsequently proposed, finally rejected. On the 20th of March, 1782, a new proposal of the same nature from the Earl of Surrey raised violent storms, in the midst of which Lord North entered the House, and a greater uproar than ever ensued. Lord Surrey disputed with the Premier for first speech. "I move," cried Fox, "that the Earl of Surrey do now speak." "I rise to speak to that motion," said Lord North adroitly, and rising, he at once announced that the king had accepted the resignation of his cabinet. The surprise was extreme, for the members had expected a prolonged sitting, and most of them had sent away their carriages. That of Lord North, however, was still waiting at the door. The fallen minister got into it, imperturbable as ever in his lively good humor. "Good night, gentlemen," said he, laughing, "you see the advantage of being in the secret." The great whig coalition thus succeeded to power. Lord Shelburne refused to preside over it, but he consented, however, to become secretary of state. The Marquis of Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, and Mr. Fox filled the most important posts, and Burke was appointed, as had been lately William Pitt and Henry Fox, paymaster of the forces. Lord Thurlow, although his political opinions were directly opposed to those of his colleagues, remained chancellor.

The time for concessions had arrived, and the first granted were in favor of Ireland, which had been violently agitated against the restrictions placed upon her commerce, and against that Act of George II., which gave the English Parliament, jointly with the king, the right of legislating for Ireland without the consent of the Irish chambers. The eloquence of Henry Grattan did powerful service for the national cause, and the existing laws, both oppressive and arbitrary, were repealed. The king at the same time announced his inten-

tion of undertaking economic reforms, and already the younger and the more enthusiastic spirits looked forward to other reforms also, but Burke, the enthusiastic partisan of economy in the civil list, was carried away by anger as soon as the privileges of Parliament appeared to be in question. Fox had with great trouble restricted him to the subject of a motion of William Pitt, who had only recently become a member of the House, but was already remarked and respected by all. Burke soon, however, burst forth with all the impetuosity natural to his character and talent. "On Friday last," wrote Sheridan to Fitzpatrick, "Burke acquitted himself with the most magnanimous indiscretion; attacked William Pitt in a scream of passion, and swore that Parliament was, and always had been, precisely what it ought to be, and that all people who thought of reforming it wanted to overturn the constitution."

In the midst of parliamentary strife, and the rise and fall of ministries, other anxieties continued to weigh upon the nation, saddened and humbled by the state of affairs in America, and day by day more convinced that peace, even if humiliating, was indispensable. A brilliant success, gained by Admirals Rodney and Hood over the Count de Grasse, had for a moment revived the pride and hopes of the English. An excellent seaman, courageous, and for a long time fortunate in war, the French admiral had more than once shown himself short-sighted and credulous. He had allowed himself to be tempted away from St. Christopher, which he was besieging, and which was captured a few days later by the Marquis de Bouillé. He was encumbered with ships which had suffered great injuries. The two fleets met between Santa Lucia and Jamaica, the fight lasted for ten hours without any interval of cessation in the cannonade. The French line was cut, and one after the other the French ships lowered their

colors. "We passed within pistol-shot of the *Glorieux*," writes an eye-witness, "of seventy-four guns, which was so roughly handled that, being shorn of all her masts, bowsprit, and ensign-staff, but with the white flag nailed to the stump of one of the masts, breathing defiance as it were in her last moments, she became a motionless hulk, presenting a spectacle which struck our admiral's fancy as not unlike the remains of a fallen hero; for being an indefatigable reader of Homer, he exclaimed that now was to be the contest for the body of Patroclus!" The ship of the French admiral, the *Ville de Paris*, was attacked at one time by seven of the enemy's ships, and her comrades could not succeed in getting near her; the Count de Grasse, consumed with grief and anger, still fought on long after all hope was lost. "The admiral is six feet high on ordinary days," said the sailors, "but on fighting days he is six feet one." When the admiral's ship at last struck her flag, she was so battered that she foundered before reaching England. Since the days of Marshal Tallard, the Count de Grasse was the first French commander-in-chief taken prisoner in fight. "It is odd," wrote Rodney to his wife, "but within two little years I have taken two Spanish, one French, and one Dutch admiral. Providence does it all, or how should I escape the shot of thirty-three sail of the line, every one of which, I believe, thundered about me. But the *Formidable* proved herself worthy of her name."

The Bailli de Suffren at the same time sustained in the Indian seas that honor of the French navy which has so often been bravely defended in face of the most formidable enemies. He had just succeeded in disembarking at the Cape of Good Hope the French garrison, which had been promised to the Dutch, when he received from the dying hands of Admiral D'Orves the command of the fleet. Hyder Ali, a bold and skilful adventurer, now become a great

prince, was fighting with determination the British power in the Carnatic, and he had rallied round him the remnants of the French colonies, then almost without an asylum in consequence of the fall of Pondicherry and its occupation by the English in 1778. A treaty of alliance united this Indian potentate with the French. On the 4th of July an important engagement took place off Negapatam between the French and English fleets; victory remained doubtful, but Sir Edward Hughes retired under the walls of the fortress without renewing hostilities. Suffren took possession of Trincomalee, and as had so often happened before, whether from treason or cowardice, a portion of the French fleet failed him in the middle of the action. A conspiracy was formed against the admiral, and he fought alone against five or six assailants. The mainmast and flag of the *Héros*, which he commanded, fell under the fire of the enemy. Suffren, standing on the bridge, cried out, almost beside himself with an excess of eager valor, "Flags! let them nail flags all round the *Héros*!" and the vessel thus covered with the glorious signs of her resistance replied so valiantly to the attacks of the English, that the squadron had time to form itself round her; the English cast anchor off Madras. M. de Suffren disengaged Bussy-Castelnau, who had just arrived in India, and who had allowed himself to be shut up by the English in Gondelour. Hyder Ali had died on the 7th of December, 1782, leaving a son, Tippoo Sahib, whose affairs were in a most embarrassed, and before long tragical, condition. M. de Suffren was left alone to defend the remnant of French power in India.

England had just gained a success in Europe equally important for her policy and her national pride. Twice revictualled by Rodney and Admiral Darby, Gibraltar had resisted for more than three years the united efforts of the



French and Spaniards. Each morning as he awoke, Charles III. asked his servants, "Have we taken Gibraltar?" and upon receiving an answer in the negative, was accustomed to reply, "We shall soon." At length it was resolved to get the better, by one great effort, of the obstinate defenders of the place. The Duke de Crillon brought up a body of French troops; he was accompanied by the Count of Artois, the king's brother, and by the Duke of Bourbon. His first care on arriving was to send General Eliott all the letters addressed to him which had been detained some time at Madrid; and with the correspondence he sent a present of game, fruit, vegetables, and ice, at the same time asking the English general's permission to renew his gift; but General Eliott sent his thanks to the duke, and a refusal. "I confess I make it a point of honor," he wrote, "to partake both of plenty and scarcity in common with the lowest of my brave fellow-soldiers. This furnishes me with an excuse for the liberty I now take of entreating your Excellency not to heap any more favors on me of this kind, as in future I cannot convert your presents to my own private use."

Floating batteries, skilfully constructed by a French engineer, the Chevalier d'Arcon, threatened the ramparts of the fortress. On the 13th of September, at nine o'clock in the morning, the Spaniards opened fire; all the cannon from the rock replied, four hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery playing at the same moment, and the whole army, covering the coast, awaited the result of the enterprise with anxiety. Already the fortifications had sustained some damage: the batteries had been firing for five hours; when it suddenly became evident that the battery commanded by the Prince of Nassau was on fire; the flames spread rapidly, and one after another the floating batteries ceased firing.

“By seven o'clock we had lost all hope,” writes an Italian officer who had taken part in the assault; “we no longer fired, and rockets were thrown up as signals of distress. The red-hot balls from the garrison had by this time taken such good effect that nothing now was thought of but saving the crews; and the boats of the combined fleet were immediately sent on that service.” Fearfully and in small companies the transport vessels of the two fleets glided among the batteries, in the hope of taking off some of the crews. The flames from the burning vessels meanwhile served to direct the fire of the English as accurately as in the full light of day. At the head of a little flotilla of gunboats Captain Curtis for a while barred the passage of the rescuers, until suddenly changing his tactics he devoted all his efforts and the courage of his brave seamen, to rescue from fire and sea the unfortunate Spaniards who were on the point of perishing. Four hundred men owed their lives to his generous aid. A month after this day, so disastrous for the allies, Lord Howe, aided by favorable winds, revictualled, for the third time, the fortress and the town under the eyes of the enemy, and almost without firing a shot. Gibraltar therefore remained impregnable, but the siege was continued for form's sake only.

Negotiations meanwhile went on in Paris, secretly and privately, between America and England through Mr. Oswald and Dr. Franklin, and officially between Mr. Fitzherbert and M. de Vergennes. Lord Rockingham had just died at the age of fifty-two, and the cabinet was reformed under the direction of Lord Shelburne, but deprived of the brilliant aid which Charles Fox had brought to it. The latter had seized on the first pretext to retire. He had asked for the Independence of the American Colonies to be recognized, unconditionally and without reference to any Treaty of

Peace. Lord Shelburne, while fully admitting the essential points, wished the declaration to follow a more complete negotiation, and Fox at once offered his resignation. William Pitt had taken a place in the cabinet. Lord Shelburne's first care was to recall Sir Henry Clinton, a man too much compromised in the matter of the American war to be useful as a negotiator of peace.

In America, party animosity and the feuds of neighborhoods had been grafted upon the sturdy trunk of national strife. All through Georgia and the Carolinas the ambushes and reprisals of loyalists and patriots were keeping up a state of irritation and disorder which Washington was determined no longer to endure. The loyalists had taken prisoner a captain in the service of Congress, and he had been hung. The commander-in-chief demanded that the English officer in command of the detachment should be given up, and upon the refusal of Sir Henry Clinton, who had, however, himself ordered the arrest of the offender, Washington decided to adopt a system of reprisals. Till this time he had persistently avoided it. "I really know not what to say on the subject of retaliation," he wrote in December, 1781, to General Greene; "Congress have it under consideration, and we must await their determination. Of this I am convinced, that of all laws it is the most difficult to execute, where you have not the transgressor himself in your possession. Humanity will ever interfere and plead strongly against the sacrifice of an innocent person for the guilt of another." Congress and a council of war summoned for the consideration of the subject, adopted the principle, and the victim selected was Captain Asgill, an amiable youth of nineteen. Washington appeared to be inexorable, and refused to listen to the appeals made to him. "My resolutions," he wrote, "have been grounded on so mature delib-

eration that they must remain unalterably fixed. . . . Keenly wounded as my feelings will be at the deplorable destiny of the unhappy victim, no gleam of hope can arise to him but from the conduct of the enemy themselves." He, however, delayed the execution of the sentence. Meanwhile Lady Asgill, the young man's mother, in her desperation, addressed herself to Marie Antoinette, and the queen instructed M. de Vergennes to transmit to Congress and to the commander-in-chief her urgent entreaties in behalf of the unfortunate young man. "Were I to give my private opinion respecting Asgill," Washington wrote, "I would pronounce in favor of his being released." On the 7th of November, Congress passed a vote liberating the prisoner, while Vergennes solicitously sought to guard against further acts of vengeance of the same nature. "In seeking to deliver Mr. Asgill from the fate that threatens him," wrote the French minister, "I am far from recommending you to select another victim. The pardon, to be perfectly satisfactory, must be entire."

Washington continued distrustful of the sincerity of the pacific advances made by Great Britain. In assuming the command of the British troops, Sir Guy Carleton had been intrusted with the most conciliatory propositions; he sought to negotiate with Congress, but that body passed fresh resolutions confirming their former declarations that no peace should be made without the concurrence of France. In May, 1782, Washington wrote: "The new administration have made overtures of peace to the several nations at war, apparently with a design to detach some one or other of them from the general combination. . . . From the former infatuation, duplicity, and perverse system of British policy, I confess I am induced to doubt everything, to suspect everything. . . . Dr. Franklin's laconic description of the

temper of the British nation seems most apt. 'They are,' he says, 'unable to carry on the war, and too proud to make peace.' . . . . Whatever the real intention of the enemy may be, I think the strictest attention and exertion which have ever been practised on our part, instead of being diminished, ought to be increased thereby. Jealousy and precaution at least can do no harm; for much confidence and supineness may be pernicious in the extreme." At the same time he said, with a bitter sense of his powerlessness in presence of the sufferings of the troops: "The temper of the army is much soured, and has become more irritable than at any period since the commencement of the war. . . . . It is high time for a peace."

Peace was, meanwhile, on the point of being concluded in Paris — and without France — between England and the United States. As a diplomatic manoeuvre, or through the insinuations of the agents of England, the American negotiators professed to have conceived suspicions respecting the disinterestedness of France. "You are afraid," said Mr. Oswald to John Adams, "of being made the tools of the Powers of Europe?" "Indeed I am," was the reply. "What Powers?" asked the Englishman. "All of them," said Adams.

The suspicion, if it was really felt, was unfounded, and Washington was conscious of this, without ever clearly expressing it. Preliminary articles of a treaty, with a merely formal reservation of the rights of France in a general pacification, were secretly signed on the 30th of November, 1782. The independence of the United States was fully recognized, and conditions equally just and liberal were granted to the subjects of the two nations, France, meanwhile, remaining exposed to the dangers of an isolated position in negotiation or in war. "The articles of treaty between America

and Great Britain, as they stand in connection with a general pacification, are so very inconclusive," Washington wrote to the French minister at Philadelphia, M. de la Luzerne, "that I am fully in sentiment with your Excellency that we should hold ourselves in a hostile position, prepared for either alternative — peace or war."

M. de Vergennes wrote to the same person: "You will surely be as gratified as I am at the very extensive advantages that our allies the Americans are to derive from the peace, but you certainly will be no less astonished than I have been at the conduct of the commissioners. They have carefully avoided me, answering in an evasive manner whenever I had occasion to inquire in respect to the progress of the negotiation, giving me to understand that it was not advancing, and that they themselves had no confidence in the sincerity of the English ministry. Judge of my surprise when, on the 30th of November, I was informed by Dr. Franklin that the articles were signed! . . . . Matters have not gone so far with us, but if the king had been no more punctilious than the American commissioners, we might have signed a treaty with England long before they did."

It was not until the cessation of hostilities, and after the preliminaries for a general peace were at last signed at Paris on the 20th of January, 1783, that Washington gave free expression to his gratification: he had ardently desired peace; more than any other person, and in a measure rarely indeed accorded to the individual action of any, he had contributed to render it honorable and beneficial to his country. On the 31st of March he wrote to Alexander Hamilton: "I rejoice most exceedingly that there is an end to our warfare, and that such a field is opening to our view as will, with wisdom to direct the cultivation of it, make us a

great, a respectable, and happy people; but it must be improved by other means than state politics and unreasonable jealousies and prejudices, or it requires not the second sight to see that we shall be instruments in the hands of our enemies, and those European powers who may be jealous of our greatness in union to dissolve the confederation." Amid many faults, many grave and dangerous political errors, and in spite of shocks, the most recent and most severe of which came near destroying that union so dear to Washington's patriotic heart, the American nation has continued a great nation, and, in the course of one century, its position has become vastly more important than its founders foresaw.

The work of Washington was not yet at an end; he was to guide in the paths of government that generation of his fellow-countrymen whom he had with so much difficulty fashioned to the art of war. Peace had but just been signed, and already Congress was disputing with the army in respect to the recompense due its sufferings and its efforts. The young nation was threatened with a military insurrection. The influence of the general-in-chief averted this disaster, and saved his country from the shame of such base ingratitude. "If," he wrote to the President of Congress, "the whole army have not merited whatever a grateful people can bestow, then have I been beguiled by prejudice, and built opinion on the basis of error. And if, as has been suggested for the purpose of inflaming their passions, the officers of the revolution are to be the only sufferers by this revolution, then shall I have learned what ingratitude is, then shall I have realized a tale which will embitter every moment of my future life."

The demands of the American army were complied with, and peace was established in America as well as in Europe,

precarious and doubtful on many points, it is true, and threatened by domestic difficulties, and by dangers from without which negotiations and treaties could not perfectly avert.

Besides the exchange of conquered territory between France and England, a cession was made to France of the island of Tobago, and the river Senegal with its dependencies. The territory of Pondicherry and Karikal received some augmentation. For the first time for more than a hundred years England abandoned the humiliating stipulations so often exacted in respect to the seaport of Dunkirk. Spain was confirmed in her possession of Florida and the island of Minorca; and the Dutch recovered all that they had lost, with the exception of Negapatam.

Upon the assembling of Parliament on the 5th of December, 1782, George III. announced in his speech from the throne that he had at last recognized the independence of the American colonies. The nation was not unaware how long he had resisted this cruel necessity. "In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms," he said, "I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and earnest prayer to Almighty God that Great Britain may not feel the evils that might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire; and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved in the mother-country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interest, affections, may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries; to this end neither attention nor disposition on my part shall be wanting." "I was the last to consent to the separation," said the king to Mr. Adams, the first American minister at the



court of St. James, "but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power."

In the heated debates which at once arose in Parliament on the subject of the peace, the king ardently sustained his ministers. Lord North and Mr. Fox, once so violently opposed to each other, united in an attack upon the treaty. Lord Shelburne was defeated, and retired. For five weeks longer the young chancellor of the exchequer, William Pitt, who, in the debates, had borne alone the burden of the discussion with Fox, remained at the head of the administration. The king desired him to form a cabinet, but Pitt refused with that combination of boldness and rational moderation which always characterized his public life, and the coalition under North and Fox came into power on the 2d of April, 1783.

The first act of the new cabinet was to present an important bill in respect to the government of India. The affairs of this remote empire, where Great Britain was slowly completing the establishment of her power, interested the minds of all, excited the ambition of many, and served as material for numberless intrigues. As early as the year 1765, after a violent struggle in the council of the East India Company, Lord Clive had been empowered to reorganize the interior administration of Bengal. The prince whom he had placed upon the throne was now dead; to Meer Jaffier had succeeded a boy, raised to the supreme dignity by the Company's agents, who had put the throne up at auction. Corruption and violence prevailed through all departments of government. The feelings of Clive were not very delicate, nor his conscience over-scrupulous, but even he was humiliated and shocked by the spectacle which presented

itself to his eyes. "Alas!" he wrote to a friend, "how is the English name sunk! I could not avoid paying the tribute of a few tears to the departed and lost fame of the British nation (irrecoverably so, I fear). However, I do declare, by that Great Being who searches all hearts and to whom we must be accountable if there must be an hereafter, that I am come out with a mind superior to all corruption, and that I am determined to destroy those great and growing evils, or perish in the attempt."

With resolute honesty Clive undertook and carried forward the difficult task intrusted to him. In a year and a half he had reformed all abuses and established a new administration, on an intelligent and reasonable basis. Private trading was forbidden to the Company's agents, while at the same time their salaries were increased. To receive any present from the natives was absolutely forbidden them. The resistance of the agents employed at Calcutta threatened for a moment to defeat his plans, but the inflexible governor declared that he could easily procure others, and he sent to Madras for those that he needed. The most determined at Calcutta were dismissed; the rest yielded. A military plot was discovered and defeated; its leaders were arrested, judged, and cashiered. In respect to them, Clive displayed a kindness mingled with severity. On being warned of the danger of assassination, he smiled disdainfully. "These officers are Englishmen, not murderers," he said. The sepoy had remained faithful to him; and certain of the native princes, who had recently contemplated an outbreak, sued for peace. The English authority and the East India Company's government were permanently established in Bengal, when Lord Clive, in 1767, exhausted by fatigue and illness, returned to England. He had refused all presents offered him, even making over to the Company, as a fund for re-

lief of invalided officers and soldiers, a considerable legacy which had been left him by Meer Jaffier.

Lord Clive had laid his hand upon open wounds; he had dried up the springs of many abuses, he had defeated many ambitious and dishonest projects; his enemies were numerous and fierce, and they pursued him upon his return to England with their vindictive hatred. The most honorable portion of his life was calumniated, and whatever in his past could be found discreditable to his heart or conscience was eagerly dragged before the public. By a not unnatural mistake Lord Clive became to the mass of the nation a type of those functionaries enriched in India who at that time were called "nabobs," and of whom a great number had seen their evil practices arrested by his firm government. A frightful famine which desolated Bengal in 1770, falsely attributed to his measures, distressed the public mind and disordered the Company's affairs. His agents were violently accused, and their unpopularity extended to Lord Clive himself. His opponents brought a bill into Parliament on Indian affairs. The personal attack was unexpected, but he defended himself in a carefully prepared speech, which had a great and legitimate success. His enemies then directed their accusations against the earlier part of his life, a period more difficult to defend. Angry but not dismayed, Clive maintained boldly the necessity of the strategies he had employed, and when allusion was made to the gifts that he had received from Meer Jaffier, declared that they were as nothing compared with the untold treasures which he had refused.

With wise impartiality the House of Commons censured the conduct of Lord Clive in certain particulars, and laid down the legitimate principles of government, as opposed to his more underhand policy; but they did not fail to recognize and do honor to the great services the general had rendered

to his country. Clive was acquitted by the House and justified in public opinion. He was also wealthy and powerful: the American war, just then beginning, opened a new field to his military genius; the ministry had already made proposals to him, when, on the 22d of November, 1774, he died by his own hand in the splendid country-house which he had built at Claremont. He had just entered his forty-ninth year, and already while yet a young man had repeatedly suffered from attacks of the melancholy mania which ended by costing him his life. Ill and unemployed, he had resorted to the fatal use of opium, and an energetic nature of powerful grasp was thus shipwrecked, while England lost the only general competent to cope with Washington.

Wearied with fame and fortune, Lord Clive met his gloomy and lamentable death at the time that his successor in India, Warren Hastings, as powerful in his administration as Clive had been mighty in war, was carrying on against enemies and rivals that fierce struggle which the fame of his trial in after years was to render familiar to England and to all Europe. Born the 6th of December, 1732, of an ancient but impoverished family, Warren Hastings had already made himself valued for his intelligent services when he was appointed the Company's agent at the court of Meer Jaffier, just as Lord Clive was beginning his work of establishing British supremacy in Bengal. After this he became a member of the council at Calcutta, at a time when disorder and corruption reigned there undisturbed, before Clive's powerful mind introduced into it the first elements of order and probity. In 1764 he returned to England with a small fortune which he used liberally for the benefit of his family; considerable losses reduced it still further, and in 1769 Hastings returned to India, this time a member of the council of Madras.

WARREN HASTINGS.



Judicious and capable as a financier, he now occupied himself with seeking profitable investments for the Company's funds, and their affairs prospered in his hands. The directors began to suspect the rare political talents of their clever agent, and they resolved to appoint him governor of Bengal. The double rule founded by Clive was in existence still; the show of power remained with the nabob, while its reality rested in the hands of the English. The native whom Clive had raised to power directed still the affairs of the Hindoo prince. He was a Mussulman, Mohammed Reza Khan by name. For ten years a Hindoo rival, the brahmin Nuncomar, a clever and unscrupulous person, had pursued the minister with jealous hatred. Shortly after the arrival of Hastings, and contrary to his advice, upon orders received from London, the new governor was compelled to remove Reza Khan. He knew Nuncomar, however, and was resolved not to satisfy his ambitious desires. The Mussulman minister, a prisoner but courteously treated, was sent under a strong guard to Madras, and Hastings deprived the boy nabob of the last remnant of authority; the post of native minister was abolished, and the administration of Bengal passed completely into the hands of the English. The young prince, still surrounded by a court, and supplied with an ample revenue, was intrusted to the care of a woman who had been one of his father's harem, while Nuncomar's hatred of Reza Khan now was transferred to the British governor.

Hastings had now become absolute in his government, and being constantly urged by the Company to send them money, he soon resorted to violent and illegal methods to obtain the sums required of him. He reduced the pensions promised to the dispossessed princes; he sold cities or territories to native rulers; finally he engaged the Company's

troops in a private war of the nabob vizier of Oude against the Rohillas, and for the sake of money subjected to this prince a proud and free people, who were henceforth obliged to undergo the most cruel oppression. The rumor of this iniquity reached England. In 1773, under Lord North's ministry, a law was passed which made a great change in the government of India. Henceforth the Presidency of Bengal was to exercise a control over the Company's other possessions; a council composed of four members was appointed to assist the governor-general; a supreme court of justice was to be established at Calcutta, independent of the governor and council; among the members of this new administration was Sir Philip Francis, probably the author of the celebrated "Letters of Junius," a man of resolute mind, and violent and bitter temper, who soon became involved in a strife with Hastings ending only with life.

Francis commanded a majority in the council; he took the government away from Hastings, and interfered with all branches of the administration. Disorder became extreme, and Nuncomar, believing that he had now the opportunity he desired to ruin his enemy, made formal and very serious charges against him, which Sir Philip Francis undertook to lay before the council. Hastings treated both his assailants with hauteur. Public opinion in India was favorable to him, but he felt that he was in danger. He appealed to the higher authority in London, but dispatched his resignation to Colonel Maclean, his agent in England, to be used in case the Company should show themselves hostile.

Having taken these precautions, Warren Hastings, as bold as he was clever and self-possessed, resolved upon a sudden and important step. He was absolutely master of the supreme court, a body whose jurisdiction was absolute within certain ill-defined limits. The president of this court, Sir Elijah



Impey, had been his comrade in school, and willingly became his docile instrument. Nuncomar was accused of forgery, the commonest and most venial of crimes in Hindostan; he was arrested and thrown into prison. After a trial, in which all the resources and intrigues of the council came to naught before the determination of the judges, Nuncomar was declared guilty and condemned to death.

The entire population of Calcutta was in consternation. The council, infuriated, swore that they would save their *protégé*, were it at the foot of the gallows. Sir Elijah Impey refused the reprieve sought by the friends of Nuncomar, in which they could appeal to the royal justice or clemency. The brahmin underwent his fate with the cool courage natural to this Oriental race, so often feeble and timid in war, but impassive before torture or death. The terrified crowd who were present at his execution, fled with veiled faces from the scene, multitudes hastening to plunge into the sacred waters of the Hoogly, as if to purify themselves from the crime of which they had been the helpless spectators.

Hastings had triumphed in Calcutta. In London, notwithstanding the hostility of Lord North, who was intimately connected with that portion of the council at feud with the governor, the stockholders of the Company, called to vote upon the subject, inclined to the support of Warren Hastings. Never had the finances been in a more prosperous condition. If he had committed errors, it was in the Company's service and behalf. The partisans of the governor-general had a majority of a hundred votes.

The minister's displeasure was so great, however, that Colonel Maclean dreaded a special session of Parliament and the impeachment of his principal; he presented to the Company the letter of resignation which had been placed in his

hands. Delighted to be able thus to extricate themselves from the dilemma, the London council addressed to General Clavering, the chairman of the council at Calcutta, an order to exercise the supreme authority until the arrival of Mr. Wheeler, who was to supersede Warren Hastings.

When the Company's decisions reached the remote scene of action, the aspect of affairs had changed. The death of one of the members of the council had destroyed the majority; the governor-general was again supreme; he had annulled his opponents' measures, displaced their dependants, and he now boldly denied his instructions to Colonel Maclean, and refused to be governed by the Company's decree. After a conflict of some days between General Clavering and the governor, both agreed to leave the question to the court. The decision was favorable to Hastings; public opinion in the colony supported him, and he became once more the unquestioned master, his title being confirmed by the Company. The English government, occupied with the rebellion in America, and alarmed by the threat of a European coalition, felt the importance of maintaining in India a capable, experienced, and resolute ruler.

Unhindered in his clever and far-seeing policy by any conscientious scruples, Hastings now disarmed the supreme court. This body had disgracefully abused its power; its extortions and tyranny had spread terror through Bengal; and the governor-general did not hesitate shamelessly to purchase the concurrence of Sir Elijah Impey. Additions were made to his already enormous salary, and the chief justice relinquished the use of the dangerous weapons he had wielded hitherto against a defenceless population. Sir Philip Francis, who detested Impey, complained, and not without reason, of the methods Hastings had employed to

rid the country of these legal abuses; quarrels and recriminations began anew between the two adversaries.

A duel took place, in which Sir Philip was severely wounded, and, as soon as he was able to travel, returned to England, his rancor and hatred towards his more fortunate rival having in no degree lost their bitterness. From this time he awaited the day of vengeance.

Hastings, meanwhile, had made an attempt against the Mahrattas, but had been unsuccessful; and he now saw himself threatened in the Carnatic by the increasing power of Hyder Ali, the founder of the Mahomedan kingdom of Mysore, who had been imprudently provoked by the English authorities of Madras, now defenceless before their terrible foe.

The detachments of Munro and Baillie had been cut to pieces; the approach of the Bailli de Suffren was announced; only a few fortified places remained to the English in the Carnatic. Madras, terror-stricken, and seeing afar off the burning villages in the plain, begged for help from the governor-general. As promptly as possible Hastings dispatched against Hyder Ali Sir Eyre Coote, victor at Wandewash over Lally-Tollendal, and using his authority to its utmost, raised troops, gathered money, and energetically supported the advance of his little army. Hyder Ali's incursions were checked. On the 1st of July, 1781, the victory of Porto-Novo brought credit and confidence to the English, soon still further triumphant by the death of their able and intrepid foe.

The internal difficulties of a contested administration had disappeared, Hastings had been victorious in battles, but financial embarrassments continued, aggravated by the war that had lately been brought to a close. It is a great proof of moral integrity to be able to endure the pressing

need of money when means of acquiring it for one's self, or those whom one desires to serve, are within reach on every hand. Formerly, Hastings had satisfied the Company's demands by plundering the Grand Mogul and reducing the Rohillas to slavery. He now pillaged the Rajah of Benares, Chey-ta-Sing, not without encountering difficulty, and at the peril of his own life, which he was wont to expose with calm rashness. Conquered and ruined, the Hindoo prince fled from his country, of which the governor-general at once took possession; the new rajah, his nephew, remained a mere dependant upon the East India Company, paying them a large annual pension. Proceedings yet more iniquitous plucked from the princesses of Oude, the mother and grandmother of the nabob, the immense fortunes possessed by them. Shut up in their own apartments, and deprived of almost the necessaries of life, the begums were aware that their two most valued servants were in Lucknow, delivered to the vengeance and hard-hearted cruelty of the English. To deliver these persons, the begums at last gave up their wealth, and Sir Elijah Impey covered all these shameful acts with the mantle of the law. An inquiry before the House of Commons, conducted by Dundas and Burke, brought to light some of these atrocious crimes. Sir Elijah Impey was at once recalled, but the stockholders of the East India Company absolutely refused to displace Warren Hastings. Two years later, however, the governor-general resigned of his own free will. His wife, whom he had married under circumstances more romantic than honorable, and to whom he was passionately attached, had been obliged on account of her health to return to England, and Hastings followed her home in the month of June, 1785.

India was pacified; Tippoo Sahib had made a treaty with England, and his troops had been withdrawn from the Car-

natic. Her vast Oriental possessions alone, of all England's territories, had suffered no diminution during the war engendered by the American rebellion. The Hindoo princes had seen their power wane, and themselves become only opulent subjects while yet remaining in possession of nominal sovereignty. England's supreme authority was everywhere established; an ordered administration, although yet imperfect and rude, had everywhere taken the place of anarchy. Constantly hampered by injudicious or contradictory orders sent out from England, the governor-general drew from the resources of his fruitful mind the means of financial and political control which his superiors and his rivals alike sought to take from him. He had succeeded in attaching to himself the army; and even the natives, accustomed to the capricious exactions of their princes, rejoiced in the prosperity and order which signalized his government. With ill-judged zeal for the public good he made the freest use of his power. He had enriched himself, and still more his wife, but above all he had enriched and served England and the East India Company, in a career without scruples and without remorse.

But these virtuous scruples and this genuine remorse were felt in England by Warren Hastings' most bitter adversary, Edmund Burke, an honorable and high-minded man, whose name is intimately connected with the famous trial in which he acted as the champion of public morality, disinterested and sincere, amid all the violence to which his patriotic ardor carried him.

The reception which awaited Warren Hastings in London gave no warning of the fate in store for him. He was treated by the king with marked distinction, and the East India Company formally tendered him their thanks. "I find myself," he wrote, "everywhere and universally, treated with

evidences, apparent even to my own observation, that I possess the good opinion of my country."

Nevertheless the attack was preparing, and Burke had already announced it. The Coalition Ministry had been defeated, precisely upon the question of the Indian bill; a violent speech had been made against Hastings, and a vote in the House of Commons had condemned him. What would be the attitude of the new cabinet, over which William Pitt reigned as master, of which Dundas made part — he who had lately proclaimed the misdeeds of the governor-general? No one could say. The opposition unitedly were in arms against Hastings. Sir Philip Francis was now a member of the House of Commons, and pursued his enemy with persistent hate. The accusation presented by Burke on the subject of the war against the Rohillas was rejected by a large majority. When Fox made his attack upon the governor-general's conduct in the affair of Benares, Pitt, who had been believed friendly to Hastings, declared that the governor was not wrong in imposing a fine upon the fugitive prince, but that the penalty had been disproportionate to the offence. To the surprise of all, he supported the resolution offered by Fox.

An eloquent speech by Sheridan completed the work; the Commons voted to impeach Hastings on twenty counts, and the trial began on the 13th of February, 1788, amid great public excitement.

The reputation of the accused and of his counsel was cast into the shade by the brilliancy of his accusers, the most eloquent men of their illustrious epoch; Pitt alone took no share in the trial. Fox, Sheridan, Wyndham, and Lord Grey left to Burke the honor of opening the case. His speech was long, and even Lord Thurlow, favorable as he was to Hastings, could not restrain an expression of admira-

tion. The impassioned words of the great orator had stirred the consciences and the hearts of all when he exclaimed in closing: "Therefore hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

With violence like this, Burke, made unjust by his very passion for justice, pursued the prosecution. The trial lasted ten years: announced in 1785 in the House of Commons, and carried on before the Lords from 1788 with varying interest, it was not until 1795, and when public attention was drawn away from the subject by the great drama of the French Revolution going on almost under their very eyes, that Warren Hastings, now old and almost ruined, was at last acquitted by a House of Lords but few of whose members had been present at the opening of the trial.

The prosecutors were dispersed like the judges, drawn into different paths by political passion. Burke no longer fought by the side of Fox, Wyndham had separated from Grey and Sheridan. Public opinion, originally severe towards the accused, had softened; the length of the trial had placed the crimes of Hastings in the list of historical facts; it had brought more and more clearly into view the eminent services he had rendered the country. When he withdrew into the retirement from which he was only to emerge at remote

intervals, he carried with him the public good-will, and it remained faithful to him during the rest of his long life. He died at Daylesford, the old family manor, which he had re-purchased and embellished, on the 22d of August, 1818, aged eighty-five. Long before his death America had become a free and independent nation. India was already conquered and submissive to English authority. Henceforth it would be upon the European stage alone that the great dramas and the great actors were to appear.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GEORGE III.—WILLIAM PITT AND THE FRENCH  
REVOLUTION. 1783–1806.

HAVING thus dealt with the distant questions that so long agitated the English mind, we now return to matters at home, and with deep satisfaction we find ourselves in the presence of that strong, wise, and judicious minister, who will forever remain the type of the great statesman of a free country. His history is that of his country, of her glory as well as of her misfortunes; he lived for her, dying when he believed her conquered, bearing with him into the tomb the undivulged secret of her final victory and the worthy reward of his untiring efforts.

When scarcely twenty-four years of age, William Pitt had refused to accept the power offered him by George III. "I desire," he said, "to declare that I am unconnected with any party whatever. I shall keep myself reserved, and act with whichever side I think is acting right." Before the end of the session Pitt found himself placed at the head of the opposition by his own judgment as well as by the spontaneous movement of public opinion, loudly and with reason opposed to the alliance of Whigs and Tories, of the partisans and the opponents of American independence.

The question of Indian affairs was a slippery and dangerous ground; the ministers of the Coalition had, however, determined absolutely to reconstruct the government by the formation of a council of seven persons, empowered to appoint

and remove at will all the Company's agents, and to administer affairs independently of all charters and constituted rights. It was upon the fact of the constantly increasing disorder and abuses prevailing in every department of Indian affairs that Fox based his powerful logic. "What is a charter?" said the attorney-general, Lee. "Only a skin of parchment, with a seal of wax dangling at one end of it!" All the English respect for rights and precedents revolted against this cynical reasoning. "Necessity is the argument of tyrants," exclaimed Pitt; "it is the creed of slaves."

The members of the new Indian council were already designated, and they were men belonging to the most intimate coterie of the Coalition. "The bill which Fox has brought in relation to India," wrote Pitt to his friend, the Duke of Rutland, "will, one way or other, be decisive for or against the Coalition. It is, I really think, the boldest and most unconstitutional measure ever attempted, transferring at one stroke, in spite of all charters and compacts, the immense patronage and influence of the East to Charles Fox, in or out of office. I think it will with difficulty, if at all, find its way through our House, and can never succeed in yours. The ministry trust all on this one die, and will probably fail."

But all the efforts of the opposition were unsuccessful in the House of Commons; the Indian bill passed by a large majority. Burke lent it the support of his eloquence, already beginning to attack the crimes and abuses upon which later he was to launch all his thunderbolts. He took occasion to eulogize in the House of Commons that friend, from whom he was later formally to separate in the same public and conspicuous manner. "He is traduced and abused for his supposed motives," exclaimed the eloquent orator. "He will remember that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the

21



PORTRAIT OF FOX



composition of all true glory; he will remember that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. . . . He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long, he may do much; but here is the summit,—he can never exceed what he does this day. . . . He has faults, but they are faults that, though they may in a small degree tarnish the lustre, and sometimes impede the march, of his abilities, have nothing in them to extinguish the fire of great virtues. In these faults there is no mixture of deceit, of hypocrisy, of pride, of ferocity, of complexional despotism, or want of feeling for the distresses of mankind. His are faults which might exist in a descendant of Henry IV. of France, as they did exist in that father of his country.” \*

The House of Lords was less resolved than Pitt and his friends had hoped, in rejecting the bill. “As I abhor tyranny in all its shapes,” said Lord Thurlow, “I shall oppose most strenuously this strange attempt to destroy the true balance of our constitution. I wish to see the crown great and respectable, but if the present bill should pass, it will be no longer worthy of a man of honor to wear.”

The ex-chancellor spoke in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the intimate friend of Fox, who was always ready to do him service, and whose easy morals were not offended by the disreputable conduct of the prince; and the remark with which he concluded was regarded as specially intended for the heir to the throne. “The king will in fact,” he said, “take the diadem from his own head, and place it on the head of Mr. Fox.”

George III. was more courageous than clear-sighted, and

\* Mr. Fox was, on the mother's side, a descendant of Henry IV. of France.

more anxious about the rights of the crown than about the privileges of Parliament; he charged Lord Temple to have it understood in the House that he should regard all those who voted for the bill not only as not his friends, but as declaredly his enemies. This message had its effect; the bill was laid upon the table; and in their turn the Commons, offended by the royal interference, openly blamed those who had given cause for it. The conflict grew hot between the two Houses. On the 18th of December in the evening, Mr. Fox and Lord North received orders to return to the king the seals of office. The following day, while an uneasy expectation agitated the minds of all, Mr. Pepper Arden, a young member of the House of Commons, rose, and proposed a writ for a new election from the borough of Appleby, to replace the Right Honorable William Pitt, who had just accepted the post of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The step was so bold that it at first excited incredulity and laughter. The opposition supposed at once that the young minister, finding himself in a minority in the House of Commons, would pronounce the dissolution of Parliament. "No one," exclaimed Fox, "would say that such a prerogative ought to be exercised merely to suit the convenience of an ambitious young man. And I here, in the face of the House, declare that if a dissolution shall take place, and if very solid and substantial reasons are not assigned for it, I shall, if I have the honor of a seat in the next Parliament, move a very serious inquiry into the business, and bring the advisers of it to account."

Pitt was both wiser and more bold than his adversaries had supposed; it was his intention to give the country time to have confidence in him, and to allow the passions excited by the struggle to have the opportunity to betray their motives and their results. He had much difficulty in form-

ing a cabinet. Lord Temple accepted the post of Secretary of State, but soon through personal pique resigned the office. Mr. Pitt filled the several places as best he could, the most important members of the new cabinet being the Dukes of Rutland and Richmond, Earl Gower, Lord Thurlow, and Lord Howe. The young leader did not shrink from the contest. The adjournment was only until the 12th of January. Fox wrote to Lord Northington: "I shall neither quit your house nor dismiss one servant till I see the event of the 12th." "Mr. Pitt can do what he likes during the holidays," said the friends of Fox, "but it will be only a mince-pie administration." The new premier wrote to his mother on the 30th of December: "You will easily believe that it is not from inclination that I have been silent so long. Things in general are more promising than they have been; but in the uncertainty of effect, the persuasion of not being wrong is, as you say, the best circumstance, and enough; though there is satisfaction in the hope of at least something more."

The first effort of the opposition was against a dissolution. Fox loudly denied the right in the midst of a session and in consequence of votes. Mr. Pitt met the attack with haughty determination. He was accused of using secret influences, and replied in a tone of lofty denial and disdain. "I came up by no back stairs," he said. "When I was sent for by my sovereign to know whether I would accept of office, I necessarily went to the royal closet. I know of no secret influence, and I hope that my own integrity would be my guardian against that danger. This is the only answer I shall ever deign to make to such a charge; but of one thing the House may rest assured, that I will never have the meanness to act under the concealed influence of others, nor the hypocrisy to pretend, when the measures of

my administration are blamed, that they were measures not of my advising. If any former ministers" — and here he looked at Lord North — "take these charges to themselves, to them be the sting."

Pitt was defeated at the beginning upon the parliamentary question; he was equally unsuccessful when he presented the bill which he had substituted for the project in respect to the government of India. The council which he proposed was to have no share in the patronage. "It is my idea," he said, "that this should be a board of political control, and not, as the former was, a board of political influence."

General Conway accused the administration of using corruption throughout the country. Pitt interrupted him, rising, he said, to order. He had a right, he said, to call upon the general to specify the instances where the agents of ministers had gone about the country practising bribery. It was a statement which he believed could not be brought to proof, and therefore ought not to be asserted. As to his own honor, he claimed to be the sole and sufficient judge of it; and he concluded by a most felicitous quotation of some words in which Scipio as a young man rebukes the veteran Fabius for his intemperate invectives: "*Si nulla alia re modestia certe et temperando linguæ adolescens senem vicerò.*"

A degree of weakness was already beginning to appear in the opposition. The violence of Fox had passed all bounds; in the country's opinion it counterbalanced the violence which the king had manifested towards him. The young minister gained ground daily, and a proof of his uncommon disinterestedness about this time produced a great effect on the minds of all. Sir Edward Walpole, younger son of the great minister, had recently died. He had filled the place of clerk of the pells, a sinecure for life amounting to three thousand pounds sterling a year. Pitt had no fortune, and



his friends urged him to appropriate this revenue. The minister refused, and profited by the opportunity to make an arrangement with Colonel Barré, who had received from Lord Rockingham a pension of three thousand two hundred pounds. Barré relinquished this pension and became clerk of the pells. "I must acknowledge," said Lord Thurlow, a few weeks later in Parliament, "that I was shabby enough to advise Mr. Pitt to take this office, as it had so fairly fallen into his hands; and I believe that I should have been shabby enough to have done so myself, since other great and exalted characters had so recently set me the example."

Some of the independent members made overtures to Pitt; projects of conciliation between him and Fox were mooted, but they failed, and the final struggle began. "Fox," said Dr. Johnson, "is an extraordinary man; here is a man who has divided a kingdom with Cæsar, so that it was a doubt whether the nation should be ruled by the sceptre of George III. or the tongue of Mr. Fox."

Fox was defeated in advance, and by his own faults; he had attacked that constitutional balance dear to all upright minds and all candid natures not irrevocably pledged to party tactics. He threatened to suspend the voting of subsidies, and proposed to limit to two months the duration of the Mutiny Act, habitually voted for a year. In vain did he display in defence of his course all the marvellous resources of his eloquence; a long remonstrance addressed to the king, which he had carefully prepared, passed by only a majority of one. The subsidies and the Mutiny Bill passed without difficulty. "The enemy seem indeed to be on their backs," Pitt wrote, on the 10th of March, to the Duke of Rutland; and, on the 16th, to his mother: "I certainly feel our present situation a triumph, at least com-

pared with what it was. The joy of it is indeed doubled by the reflection of its extending and contributing to your satisfaction."

The moment was come to make an appeal to the country. After three months of proud and brave endurance, Pitt counselled the dissolution of Parliament. At this moment it suddenly occurred that the great seal disappeared; in what manner, and for what purpose, the theft was committed could never be ascertained. In twenty-four hours, however, the loss was made good, as it had been once before when King James, a fugitive, had dropped the great seal into the river Thames. On the 24th of March the king went down to the House of Lords and made a speech. "On a full consideration," said his Majesty, "of the present situation of affairs, and of the extraordinary circumstances which have produced it, I am induced to put an end to this session of Parliament. I feel it a duty which I owe to the constitution and to the country, in such a situation, to recur as speedily as possible to the sense of my people, by calling a new Parliament."

The elections had never been more eagerly contested, and never was a cabinet success more complete. A hundred and sixty of the partisans of Fox failed to be returned to the House. His own re-election from Westminster long hung in the balance, but his resolution and his presence of mind never for a moment failed him. On the 3d of April he wrote to a friend: "Plenty of bad news from all quarters, but I think I feel that misfortunes, when they come thick, have the effect rather of rousing my spirits than of sinking them."

For forty days the electoral strife was prolonged in Westminster. The Prince of Wales showed himself publicly at the hustings as the partisan of Fox; and the great ladies

**MONTCALM**

**THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AT THE HUSTINGS.**



of the Whig party, the Duchess of Devonshire at their head, lavished smiles upon the electors in return for their votes. The great orator's final success was not undisputed; fraudulent devices had been employed, it was said, and the high bailiff refused to proclaim the result officially without a parliamentary investigation. Fox, however, obtained a seat, Sir John Dundas having nominated him for the borough of Kirkwall, of which the Dundas family had the disposal.

Before the dissolution the king had augmented the number of Mr. Pitt's partisans in the House of Lords by creating three new peers; after the elections he again manifested his determination to sustain his minister by creating seven more peers. Henceforth the monarch and the nation were agreed; the opening of the session gave conspicuous proof of the minister's ascendancy in both Houses. The great financial measures that Mr. Pitt had prepared were carried by an immense majority; they were equally bold and novel: the taxes on tea and spirits were reduced, in the hope of breaking up the practice of smuggling; new taxes, and a new loan liberally opened to the public, were to restore the financial equilibrium. "Irkesome as is my task this day," he said, "the necessities of the country call upon me not to shrink from it; and I confide in the good sense and the patriotism of the people of England." And he added as his maxim, "to disguise nothing from the public."

The bill concerning the administration of India passed without much effort, as did also Dundas' project of restoring to their legitimate proprietors all the estates confiscated in 1745. A proposal from Alderman Sawbridge for parliamentary reform was rejected, but Pitt remained faithful to his convictions; he voted on this occasion with the minority, promising to bring up the question again at some future day.

The session began on the 25th of January, 1783. It opened with the inquiry authorized the year before in respect to the election of Fox at Westminster; the constitutional ground was not good, and both parties had recourse to all forms of chicanery. The two illustrious adversaries did not spare hard language and insults. Fox was there, tall and robust, his black hair always in disorder under its powder, cordial and frank with his partisans, a *bon vivant*, eager for pleasure of all kinds, whether material or intellectual, with strong and vehement eloquence attacking his opponent, and solely bent on getting the better of him. Pitt's health was not firm; he was tall and spare in figure, somewhat haughty both in manners and in mind, frank towards a few intimate friends, reserved and cold to all the rest. From boyhood he had studied the art of public speaking, and had been carefully trained, by his father's directions, in all the studies which could aid him in the career which very early appeared to await him. William Pitt's eloquence was the natural expression of power; lucid, strong, convincing, faultless in rhetoric as well as in logic, it left upon the minds of all his contemporaries the impression of an unquestionable superiority over the most brilliant orators of his time, — over Burke himself not less than over Sheridan.

Pitt was defeated upon the question of the election in Westminster. Lord North and his friends likewise were successful in the matter of parliamentary reform; it was a moderate and limited reform, attacking only the rotten boroughs, giving compensation to those who regarded them as property, and tending to increase the representation of cities. Fox voted for the project, while criticising many of its details. The day was yet to come when the power of public opinion would compel members of the House to vote

for the disfranchisement of the very borough that had returned them to Parliament. Pitt felt this, and did not urge his designs. After a heated and brilliant discussion, he saw himself compelled by the national and parliamentary jealousy of Ireland to withdraw the bill he had presented on commercial franchises.

Fox declared himself the irreconcilable enemy of free trade. The Irish Parliament was unnecessarily anxious about its legislative independence. "I will not," said Fox, "barter English commerce for Irish slavery; that is not the price I would pay, nor is this the thing I would purchase."

The defeat of his liberal measures in behalf of Ireland was a great disappointment to Mr. Pitt, but he carried through with brilliant success his great scheme for the redemption of the national debt by means of a sinking fund. At the close of the session of 1786, made famous by the opening of the trial of Warren Hastings, the minister was occupied in negotiating a treaty of commerce with France. No sooner did Parliament again assemble than this measure was violently attacked. "Undoubtedly," said Fox, "I will not go the length of asserting that France is and must remain the unalterable enemy of England, and that she might not secretly feel a wish to act amicably with respect to that kingdom. It is possible, but it is scarcely probable. That she, however, feels in that manner at present, I not only doubt, but disbelieve. France is the natural political enemy of Great Britain. . . . I say again, I contend that France is the natural foe of Great Britain, and that she wishes, by entering into a commercial treaty with us, to tie our hands, and prevent us from engaging in any alliance with other powers."

Pitt judged more wisely and from a higher plane, in respect to these international questions which were soon to raise

such fearful storms in the world. In advance of the occasion, and as if to protest in the name of the eternal principles of right against the violent struggle which the unchaining of human passions was so soon to oblige him to maintain against revolutionary, anarchical, or absolutist France, he exclaimed indignantly against the idea that France was and must be the unalterable enemy of Britain. "To suppose that any nation can be unalterably the enemy of another is weak and childish," he argued; "it has neither its foundation in the experience of nations nor in the history of man. It is a libel on the constitution of political societies, and supposes the existence of diabolical malice in the original frame of man. Men reason as if this treaty were not only to extinguish all jealousy from our bosoms, but also completely to annihilate our means of defence. . . . What ground is there for this train of reasoning? . . . Does it not rather, by opening new sources of wealth, speak this forcible language,—that the interval of peace, as it will enrich the nation, will also prove the means of enabling her to combat her enemy with more effect, when the day of hostility shall come?" The treaty was signed in spite of the bitter reproaches of Sir Philip Francis, who accused Pitt of destroying with his own hands the work of his illustrious father. "The pomp of modern eloquence," said Francis, "is employed to blast even the triumphs of Lord Chatham's administration. The polemic laurels of the father must yield to the pacific myrtles of the son. Lord Chatham's glory is founded on the resistance he made to the united power of the House of Bourbon. The present minister has taken the opposite road to fame; and France, the object of every hostile principle in the policy of Lord Chatham, is the *gens amicissima* of his son."

To the difficulties which Mr. Pitt's financial measures en-



countered were attached domestic embarrassments of the administration. The Prince of Wales was ardently on the side of the opposition; he had supported Fox in the struggle against the royal prerogative, and all his influence was pledged against the government of Mr. Pitt. The prince, however, had need of the assistance both of the king and of the minister. Besides the serious difficulties his debts caused him, he had made his position worse by the affection he had conceived for Mrs. Fitzherbert, a young Catholic widow, whom he had secretly married on the 21st of December, 1785, in defiance of the law forbidding to princes of the blood any union which had not received the royal assent. The religion of Mrs. Fitzherbert added still more to the difficulties of the situation.

Fox had frankly though courteously disapproved of the conduct of the prince, and had warned him that secrecy on the subject could not be preserved. When these apprehensions were realized, and pamphlets and parliamentary allusions forced the prince's friends to quit their reserve, Fox accepted the painful task of positively denying that which he at least must have feared might be the truth. In answer to a direct question put him in Parliament, Mr. Fox explicitly branded the report of the prince's marriage as "a low, malicious falsehood," and asserted that he did not deny the calumny in question merely with regard to the effect of certain existing laws, but he denied it *in toto* in point of fact, as well as law. The fact not only never could have happened legally, but never did happen in any way whatsoever. And he added he had spoken "from direct authority." After considerable dispute and negotiation the prince's debts were finally paid by Parliament, George III. having been with difficulty persuaded by Mr. Pitt to send a message to the House recommending to them his son's request.

In every instance the same principles, at once statesman-like and liberal, guided the conduct of Mr. Pitt. He opposed the abolition of the Test Act, a measure eagerly sought by the dissenters, because he did not think the moment favorable, but avowed himself friendly toward it at some later opportunity. Much concerned by the sad condition of English prisons, he sent an expedition to New South Wales, which laid the foundation of the penal colony of Botany Bay. Finally, and above all, he united with his friend Wilberforce in the latter's noble endeavor to destroy the slave-trade. Upon this question of humanity and justice, Burke and Fox also acted in unison with their illustrious opponent. When Wilberforce first announced his intention of bringing in a bill for the abolition of the slave-trade, "Mr. Fox," says a contemporary, "went up to him, and told him that he should certainly concur with him in that measure; that he had thought of bringing in such a bill himself, but was very glad it was in so much better hands." Fox seconded the measure with a hearty and eloquent denunciation of the inhuman traffic, asserting that the slave-trade ought not to be regulated, but destroyed; that half-measures in such a case were folly, and palliatives inadmissible. Fox was right in rendering homage as he did to the pure and disinterested virtue of Wilberforce. In the midst of the noisy tumult of his own life, he had neither the leisure nor the ardor of conviction necessary to undertake and accomplish the humane and pious work to which Wilberforce and his Christian friends had consecrated their lives.

The peace of Europe was now imperilled by affairs in the Netherlands. Serious dissensions, which had long existed between the Stadtholder William V., cousin of George III., and the party of Dutch patricians, had just broken out in an attack upon the Princess of Orange. Her brother, the

King of Prussia, Frederick William III., at once marched an army into the territory of the Republic. The weak government of Louis XVI. had restricted itself to making a manifestation in favor of the States-general. England at the same time prepared to support the Stadtholder, but the Prussian soldiers sufficed to intimidate the patrician party in Holland; the Prince of Orange made a triumphant entry into the Hague, and an offensive and defensive alliance was concluded by England with Holland and Prussia. The Czar and the Sultan had taken up arms, while the King of Sweden, Gustavus III., had invaded Russia. The domestic embarrassments and troubles of France placed her in a condition which prevented her taking part in the quarrel. England was strong and powerful, she had re-established her alliances in Europe, and at home Pitt's power seemed founded on the most solid basis. Mr. Fox, discouraged, awaited better chances of success, and departed for Italy. A sad and unexpected event suddenly disturbed all arrangements and hopes. After a slight indisposition of a few weeks' duration, King George III. lost his reason. The approach of the mental disorder was apparent to the king himself. While yet able to be abroad, on his return from a ride of several hours he had drawn his son, the Duke of York, aside, and burst into tears, saying, "I wish to God I might die, for I am going to be mad."

His physicians attributed George III.'s illness to excess of work and anxiety; the king's manner of life had been regular, and of a simplicity almost patriarchal; his health, however, now appeared seriously impaired, and consternation reigned at Windsor. "The effect most to be dreaded," wrote Pitt to his friend Dr. Tomline, the Bishop of Lincoln, "is on the understanding. If this lasts beyond a certain time, it will produce the most difficult and delicate crisis imagi-

nable in making provision for the government to go on. It must however be yet some weeks before that can require decision; but the interval will be a truly anxious one." The direction of the royal household had, meanwhile, devolved upon the Prince of Wales.

The doctors could give no opinion as to the probable duration of the king's illness. Parliament was to assemble on the 20th of November, but an adjournment of a fortnight was agreed to. Pitt, solely occupied by the interests of the country, maintained that the appointment of a regent rested with Parliament. Chancellor Thurlow secretly intrigued with the Prince of Wales and the opposition, in order to preserve his place, promised by Fox to Lord Loughborough in the event of a change of ministry. This nobleman meanwhile suggested to the prince the bold project of seizing on the regency, without waiting for the authorization of Parliament. They waited for the return of Fox, who was precipitately recalled from Italy, and appeared in his seat in the House of Commons on the 10th of December.

Proudly silent as to the perfidious manœuvres of his colleague, Pitt addressed no reproach to Lord Thurlow, but he intrusted the direction of affairs in the House of Lords to the venerable Lord Camden. Fox energetically opposed the suggestions of Lord Loughborough, while regretting to be obliged to break his word to him. "I have swallowed the pill," he wrote to Sheridan; "a most bitter one it was, and have written to Lord Loughborough, whose answer of course must be consent. What is to be done next? Should the prince himself, or you, or I, or Warren, be the person to speak to the chancellor? . . . . I do not remember ever feeling so uneasy about any political thing I ever did in my life."

The king had been removed to Kew much against his

will; it became advisable to call in the chancellor and Mr. Pitt. "The chancellor went into his presence with a tremor such as before he had been only accustomed to inspire," says Miss Burney, lady of the bedchamber to the queen, and the author of the charming novel *Evelina*; "and when he came out he was so extremely affected by the state in which he saw his royal master and patron, that the tears ran down his cheeks, and his feet had difficulty to support him. Mr. Pitt was more composed; but he expressed his grief with so much respect and attachment that it added new weight to the universal admiration with which he is here beheld."

Mr. Pitt presented in Parliament the result of the doctors' consultation; a new physician, Dr. Willis, gave more hope than his colleagues of a speedy recovery; parliamentary manœuvres extended, it is said, to the faculty, and the different parties fought over the doctors. Mr. Fox proposed, from the first, to place the entire power, without any limitation, in the hands of the Prince of Wales. Without respect for the supreme authority of Parliament in such matters, he maintained the theory of the prince's indefeasible right, a doctrine so unlike his ordinary principles that Mr. Pitt said with exultation to a friend at his side, "Now, I will unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his days." "Only think of Fox's want of judgment," wrote a contemporary, "to bring himself and his friends into such a scrape as he has done, by maintaining a doctrine of higher tory principles than could have been found anywhere since Sir Robert Sawyer's speeches! . . . Fox found that by what he had said before he had offended so many people that he was obliged to take the very first moment of explaining it away. After this recantation was over, the day was closed by such a blunder of Sheridan's as I never knew any man of the

meanest talent commit before. During the whole time that I have sat in Parliament—a pretty warm time—I never remember such an uproar as was raised by his threatening us with the danger of provoking the prince to assert his right, which were the exact words he used. You may conceive what advantage all this gives us, especially when coupled with the strong hopes entertained of the king's recovery."

The progress of George III.'s health, of which he was well informed, decided Lord Thurlow to renounce his treason. When the Duke of York had declared in the House of Lords that his eldest brother claimed no right, and wished to hold his power entirely at the hands of Parliament, the chancellor quitting the woolsack, protested his inviolate attachment and fidelity to the sovereign who had governed England for twenty-seven years with the most religious respect for the principles of its constitution. He was moved by his own words, troubled perhaps by the memories of his secret perfidies, and he concluded his speech with the exclamation, "And when I forget my king, may my God forget me!" A murmur followed these words, for the intrigues of the chancellor were well known in the House. Pitt is said to have rushed out of the House exclaiming, "Oh, what a rascal!"

The resolutions proposed by Pitt attributed to Parliament the exclusive right of conferring the Regency. In an impassioned and eloquent speech Fox supported the rights of the Prince of Wales, declaring that Pitt would never have thought of limiting his power if he had not felt that he did not merit the prince's confidence, and would never be his minister.

Pitt's reply was severe and dignified. "As to my being conscious that I do not deserve the favor of the prince,"

he said, "I can only say that I know but one way in which I or any man could deserve it — by having uniformly endeavored in a public situation to do my duty to the king, his father, and to the country at large. If, in thus endeavoring to deserve the confidence of the prince, it should appear that I in fact have lost it, however painful and mortifying that circumstance may be to me, and from whatever cause it may proceed, I may indeed regret it, but I will boldly say it is impossible I should ever repent it."

The Regency bill as passed contained important restrictions of the Prince of Wales' power. The queen was intrusted with the care of the king's person; the regent was prohibited from disposing of the king's property, from creating peers, and from granting offices except during pleasure. The prince was extremely irritated, and replied to the minister's communication by a letter which Burke had drawn up, as firm and able as it was eloquently written. Mr. Pitt, however, maintained his position. The public was aware of the animosity which existed between the still powerful minister of the insane king, and the parliamentary and princely opposition which appeared on the point of seizing the power. Pitt's friends already looked forward to the poverty in which he would find himself after his fall. They knew his private affairs were much embarrassed. A meeting of bankers and business men offered Mr. Pitt a gift of a hundred thousand pounds sterling, collected in forty-eight hours by subscription in the city of London. He refused it without hesitation. The situation was prolonged, and the minister sought occasion for delay, as each day the king's progress towards recovery became more and more evident. Pitt's five propositions on the Regency bill passed the House of Commons, and the third reading was announced in the House of Lords; but a change had occurred in the king's health.

Dr. Willis declared himself of opinion that his Majesty's convalescence was near at hand. On the 19th of February, 1789, the minister wrote to his mother: "You will have seen for some days how constantly the news from Kew has been improving. The public account this morning is, that the king continues advancing in recovery; the private one is, that he is to all appearance perfectly well, and if it were the case of a private man, would be immediately declared so. It remains only to consider how far he can bear the impression of the state of public business; but in consequence of these circumstances the bill will probably be postponed in the House of Lords to-day until Monday; and if the prospect is then confirmed, the plan of the regency must probably be altered with a view to a very short interval indeed, or perhaps wholly laid aside."

Four days later the king resumed with Mr. Pitt that correspondence, a little stiff in form but in reality cordially confidential, which has reflected honor on the sovereign as well as on the minister, since its publication by Lord Stanhope.

"It is with infinite satisfaction I renew my correspondence with Mr. Pitt, by acquainting him of my having seen the Prince of Wales and my second son. Care was taken that the conversation should be general and cordial: they seemed perfectly satisfied. I chose the meeting should be in the queen's apartment, that all parties might have that caution which, at the present hour, could but be judicious.

"I desire Mr. Pitt will confer with the Lord Chancellor, that any steps which may be necessary for raising the annual supplies, or any measures that the interests of the nation may require, should not be unnecessarily delayed; for I feel the warmest gratitude for the support and anxiety shown by the nation at large during my tedious illness,



which I should ill requite if I did not wish to prevent any further delay in those public measures which it may be necessary to bring forward this year, though I must decline entering into a pressure of business, and, indeed, for the rest of my life shall expect others to fulfil the duties of their employments, and only keep that superintending eye which can be effected without labor and fatigue.

"I am anxious to see Mr. Pitt any hour that may suit him to-morrow morning, as his constant attachment to my interest and that of the public, which are inseparable, must ever place him in the most advantageous light."

Power thus escaped from the eager hands of the Prince of Wales and his friends. The public joy broke forth with a vivacity proportioned to the public disquietude which had existed during the king's illness. Mr. Pitt's popularity and his authority were at their height; he was master of the entire country as well as of the House of Commons, and the elections of 1790 proved it emphatically. About this time a new element entered into affairs: prudent and far-seeing statesmen began to concern themselves about the internal state of France. Already divergent tendencies began to be manifested among minds which had until then felt the same impressions and followed the same direction. After the taking of the Bastille, Fox exultingly exclaimed, "How much it is the greatest event that ever happened in the world! and how much the best!" Burke on the contrary wrote to one of his friends: "You hope I think the French worthy of liberty; I certainly do. I certainly think all men who desire it deserve it. It is not the reward of our merit, or the acquisition of our industry. It is our inheritance. It is the birthright of our species. But whenever a separation is made between liberty and justice, neither is, in my opinion, safe." Some weeks later, at the

opening of Parliament, Burke was led by the ardor of his convictions into a gloomy and severe judgment of the opening measures of the French Revolution. "Since the House was prorogued in the summer," he said, "much work has been done in France. The French have shown themselves the ablest architects of ruin that have hitherto existed in the world. In that very short space of time they have completely pulled down to the ground their monarchy, their church, their nobility, their law, their revenue, their army, their navy, their commerce, their arts, and their manufactures. They have done their business for us as rivals, in a way that twenty Ramilies or Blenheims could never have done. Were we absolute conquerors, and France to lie prostrate at our feet, we should be ashamed to send a commission to settle their affairs which would impose so hard a law upon the French, and so destructive of all their consequence as a nation, as that they had imposed upon themselves."

Mr. Pitt did not fully share the eager sympathy of Fox with the first tumultuous efforts of the National Assembly and of the French people, but still less did he coincide in Burke's sombre forebodings. "The present convulsions of France," he said, "must sooner or later terminate in general harmony and regular order; and though such a situation might make her more formidable, it might also make her less obnoxious as a neighbor. I wish for the restoration of tranquillity in that country, although it appears to me distant. Whenever her system shall become restored, if it should prove freedom rightly understood, — freedom resulting from good order and good government, — France would stand forward as one of the most brilliant powers in Europe. Nor can I regard with envious eyes any approximation in neighboring states to those sentiments which are the characteristics of every British subject."

**BURKE**

**CAROLINE REFUSED ADMITTANCE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**



The excesses and disorders of that revolutionary passion, which was soon to threaten Europe with one wide-spread conflagration, quickly changed Mr. Pitt's benevolent mood of mind. He has been reproached that when he found himself constrained to struggle at home and abroad against the French revolution, he did not suffer himself to be carried away to Burke's extreme of disapproval. It was to his honor that he always chose that difficult path—the only one worthy of men called by God to govern their fellow-men—equally removed from both extremes, and resisted the extravagances of liberty as well as the arbitrary leaning towards despotism. In England Mr. Pitt repressed at once revolutionary passions and tyrannical desires; on the Continent, and in his efforts against the contagious violence of France, he branded the excesses of the reign of terror and protected the endangered European Powers with the same firmness with which, later on, he defended the liberties of his own country against the ambitious encroachments of absolute power.

Disagreement had broken out meanwhile between the two chiefs of the parliamentary opposition, on the occasion of a bill presented by Pitt on the internal administration of Canada. The state of France occupied the minds of all, and allusions to France entered into all discussions. Some words of Fox had offended Burke, and he resolved to declare his opinions emphatically. Fox was warned of this and went to Burke, begging him at least to delay the declaration of war. Burke refused, without the old friendship seeming to be disturbed by it. But it was for the last time that Burke and Fox entered the House arm-in-arm.

The entire opposition was anxious and uneasy; the discussion was adjourned until after the Easter holidays; but when it came up again, Burke did not allow himself to be

turned away from his project; he violently opposed the fatal counsel Fox gave to England, and suppressing the title of "friend," which he was accustomed to give to the "right honorable gentleman," "Certainly," he said, "it is indiscreet at any period, but especially at my time of life, to provoke enemies, or give my friends occasion to desert me. Yet if my firm and steady adherence to the British Constitution place me in such a dilemma, I am ready to risk all, and with my last words to exclaim, 'Fly from the French Constitution!'" Fox here whispered to the orator that there need be no loss of friends. "Yes," rejoined Burke; "yes, there is a loss of friends. I know the price of my conduct. I have done my duty at the price of my friend; our friendship is at an end."

Burke resumed his seat. When Fox arose to reply, he remained some moments standing without being able to speak. Tears ran down his cheeks. The whole House was as moved as he was. When he finally regained his voice, his words breathed only tenderness; he spoke of the "right honorable member lately his familiar friend." He repeated his assertions of a year ago, that he had learned more from Mr. Burke than from all books and all other men put together. All his political knowledge, he said, was derived from Mr. Burke's writings, speeches, or familiar conversation, and his separation from a man to whom he was so greatly indebted would be a grief to him to the last day of his life. He was, however, bound to avow his opinion on public affairs, and he could not but think the French Constitution a most stupendous and glorious fabric of liberty.

Some words of Burke's, still more severe, widened the breach. Fox made another short reply, and so the discussion ended; but the friendship of twenty-five years' standing, cemented by a common sympathy with the dawning

efforts of American liberty, went down before the advancing French Revolution, in the presence of the shocked and regretful representatives of the English nation. Separated from his old friends, Burke sought no new ones. He had sacrificed everything to his conscience, which was sometimes fanatical and over-scrupulous, but always sincere and loyal. As events by degrees unrolled themselves in France, a certain number of Whigs adopted the opinions he had proclaimed from the first; the phalanx re-formed behind him, and he continued to advance with the same firm step at the head of the opposition as he had done when alone. "We have made a great many enemies here, and no friends by the part we have taken," he wrote to the agent of the French emigrants. "We have, for your sakes, mixed with those with whom we have had no natural intercourse. We have quitted our business; we have broken in upon our engagements. For one mortification you have endured, we have endured twenty. My son has crossed land and sea with much trouble and at an expense above his means. But the cause of humanity requires it; he does not murmur; and is ready to do as much and more for men whose faces he has not seen."

The European commotion began to extend to England and make itself felt even in Parliament. A brief difficulty with Spain had been satisfactorily terminated. The persistent hostilities between Russia and the Porte seemed to necessitate an augmentation of the naval forces of England. Mr. Pitt presented a bill to that effect, which was badly received by the House; he withdrew it in time to avoid a defeat, but not without diminishing his prestige both at home and abroad. Notwithstanding the growing apprehensions of the well-wishers of France, and the disquietudes which the position of Louis XVI. inspired, Pitt had resolutely maintained the neutrality of England. When the declaration of Pillnitz, signed

by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, called on all the sovereigns of Europe to bring aid to the King of France, even if it shall be necessary to take up arms, England remained deaf to the appeal. Pitt even refused to lend the emigrant princes the funds necessary for their military operations. In the speech from the throne on the 31st of January, 1792, George III. expressed the firm hope of seeing peace maintained; he even advised the diminution of land and sea forces. With an assurance more bold than far-seeing, Pitt announced in his budget a progressive alleviation of the taxes. "Although we must not," he said, "count with certainty on the continuance of our present prosperity during such an interval, yet unquestionably there never was a time in the history of this country when, from the situation of Europe, we might more reasonably expect fifteen years of peace than we may at the present moment." Still occupied almost exclusively with home affairs, Pitt warmly supported the bill for the immediate abolition of the slave-trade, which was again proposed by Wilberforce and his friends; he regulated the legislation as to the press, which was in future to be subject to the jurisdiction of a jury; and finally he presented a bill in respect to future loans. Since the king's illness and his own meditated treachery, Lord Thurlow had remained secretly hostile to Pitt. On the 15th of May, 1792, he broke out suddenly against the financial measures, declaring it was absurd to assume to bind future ministries. "In short," he exclaimed, "the scheme is nugatory and impracticable: the inaptness of the project is equal to the vanity of the attempt." Mr. Pitt at length lost his temper, and declared to the king that it was impossible for him to continue to sit in the same cabinet with Lord Thurlow. George III. did not hesitate; the chancellor received the order to resign the great seal; and some months afterwards Lord Loughborough, who ardent-



ly supported the ministry upon the fall of Thurlow, became in his turn chancellor (January, 1793).

In August, 1792, Mr. Pitt was appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports, a rich sinecure long possessed by Lord Guildford, which the king, at that nobleman's death, assigned to his minister. "Having this morning received the account of the death of the Earl of Guildford," the king wrote, "I take the first opportunity of acquainting Mr. Pitt that the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is an office for which I will not receive any recommendations, having positively resolved to confer it on him, as a mark of that regard which his eminent services have deserved from me." This letter George III. enclosed to Mr. Dundas for transmission to Mr. Pitt, who was at that time at his country-seat, and he added these words: "The enclosed is my letter to Mr. Pitt, acquainting him with my having fixed on him for the office of Warden of the Cinque Ports. Mr. Dundas is to forward it to the West, and accompany it with a few lines expressing that I will not admit of this favor being declined. I desire Lord Chatham may also write, and that Mr. Dundas will take the first opportunity of acquainting Lord Grenville with the step I have taken." The post was worth three thousand pounds a year. For the first time and under this urgency Pitt consented to accept a favor from his sovereign.

He was at this time avowedly very anxious about the state of Europe. The King of Sweden, Gustavus III., had been assassinated at a fête; the Emperor Leopold was dead; his son, the Emperor Francis, acting with the King of Prussia, had declared war against France. The position of Louis XVI. became every day more distressing. Driven hopelessly from useless attempts at resistance to equally useless concessions, he had endured, on the 20th of June, the insults of the Parisian populace, while the allied troops, under the orders

of the Duke of Brunswick, entered French territory. The princes of the House of Bourbon, at the head of the emigrants, were preparing to support the operations of the foreign powers, and an injudicious manifesto excited the passions of the French, already beyond restraint. On the 10th of August the palace of the Tuileries was entered by the mob, the Swiss guards massacred, and the king, suspended from his royal functions, was shut up with his family in the Temple. The Convention was convoked, and prisoners were butchered in the dungeons of Paris. In the horrible disorder which followed, the Marquis de la Fayette, who commanded a French army on the frontier, could not make up his mind to defend a state of things every day more contrary to his presumptuous hopes, and he secretly left his command, to escape to America. He was, however, arrested by the allies, and thrown into prison at Olmutz. General Dumouriez defeated the allied forces at Jemmapes on the 6th of November. Kellermann had vanquished them at Valmy on the 20th of September; the allied troops evacuated French territory, and the French army entered Belgium. Savoy was already in the hands of the French, and General Custine was advancing into Germany. By a decree of the 19th of November the Convention called all nations to liberty.

Before this haughty disdain of ancient rights and international agreements, Mr. Pitt, though still favorable to neutrality, grew alarmed at the fate which menaced Holland. He wrote to his colleague, the Marquis of Stafford: "The strange and unfortunate events which have followed one another so rapidly on the Continent are, in many views, matter of serious and anxious consideration. That which presses the most relates to the situation of Holland, as your Lordship will find from the enclosed despatch from Lord Auchland, and as must indeed be the case in consequence

of the events in Flanders. However unfortunate it would be to find this country in any shape committed, it seems absolutely impossible to hesitate as to supporting our ally in case of necessity, and the explicit declaration of our sentiments is the most likely way to prevent the case occurring. . . . .

“Perhaps some opening may arise which may enable us to contribute to the termination of the war between different powers in Europe, leaving France — which I believe is the best way — to arrange its own internal affairs as it can. The whole situation, however, becomes so delicate and critical that I have thought it right to request the presence of all the members of the cabinet who can, without too much inconvenience, give their attendance.” The trial of Louis XVI. had meanwhile commenced.

Pitt still clung to the hope of an impossible peace: already Earl Gower, the English ambassador in Paris, had been recalled. M. de Chauvelin and his able secretary, M. de Talleyrand, were still in London, but not in any official capacity. Chauvelin had asked to present his credentials in the name of the French Republic, when the condemnation and death of King Louis XVI. suddenly broke off the relations which still existed between revolutionary France and the monarchical countries. On the day following the 21st of January nearly all England had put on mourning, and M. de Chauvelin received his passports. An order recalling him had already been dispatched from Paris. On the 1st of February, 1793, the Convention declared war against Holland. The terrible weight of defending Europe against the arms and doctrines of the French Revolution was to fall, in a great measure, on the shoulders of England, and of the able minister who governed her. The defeats his country was to suffer, the misfortunes which

were to impede the performance of this severe duty, saddened the latter part of Mr. Pitt's life, and sometimes obscured his fame. The principles he supported are, however, eternally true, and the services he rendered to peace, and to the balance of power in Europe, were incomparable. He succumbed beneath the weight of a struggle of whose intensity Lord Chatham's triumphs in 1760 had not given a foretaste; and by his courageous persistence he prepared the way for the victories of the Duke of Wellington. His name, once reviled by so many voices on the Continent, and even in his own country, remains the foremost among those who have maintained in Europe the cause of national independence and liberty. To him alone pertains this distinguished honor, that, in the midst of revolutionary tempests, he kept England in the path of constitutional order. He made England greater in leaving her free.

It was not without effort and without painful internal struggles that the English government succeeded in preserving order, and repressing the dangerous tendencies which manifested themselves in many ways. Already for several years societies had been formed designed to favor and spread the principles of the French Revolution and a sympathy for the French revolutionaries. Two foreigners, Dr. Priestley, the chief of the English Unitarians, and Thomas Paine, the celebrated author of the "Rights of Man," were elected members of the National Convention, and the latter had taken his seat there. The license of the revolutionary press had passed all bounds, and its declarations and anarchical appeals engendered conspiracies as guilty as they were powerless. Mr. Pitt made use of severe measures of repression; he was urged on by the chancellor, Lord Loughborough, himself animated by the proverbial zeal of recent converts. The prosecutions instituted against the press were numer-

ous, more violent in Scotland than in England, where revolutionary movements were less bold. The trial of Muir and Palmer in 1793, and of Hamilton Rowan in Ireland in 1794, preceded that of Walker at Manchester in April, 1794, and those of Thomas Hardy, Daniel Adams, and John Horne Tooke in London in the month of May of the same year. The accused were at the head of the two most influential and active revolutionary societies, namely, "The London Corresponding Society," and "The Society for Constitutional Information." Mr. Pitt proposed in Parliament the suspension of the Habeas Corpus; and in spite of the vehement resistance of Fox and Sheridan, the bill passed by an immense majority. National feeling was powerfully excited against the crimes and excesses which filled France with bloodshed; exaggerated fright caused by the intrigues of the English revolutionaries increased this indignation, and the rigors of the government were approved by public opinion. In Parliament there had been a notable schism among the Whigs, and in future the Duke of Portland and his friends openly supported the ministry.

General Dumouriez had vainly tried to resist the power of the Convention, and had entered into guilty relations with the enemies of France. Obligated to quit the army, he took refuge in England at the moment when his friends the Girondists succumbed in Paris to the blows of the Jacobins. The Committee of Public Safety was supreme in France, and the reign of terror spread its dark wings over the country. The allied forces had retaken possession of Belgium, the French garrison of Mayence had just surrendered after heroic resistance, while the Austrians had seized on Valenciennes and Condé, not in the name of the young captive king, but as the personal conquest of the Emperor Francis. National passion, violently excited in France, sent

to the frontier badly disciplined troops under generals of diverse origins, some servants of the old régime, others men of genius who had sprung from the ranks, but all alike animated by ardent patriotism. The Duke of York was repulsed before Dunkirk by General Hoche, as was the Prince of Orange at Hondschoote. The Prince of Coburg, whose name is always united with that of Pitt in revolutionary execration, saw himself constrained to raise the siege of Maubeuge and recross the Sambre.

In the interior, civil war desolated La Vendée, and ravaged the town of Lyons. Toulon had risen in the name of Louis XVII., and had called to its aid the English squadron under the orders of Admiral Howe. The siege of the place was actively pushed by the republican troops, the artillery being commanded by a young Corsican officer soon to become General Bonaparte, and, ten years later, the Emperor Napoleon. On the 18th of December, the redoubts of the port were carried, and the allied forces saw themselves obliged to put to sea again. The English and Spanish vessels were crowded with Provençal royalists, who thus escaped the vengeance of their countrymen. Toulon was given up to fire and sword.

The National Convention had passed, at the instigation of Barrère, a decree ordering that no quarter should be given to Hanoverian or English soldiers. The Duke of York immediately issued an excellent general order. "His Royal Highness anticipates the indignation and horror which have naturally arisen in the minds of the brave troops whom he addresses. He desires, however, to remind them that mercy to the vanquished is the brightest gem in a soldier's character, and exhorts them not to suffer their resentment to lead them to any precipitate act of cruelty. . . . The British and Hanoverian armies will not believe that the French

nation, even under their present infatuation, can so far forget their character as soldiers as to pay any attention to a decree as injurious to themselves as it is disgraceful to the persons who passed it." The French army justified this noble confidence. "Kill our prisoners?" said a sergeant; "no, no, not that. Send them all to the Convention, and let the deputies shoot them if they will; they may eat them also, savages that they are!" Everywhere in Flanders the success of the French arms was brilliant; Brussels was retaken. On the other hand, Corsica had revolted and threatened to give itself up to England; and Admiral Howe gained an important victory over the French fleet in the Channel. The tragic fall of Robespierre and his friends made Europe for a moment entertain hopes of peace, but the warlike ardor of France had not abated. General Jourdan had repulsed the Austrians on the other side of the Rhine, while Pichegru menaced Holland; Mr. Pitt advised placing all the Anglo-Dutch troops under a single leader, and the command was offered to the Duke of Brunswick, who refused it. At the entreaties of Mr. Pitt, and much against his will, George III. recalled the Duke of York, a general still young and inexperienced. Before the end of January, 1795, the whole of Holland had fallen into the hands of the French, who proclaimed a republic there, while the fugitive stadtholder took shelter in England.

Uneasiness and public feeling ran high: on the question of the war, Wilberforce and his friends had separated themselves from the cabinet. Distress became great in Europe; the public cry in London as well as in Paris was "Bread! bread!" Mobs occurred in several places: Mr. Pitt's windows in Downing Street were broken, while revolutionary intrigues redoubled in intensity. The Constitutional Society was again prominent claiming universal suffrage and annual

Parliaments. Mr. Pitt was extremely anxious, his sombre forebodings sometimes exceeding all bounds. "If I were to resign," he said one day to Lord Mornington, "my head would be off in six months."

A congress was already opened at Basle, and the French Republic was negotiating there with Tuscany, Prussia, and Sweden. England secretly prepared a descent on the coasts of Brittany, with a view to second the royalist attempt of the French gentlemen and peasantry designated by the name of Chouans. M. de Puisaye, who had arranged this affair with Mr. Pitt, was charged with the direction of the emigrants. The English squadron began by a success, Lord Bridport making prize of two of Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse's vessels. The French disembarked in Quiberon Bay, but the command being divided and the orders contradictory, disunion engendered inaction. The arrival of the Count d'Artois was expected, but he did not appear. General Hoche attacked with success the little body of emigrants, and the stormy sea making the English succor ineffectual, the massacre was horrible. A certain number of gentlemen capitulated, but the conditions of the surrender were not observed and the prisoners were put to death. The last military hope of the French royalists disappeared in this bloody and unfortunate enterprise. The war of the Vendéans and that of the Chouans ended at the same moment.

The Constitution of the year Three of the Republic had just been proclaimed in France, and the Directory established. An attempt of the old Jacobin party had been baffled on the 13th Vendémiaire (the 5th of October, 1795) by the energetic and prompt intervention of General Bonaparte. A certain desire for peace began to rise in Mr. Pitt's heart. The commencement of the session (the 29th of October) had been signalized by unaccustomed violence: seditious cries



MASSACRE AT QUIBERON



assailed the king on his way to the House; a stone, or a shot from an air-gun, had even broken one of the windows of his carriage. Two bills of extremely severe character were at once presented in the two Houses, and in spite of the eloquent and active opposition of Mr. Fox and his friends in the House of Commons, and that of Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords, they passed by a great majority. In the presence of the national and popular danger the minister remained master in Parliament: his measures for the relief of the public distress were received with the same enthusiasm as his bold and courageous efforts for the protection of morality and of the public peace.

In the midst of all this excitement, domestic and foreign, the Prince of Wales broke off his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, to the great joy of his parents, who had refused to admit the legitimacy of the marriage. On the 8th of April, 1795, he married the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, a sad and unhappy union, the disastrous consequences of which were for years a scandal to England and to all Europe. On the 7th of January, 1796, the Princess Charlotte was born, and a few weeks later the prince left his wife, who established herself with her child in a residence at Blackheath. George III., justly wounded by his son's conduct, took the part of the princess with much spirit. The misunderstanding which had for some time existed in the royal family was increased from this unfortunate incident.

Some indirect overtures for peace had been made to M. Barthélemy, who negotiated for France at Basle, by Mr. Wickham, the English minister in Switzerland. The views which had dictated these overtures excited the displeasure and distrust of the inveterate enemies of the French Revolution. Burke, now an old and disheartened man, published his last work, "Letters on a Regicide Peace." "This pre-

tended republic," he wrote, "is founded in crimes, and exists by wrong and robbery; and wrong and robbery, far from a title to anything, is war with mankind. To be at peace with robbery is to be an accomplice to it."

In truth, it was against the all-powerful Pitt, who manifestly now inclined towards peace, as much as against Fox and the friends of the French Revolution, that Burke directed his last philippic. He had, however, for Mr. Pitt a sincere admiration and a well-founded gratitude. In 1795 a pension of twelve hundred pounds sterling had been granted from the civil list for the wants of Mr. Burke and his family; and soon after, the solicitude of the king and of the minister added a further pension of twenty-five hundred pounds to the well-earned tribute of national esteem for a good man and a great orator. Burke then wrote to Mr. Pitt: "You have provided for me all I am capable of receiving in the last stage of my declining life, that is — repose. I have only to wish you all those good things which you can or ought to look for in the vigor of your years and in the great place you fill, — much manly exertion and much glory attendant on your labors. Indeed you have the prospect of a long and laborious day before you. Everything is arduous about you. But you are called to that situation, and you have abilities for it. I hope in God that you will not distrust your faculties, or your cause, or your country. Our people have more in them than they exactly know of themselves. They act on the condition of our nature. We cannot lead, but we will follow if we are well led and the spirit that is really in us is properly and powerfully exercised. There is one thing I pray for in your favor, — for in you is our last human hope, — that you may not fall into the one great error from whence there is no return. I trust in the mercy of God to you and to us all,

that you may never be led to think that this war is, in its principles or in anything that belongs to it, the least resembling any other war; or that what is called a peace with the robbery of France, can by any plan of policy be rendered reconcilable with the inward repose, or with the external strength, power, or influence of this kingdom. This, to me, is as clear as the light under the meridian sun; and this conviction, for these five years past, and in the midst of other deep and piercing griefs, has cost me many an anxious hour at mid-day and at midnight."

It was to this conviction, from the first so ardently entertained by Burke, that the events which succeeded one another on the Continent had by degrees brought Mr. Pitt. The confederation of the Great Powers had crumbled away at the congress of Basle in 1795. Already on the 9th of February the Grand-duke of Tuscany had signed a treaty at Paris. Prussia had consented to leave the French in full possession of their conquests on the left bank of the Rhine; Sweden and the North of Germany had acceded to the same conditions; the treaty of peace concluded at Basle with Spain (on the 22d of July, 1795), became on the 19th of August, 1796, an alliance offensive and defensive against England. King Charles III., entirely governed by his queen, Louisa of Parma, and her favorite Manuel Godoy, the "Prince of Peace," declared war on England on the 30th of October, and the Bourbons of Naples entered on the same road. But the maritime attempts of the English meantime had been successful against the distant French colonies, the Antilles falling into the hands of Sir Ralph Abercromby and Colonel Moore. This partial victory gave the hope of a happy issue for the pacific negotiations with which Lord Malmesbury had been intrusted. At the opening of Parliament, on the 6th of October, 1796, the speech from the

throne announced the departure of the ambassador for Paris.

The negotiations commenced, but all the while the Directory were making great preparations for an invasion of England. Twenty times similar enterprises had been projected and attempted; twenty times had they been abandoned or failed, but none the less did they preserve the advantage of greatly disturbing the English people. When Mr. Pitt proposed his plans of defence, Fox, as usual, had recourse to an insulting incredulity. "I believe," he said, "that the French have no intention to invade us. . . They have a government too well informed of the disposition of the people and the situation of the country, to hope for success in such an enterprise. Supposing they do make that desperate attempt, I have no doubt as to the issue; but what ought we to do in the meantime, what is the duty of the House at this moment? To cherish the spirit of freedom in the people; to restore to them that for which their ancestors have bled; to make the ministers really responsible. Not to be confiding in the servants of the crown, but watchful and jealous of the exercise of their power. . . . Then will you have no occasion for adding to your internal military force, for then even an invasion would never be formidable."

To these persistent animosities and factious practices independent men in Parliament and the national feeling throughout the country opposed a brilliant and effectual denial. "I will not charge these gentlemen with desiring an invasion," said Mr. Wilberforce; "but I cannot help thinking that they would rejoice to see just so much mischief befall their country as would bring themselves into office." When Mr. Pitt offered his great loan to public subscription, the sum required, which amounted to eighteen millions sterling, was taken up in the space of fifteen hours. As soon as the

sum was reached the list was closed. The Duke of Bridgewater actually tendered a draft at sight for one hundred thousand pounds sterling which he subscribed. The mode of subscription was then novel, and the conditions of the loan by no means advantageous; but the patriotic zeal of the nation had responded to the appeal of the government for its confidence. Since then we have seen more than one example of it; but Mr. Pitt was the first who had the courage to make the attempt. At the same time he proposed new taxes. The devotion of Parliament did not recoil from any sacrifice. Considerable subsidies were also voted for the Emperor of Austria, in spite of the ill-humor caused by Mr. Pitt having granted succors to this monarch in the recess between the sessions and without the authority of Parliament.

Lord Malmesbury was discontented and uneasy; the Directory insisted on the annexation of the Low Countries to France, but the refusal of the English was peremptory. On the 19th of December, 1796, M. Charles Delacroix, Minister of Foreign Affairs, requested the ambassador of England to quit Paris in forty-eight hours, with all his suite. The French government admitted no proposition which could tend to modify the limits of its territory, as these had been fixed by the decrees. "If the English ministry really desires peace," added M. Delacroix, "France is ready to conclude it on this basis; an exchange of couriers will be sufficient."

Hesitation was not possible for George III. and his government; the documents relating to the negotiation were immediately communicated to Parliament. "In fact," said Mr. Pitt to the House of Commons, "the question is not to know how much you will give for peace, but how much disgrace you will suffer at the outset of your negotiations for it. In these circumstances, then, are we to persevere

in the war with a spirit and energy worthy of the British name and of the British character? Or are we, by sending couriers to Paris, to prostrate ourselves at the feet of a stubborn and supercilious government?"

The war continued, more than ever onerous and perilous. The Empress Catherine II. had just died from an attack of apoplexy, and her son, the Emperor Paul, violent and weak, of a temperament uncertain even to madness, was ill-disposed towards England. The splendid successes of General Bonaparte in Italy had tired out the energy of the Austrians, and the French had gone so far as to invade the hereditary states of the Emperor, which were heroically defended by the Archduke Charles. The preliminaries of peace were signed at Leoben on the 18th of April, 1797, and were ratified at Campo Formio on the 17th of October. Henceforth England found herself alone laden with the whole weight of the struggle; she entered it alone, with all the fresh and impassioned zeal of the French Republic and the incomparable genius of its commander-in-chief arrayed against her.

The attempt of General Hoche on Ireland had failed almost without making a landing, and by the simple fact of contrary weather. A shameful expedition composed of vagabonds under the orders of the American Tate, had for a time pillaged the coasts of Wales, but the invaders had been made prisoners without striking a blow, as soon as the militia marched against them under the orders of Lord Cawdor. On the 14th of February, 1797, Sir John Jervis had gained near Cape St. Vincent a signal victory over the Spanish squadron, commanded by Don Joseph de Cordova, Commodore Nelson and Captain Collingwood bearing the weight of the day. "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson, as he boarded the Spanish admiral's ship, the *San*







*Josef*, of one hundred and twelve guns, just at the moment that the Spaniard surrendered; "and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish 'first-rate,'" he writes, "extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of vanquished Spaniards; which as I received I gave to William Fearnley, one of my bargemen, who put them with the greatest *sang-froid* under his arm."

But the maritime power of England was now to pass through a more bitter trial and a more dangerous crisis than all those which the enemy's forces could inflict upon her. The state of the finances had been growing more serious every day; orders had been given to the Bank of England not to make any payment in specie above twenty shillings, and the substitution of paper money for a limited time was voted by Parliament. The merchants and men of business turned a courageous face to necessity; while another class of men, generally accustomed to brave all dangers, but who had for some time been irritated and discontented, threatened the country at the very same moment with a fatal blow. In the middle of April, 1797, an insurrection broke out on board the squadron of Lord Bridport, who was commanding in the Channel. The precautions of the conspirators were so well taken that the officers were deposed, sent on shore, or kept as hostages, without a drop of blood being shed. The sailors claimed an increase of pay equivalent to that which the army and militia had received. They complained of the unjust distribution of prize-money, and of the severity of some of their chiefs.

The first claims were not exaggerated, and they were not insolent either in reality or in form. Admirals Gardner, Colpoys, and Pole, were charged to confer with the delegates of the mutineers. These refused to treat without the sanction of Parliament. Admiral Gardner, furious, seized one

of the negotiators by the collar, swearing he would have them all hanged with every fifth man in the fleet. The admiral narrowly escaped with his life, while the mutineers hoisted the red flag, and waited further developments. After two or three days' suspense, Lord Bridport came on board ship, with a promise of complete redress and full pardon. For a moment the Channel squadron returned to its duty. Lord Bridport brought his fleet to St. Helen's. Some days later, however, the fire which smouldered beneath the ashes broke out anew, and the officers were once more deposed. As Admiral Colpoys, who had remained with two ships at Portsmouth, had forbidden delegates from the mutineers to be received, the insurrection became violent; the *Marlborough* and the *London* sailed for St. Helen's. It was necessary to employ the intervention of old Lord Howe, who had always been popular among the sailors, to stifle the revolt; even then it was at the price of such important concessions that the contagion soon reached other squadrons. At Sheerness, under the inspiration of Richard Parker, who had entered the navy as a volunteer, an intelligent and educated man, but ambitious and corrupt, the insurgent sailors concentrated their strength, and prudently withdrew from the coasts; they brought the ships to the Nore, and soon after bombarded some vessels which had remained faithful to the king; among others, the *San Fiorenzo*, a beautiful frigate destined to transport the Princess Royal and her husband, the Duke of Wurtemberg, to Germany. A part of Lord Duncan's fleet joined the insurgents, thus abandoning the blockade of Holland. Two ships alone remained faithful to the admiral. He had continued his signals as though the greater part of his fleet had still been in sight; but his patriotism was keenly wounded. "It has often been my pride with you to look into the Texel,"

he said to his crew, "and see a foe which dreaded coming out to meet us; my pride is now humbled indeed." Great anxiety was felt in relation to the army, now a prey to an agitation which seditious placards helped to ferment. The beginning of a mutiny manifested itself in the artillery at Woolwich.

The insurgent vessels had hoisted the pirates' red flag and blockaded the entrance to the Thames. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Spencer, had failed in his attempts at conciliation. Parliament passed two bills pronouncing the severest penalties against all attempt at incitement to revolt, and forbidding any communication with the rebel fleet. England in reality exiled the sailors who had revolted against her.

This was a most material blow struck at the insurrection, for to the wounded national sentiment was soon joined the want of provisions. The squadrons which remained faithful to their duty made an appeal to their comrades: moreover, the mutinous leaders proved hard and arbitrary. On the 9th of June, two of the ships concerned in the mutiny abandoned the fleet. On the 13th, five more took refuge under the batteries of Sheerness. On the 15th, all the ships at anchor struck the red flag, and the mutiny was at an end, and Admiral Buckner sent a detachment on board the *Sandwich*, which arrested Parker and his accomplices. Some weeks later they were hanged on the main-yard of the admiral's ship, while the repentant and confused English sailors swore to efface the memory of their fault by new efforts of valor.

It was during this crisis of national bitterness and uneasiness that Mr. Fox and Lord Grey declared their intention of no longer taking part in parliamentary discussions, being decided, they said, not to be concerned with politics whose

tendency they entirely disapproved. About this time Burke died in retirement on the 9th of July, 1797. The opposition already saw the young chiefs, Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Tierney, growing great, but the illustrious rivals of Pitt left him the field free, and retreated to their tents; the lawyer Erskine, more celebrated at the Bar than in the House, joined the government. New negotiations had been commenced with France. "I feel it my duty as an English minister and a Christian," said Mr. Pitt, "to use every effort to stop so bloody and wasting a war." Lord Malmesbury was sent therefore to Lille to treat with the French plenipotentiaries, and many difficult points had been brought to the verge of adjustment, when the *coup-d'état* of the 18th Fructidor (the 4th of September, 1797) gave the power to Barras and to the rest of the Jacobins, who were opposed to all pacific concession. The French plenipotentiaries were recalled; and Lord Malmesbury was obliged to return to England. Some secret and venal overtures of Barras failed of their purpose, and war continued, still signalized by naval successes on the part of the English.

On the 11th of October a great combat took place at Camperdown, in the sight of the Texel, between Admiral Duncan and the Dutch Admiral De Winter. The struggle was furious, but victory remained with the English. The Dutch admiral was made prisoner. On the evening of this hard-fought day it is said that the two admirals sat down to whist together in the Englishman's cabin, and De Winter, on losing the game, calmly remarked it was rather hard to be beaten twice in one day by the same adversary. At the thanksgiving in honor of this victory, Mr. Pitt was received as he came out from St. Paul's with the hoots of the populace, and to return in the evening to his house was escorted by a squadron of City Light Horse.

The state of Ireland had long made Mr. Pitt anxious; he had used all means of conciliation, seeking to satisfy the Roman Catholics by the foundation of the College of Maynooth for the education of the clergy, and by being loyally faithful to the liberal principles which had constantly inspired his conduct with regard to this part of the United Kingdom. But Ireland was the target for all French and revolutionary endeavors; the secret societies which were established everywhere looked to France for succor and counsel. The struggles which had taken place lately in Parliament, were at Dublin transformed into conspiracies. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, put himself at the head of the United Irish, and acts of violence were soon committed at all points. The Orangemen, as the Protestant Irish were called, were animated by passions not less violent than those of their adversaries. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in Ireland, and Lord Camden, then Lord-Lieutenant, ordered that all who had retained arms should deliver them up immediately. "If," said the Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Clare, in reply to a speech of Lord Moira, in the English Parliament, "conciliation is to be regarded as a pledge of national tranquillity, no nation in Europe has had so fair a trial as the Irish. For almost twenty years has the system of conciliation been steadily pursued. First there were the commercial concessions of Lord North; then the legislative equality of 1782; then relaxation of the penal code; and then the Roman Catholic franchise. What has been so far the result? The formation of seditious societies; the system of midnight robbery and outrage; the orders from the Jacobin clubs at London and Belfast to levy regiments of national guards with the French uniform and French passwords; the league of the United Irishmen; the determination, frankly avowed, to

accept no redress from Parliament; the desire, scarcely concealed, to separate from England." Insurrection became imminent, but several of the principal leaders had already been arrested, among them Arthur O'Connor, with an Irish priest, O'Coigley, as they were on the road to Paris to hasten the succors which had been promised them, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald was taken prisoner in Dublin. He resisted, and was so grievously wounded that he soon after died.

To the arrest of the leaders succeeded the severest measures against the mass of the conspirators. They found a great quantity of arms, but it was necessary to obtain them everywhere by force, and this soon brought about cruel retaliation. With the exception of Connaught, the whole of Ireland was in revolt, and became the theatre of the most dreadful scenes; the county of Wexford especially was given up to flames and pillage. Lord Cornwallis was named Lord-Lieutenant, much against his will. "It comes up to my idea of perfect misery," he wrote to one of his friends. He set out, however. Skilful in using severity and clemency by turns, he was actively seconded by the chancellor, Lord Clare, and young Lord Castlereagh. The insurgents were defeated; a French invasion, under the command of General Humbert, for a time gained some successes owing to the incapacity or connivance of the Irish militia, but it was soon repulsed. The ships of the Republic were captured by Commodore Sir John Warren; and the Irish exile, Wolfe Tone, who had been the soul of all the Irish plots in France, was taken with arms in his hands, and died by his own hands in prison. The trial of these leaders, Byrne, O'Coigley, and several others, ended in their capital punishment, but a certain number were pardoned.

Pitt now brought forward an important measure which he had meditated for several years. The growing disorders



of Ireland had convinced him of the necessity of the legislative and parliamentary union of the two countries. On the 31st of January, 1799, therefore, he proposed a bill, which had already been ill received by the Irish Parliament. The royal prerogative for the creation of Irish peers was not limited as it afterwards was in the final bill. By an ingenious rotation of the elections in the boroughs none of them was to lose completely its right of representation. The number of Irish representatives in the House of Commons was fixed at a hundred. The premier's speech was one of the most eloquent he had ever made: only three times in the course of his life had he consented to revise a speech for the press; that on the subject of the Union with Ireland had this honor. "This country," said Mr. Pitt, "is at this time engaged in the most important and momentous conflict that ever occurred in the history of the world — a conflict in which Great Britain is distinguished for having made the only manly and successful stand against the common enemy of civilized society. We see the point in which that enemy thinks us the most assailable. Are we not then bound in policy and prudence to strengthen that vulnerable point, involved as we are in a contest of liberty against despotism — of property against plunder and rapine — religion and order against impiety and anarchy? . . . Sir, if on the other hand it should happen that there be a country which against the greatest of all dangers that threaten its peace and security has not adequate means of protecting itself without the aid of another nation; if that other be a neighboring and kindred nation, speaking the same language, whose laws, whose customs and habits are the same in principle, but carried to a greater degree of perfection, with a more extensive commerce, and more abundant means of acquiring and diffusing national wealth, —

the stability of whose government, the excellence of whose constitution, is more than ever the admiration and envy of Europe, and of which the very country of which we are speaking can only boast an inadequate and imperfect resemblance,—under such circumstances, I would ask what conduct would be prescribed by every national principle of dignity, of honor, or of interest? I would ask whether this is not a faithful description of the circumstances which ought to dispose Ireland to a union? whether Great Britain is not precisely the nation with which, on these principles, a country situated as Ireland is would desire to unite? Does a union under such circumstances, by free consent, and on just and equal terms, deserve to be branded as a proposal for subjecting Ireland to a foreign yoke? Is it not rather the free and voluntary association of two great countries which join, for their common benefit, in one empire, where each will retain its proportional weight and importance, under the security of equal laws, reciprocal affection, and inseparable interests, and which want nothing but that indissoluble connection to render both invincible?”

The bill passed by a great majority in the English Parliament; but all the eloquence of its defenders, and the skilful tactics of Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh, could not bring the Irish Parliament to vote the same resolutions until the beginning of the year 1800. Henry Grattan, who for a long time had been absent from the House, had re-entered it to oppose the Union. “In all that is advanced, the minister does not argue but foretell,” exclaimed the Irish orator. “Now you cannot answer a prophet: you can only disbelieve him. The thing which he proposes to buy cannot be sold, that is liberty; for it he has nothing to give. Everything of value which you possess you obtained under a free constitution: if you resign this you must not

only be slaves but fools." On the 10th of February the project presented by Lord Castlereagh, and discussed with the most extreme violence, was finally voted by the two Houses of the Irish Parliament. The bill, which reposed on the resolutions of the double legislature, received the royal sanction on the 2d of July. Henceforth the union of Ireland and England was definitive, advantageous, and efficacious for both countries alike, in spite of the difficulties it was still to meet with and the bitterness it allowed to exist: it was important in the present for the repose of Great Britain and of the world; for from the time of the union with England foreign invasion ceased on Irish soil.

The expedition of General Bonaparte to Egypt had diverted his thoughts from the project of a descent on England, and was signalized by the great naval battle of Aboukir (1st August, 1798), where Admiral Brueys, who died upon the deck, had been defeated, after an heroic resistance, by Admiral Nelson, himself grievously wounded. The French fleet was almost entirely destroyed, and Bonaparte found himself shut up in Egypt, while war became general in Europe. The Congress of Rastadt, designed to regulate the relations of France with the Germanic body, had not succeeded, and was formally dissolved (April, 1799). A new coalition was formed against the French Republic; and henceforth England found herself supported by Austria, Russia, the King of Naples, Portugal, and Turkey. Hostilities broke out at the same time in Switzerland, Italy, and Germany.

The particulars of this great struggle supported at all points by France, with alternate success and defeat, will not be related here, England taking in the commencement no active or glorious part. An attempt on Holland, directed by the Duke of York and Sir Ralph Abercromby, remained without success. The finances and resolution of Great Bri-

tain everywhere supported the courage of the allies, who were sometimes victorious over the French generals. Bonaparte had just returned to France, leaving his army in Egypt under the command of General Kléber. Some days later he accomplished in Paris the revolution of the 18th Brumaire (the 9th of November, 1800). The weak government of the Directory was overthrown, and General Bonaparte seized the power in his triumphant hands, inspiring with his own ardor the rivals who soon after became his lieutenants. Before the end of the year, the victories of Marengo (on the 14th of June), of Hochstett (19th of June), and of Hohenlinden (3d of December), had changed the face of affairs. Conferences were opened at Luneville between Austria and France. On the 9th of February peace was signed, the Rhine becoming the frontier of the French Republic, and the Adige that of the new Cisalpine republic. At the same moment a caprice of the Emperor Paul I., armed against England, in the name of the Rights of the Neutrals, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. Once more England found herself alone opposed to France, henceforth governed by Bonaparte.

Immediately upon becoming First Consul, Bonaparte had personally made overtures of peace to England by a letter addressed directly to George III. The ministers refused to recognize this unusual proceeding, and Lord Grenville, minister of foreign affairs, had replied in the king's name, declining to depart from the forms usual in transacting business with foreign states. When the question was carried before Parliament, Mr. Pitt rose. "As a sincere lover of peace," he said, "I cannot be content with its nominal attainment; I must be desirous of pursuing that system which promises to attain in the end the permanent enjoyment of its blessings for this country and for Europe. As

a sincere lover of peace I will not sacrifice it by grasping at the shadow when the reality is not in truth within my reach. 'Cur igitur pacem nolo? Quia infida est, quia periculosa, quia esse non potest.' " The minister was all-powerful in the House on all foreign questions, and, in spite of the lassitude of the nation, both national pride and the confidence Mr. Pitt inspired were equally enlisted in the service of war. Never had the friends of the ministry been more confident; in vain had Mr. Fox reappeared in the House, ardently and ably supported by Lord Grey. "The proud, architectural pile" of Pitt's eloquence crushed with its supremacy the charming graces of his adversaries' oratory. In his hands England resisted with audacious calmness all Europe in league against her. So much power and so many victorious efforts were to crumble before a double question of conscience. Sincerely and honestly liberal, and consequently favorable to the political emancipation of the Roman Catholics, Mr. Pitt held himself engaged to their interests in consequence of the support they had given his measures for the union of Ireland. Perhaps he was mistaken as to the king's resolution with regard to them, and thought wrongly of the effect which a great moral struggle might exercise over a mind so narrow, and a soul so sincerely conscientious as that of George III. The emancipation project had already been discussed in council for several months, without Mr. Pitt having yet spoken to the king; but either political traitors or his own honest scruples had already cast the seeds of anxiety into the king's mind. When Lord Castlereagh came to London in the month of January, 1801, desirous of assuring himself that Mr. Pitt's intentions had remained the same, George III. addressed himself eagerly to Mr. Dundas, the intimate friend of Pitt, who shared his opinions on the question in dispute. "What is it that this

young lord has brought over," asked the king, "which they are going to throw at my head? The most Jacobinical thing I ever heard of! I shall reckon any man my personal enemy who proposes any such measure." "Your Majesty will find," replied Dundas, "among those who are friendly to that measure, some whom you have never supposed to be your enemies."

The king was evidently troubled. He wrote to the Speaker, Mr. Addington, a friend of Pitt, but still more the personal friend of the king: "I know we think alike on this great subject. I wish Mr. Addington would open Mr. Pitt's eyes to the danger, . . . which may prevent his ever speaking to me on a subject upon which I can scarcely keep my temper."

George III. felt himself bound by his coronation oath to refuse all liberal change in the constitution, whether in favor of Roman Catholics or dissenters. When the question had arisen of abolishing the Test Act, he had consulted Lord Kenyon and Sir John Scott on this subject; both were favorable to the maintenance of the measure; but notwithstanding that fact they had assured the king that it "might be repealed or altered without any breach of the coronation oath or Act of Union (with Scotland)." Less sincere and less disinterested, Lord Loughborough had given a contrary opinion, moved thereto perhaps by the complaisance of a courtier and by his political ambition. His reasons confirmed the king's scruples, and George III. remained persistently faithful to them. To the arguments which Mr. Pitt addressed to him in writing he replied in these terms: "My opinions are not those formed on the moment, but such as I have imbibed for forty years, and from which I never can depart; but Mr. Pitt once acquainted with my sentiments, . . . I will certainly abstain from talking on

this subject, which is the one nearest my heart. I cannot help if others pretend to guess at my opinions, which I have never disguised; but if those who unfortunately differ with me will keep this subject at rest, I will on my part—most correctly on my part—be silent also; but this restraint I shall put on myself from affection for Mr. Pitt; but further I cannot go, for I cannot sacrifice my duty to any consideration.”

The minister's conscience was more enlightened and no less firm than that of the monarch, and he thought it compromised in the question; notwithstanding the great danger of a ministerial crisis in the midst of a momentous war, and in the presence of ever-increasing financial difficulties, he persisted in his resolution of retiring. On the 5th of February, 1801, King George III. sadly accepted his resignation. Six weeks later, Mr. Rose, an intimate friend of Pitt, narrates in his diary an interview with the ex-minister. “In the evening I went to him at his desire, and we were alone more than three hours in an extremely interesting conversation. . . . The most remarkable thing that fell from him was a suggestion that, on revolving in his mind all that had passed, it did not occur to him that he could have acted in any respect otherwise than he had done, or that he had anything to blame himself for except not having earlier endeavored to reconcile the king to the measure about the Catholics, or to prevail with his Majesty not to take an active part on the subject. . . . There were painful workings in his mind plainly discernible, most of the time tears in his eyes and much agitated.”

Against the pious and creditable scruples which troubled the sovereign's conscience, it was doubtless a noble error on Mr. Pitt's part to throw into the scale his own scruples and engagements, but it was a very serious error none

the less, one which would cause England to incur great dangers, would again unseat the tottering reason of the king, and retard rather than serve that cause of religious and political liberty to which Mr. Pitt sacrificed everything.

In retiring, Mr. Pitt had eagerly entreated Mr. Addington to decide on accepting power. "I see nothing but ruin if you hesitate," he said. He at the same time besought his friends to retain their posts; he even consented to present the budget which he had prepared, and which was unanimously voted.

His help was assured for the new ministry. Nevertheless, on the 7th of February, Dundas wrote to him from Wimbledon, while Mr. Addington was still working at the formation of his cabinet: "I know not to what stage the Speaker's endeavors to form an arrangement have proceeded, but it is impossible for me not to whisper into your ear my conviction that no arrangement can be formed under him as its head that will not crumble to pieces almost as soon as formed. Our friends who, as an act of friendship and attachment to you, agree to remain in office, do it with the utmost chagrin and unwillingness; and, among the other considerations which operate upon them is the feeling that they are embarking in an administration under a head totally incapable to carry it on."

It was the general feeling: the king, discouraged and sad before the cabinet had been constituted, still remained anxious and agitated. He desired his coronation oath to be re-read to him, and exclaimed, "Where is that power on earth to absolve me from the due observance of every sentence of that oath? . . . I had rather beg my bread from door to door throughout Europe than consent to any such measure!" At another time he himself read it aloud, add-



ing, "If I violate it I am no longer legal sovereign of this country, but it falls to the House of Savoy."

Emotions and anxieties like these seriously impaired the king's health of mind and body; he felt that he had lost his faithful support, the sure guide who had directed his affairs for the last seventeen years; his royal conscience was agitated and troubled; one of the earliest symptoms of the return of his mental malady was repeating one morning in chapel aloud, and with extraordinary emphasis, as if referring to himself, now forty years on the throne, this verse of the Psalm: "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation and said, It is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known *my* ways." The next day he seemed to come to himself again, saying, "I am better, I am better; but I will remain true to the Church." The announcement of the royal illness was made, and public prayers were ordered. The Prince of Wales sent for Mr. Pitt, saying that he desired to consult him on this distressing occasion. "Sir," said Mr. Pitt, "being *de facto* in the situation of minister, I shall have no hesitation in giving your Royal Highness the best advice and opinions in my power. But there is one thing that I must be allowed very respectfully to state, — I can do so only on the condition that your Royal Highness will forbear to advise with those who have for a long time acted in direct opposition to his Majesty's government." And in a later interview he frankly stated his intention to propose and do his utmost to carry the measure of a restricted regency, as had been determined in 1789. To this the prince agreed, not without reluctance, but without apparent ill-humor. Fox meanwhile quitted his delightful retreat at Saint Ann's, and advised the prince to acquiesce in Mr. Pitt's plan. Steps had been already taken for forming a Whig cabinet, when the rapid improvement

of the king's health gave the hope of again avoiding this much-dreaded regency. On Friday, the 6th of March, George III. passed some hours with the queen, and he charged Dr. Willis to inform Mr. Pitt of it. "Tell him I am now well, quite well, quite recovered from my illness; but what has he not to answer for who is the cause of my having been ill at all?"

Feelings of loyalty and personal attachment for the old king were intense in Mr. Pitt's proud and reserved soul: his sovereign's reproach touched him. "Tell his Majesty," replied he to Dr. Willis, "that I have authorized you to assure him that during his reign, in office or out of office, I will never agitate the Catholic question." "Now my mind will be at ease," the king said, and he repeated his minister's assurance to the queen, who had just entered.

For a moment, this question of conscience being set at rest, Mr. Pitt had some desire of yielding to the king's wishes, as well as to those of his friends, and returning to power, but Mr. Addington turned a deaf ear to the hints which were made to him on this subject. Mr. Pitt did not insist: he had seen the king, and resigned the great seal; the Roman Catholics, carefully informed of the whole affair, had rendered homage to Mr. Pitt's fidelity in his engagements with them, and they now waited their turn. Pitt meanwhile had installed himself in a small furnished house in Park Place. Poor, and without leisure to watch over his personal affairs, he was overwhelmed with debt; he had refused the gifts of his country and the liberalities of the king; he at last regretfully accepted his friends' offers, and received from them the necessary money to pay his creditors; he also sold his little estate at Holwood. His mode of life was modest. "In the House of Commons," says Lord Stanhope, "whenever Pitt attended, he took his seat

‘on the right hand of the chair, in the third row from the floor, and in the angle next one of the iron pillars.’ Many years afterwards, in the former House of Commons, I have seen old members point out the very place with something of a reverent feeling.” His friends remained unshaken in their fidelity to him, whether (like Long, and Rose, and young Canning, who was perhaps his favorite disciple and certainly the most celebrated) they followed him into retirement, or whether at his entreaty they occupied posts of confidence. Lord Eldon, in accepting the great seal, said that he did so only in obedience to the king’s command, and at the advice and earnest recommendation of Mr. Pitt, and that he would hold it no longer than he could continue to do in perfect friendship with the latter.

From India, where he was governor-general, the Marquis Wellesley wrote to the retired minister: “I rely upon the testimony of my own heart that you must have felt an implicit confidence in my firm adherence to your cause under any exigency that might arise. When that cause shall cease to be the master-spring of our councils, I shall wish to retreat from the disgrace of office to whatever fortress you may choose to defend. My political connection with you, confirmed by every tie of friendship and intimate intercourse of private regard and affection, is become not only the pride but the comfort of my life; and I can never support the idea of considering you in any other light than as the guide of my public conduct, the guardian of all that I hold dear and valuable in our constitution and country, and the primary object of my private esteem, respect, and attachment.”

He who had inspired so many eminent men with this affectionate and faithful respect, did not remain insensible

to the marks of attachment lavished upon him; nor did he conceal the sorrow which his disappointed hopes and abandoned projects caused him. Mr. Addington's cabinet was formed: Lord Grey attacked the conduct of the last government; Pitt rose, confessing frankly the regret he felt in quitting power before peace was concluded. "I pretend to no such philosophy," he said, "to no such indifference to the opinion of others, as some persons choose to affect. I am not indifferent to the circumstances of this country. I am not indifferent to the opinion which the public may entertain of the share—the too large share—which I have taken in them. On the contrary, I confess that these topics have occupied my attention much. Events have happened which disappointed my warmest wishes, and frustrated the most favorite hopes of my heart; for I could have desired to pursue the objects of such hopes and wishes to the end of that struggle which I had worked for with anxiety and care.

"I would observe that I have lived to very little purpose for the last seventeen years of my life if it is necessary for me to say that I have not quitted my situation in order to shrink from its difficulties; for in the whole of that time I have acted, whether well or ill it is not for me to say, but certainly in a manner that had no resemblance to shrinking from difficulty. I may even say this: if I were to strike the seventeen years out of the account, and refer only to what has taken place within the last two months, I will venture to allege that enough has happened within that time to wipe off the idea of my being disposed to shrink from difficulty or wishing to get rid of any responsibility. What has happened within that period has afforded me an opportunity of showing, in a particular manner, that

I was willing to be responsible to any extent which my situation cast upon me."

It was quite true that even in his retreat Pitt was perfectly ready to bear all the weight of his past acts and present counsels. An expedition he had projected had just entered the Baltic. Sir Hyde Parker, who commanded it, had been appointed to the chief command; old and feeble, the dangers of the expedition had shaken his courage. The weather was bad. "But we must brace up," said Nelson, who was commanding under his orders, to him; "these are not times for nervous systems." On the 2d of April the engagement that took place completely overwhelmed the old admiral. Nelson had attacked the batteries and the enemy's squadron before Copenhagen, when all at once the signal was given to cease the action. Nelson hastily seized his glass. "Leave off action!" exclaimed he; "I will not! I have only one eye; I have a right to be blind sometimes." He put his glass to his blind eye; "I really do not see the signal. Never mind the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!" The victory was glorious. Going on shore two days after, Nelson concluded with the crown-prince an armistice, by which Denmark abandoned the alliance of armed neutrality formed against England. Some weeks later the Emperor Paul was assassinated, and the coalition of the Northern powers dissolved of itself; the first care of the new emperor was to give the English sailors their liberty.

To the joy which the success off Copenhagen caused, was added good news from Egypt. Kléber had died on the 14th of June, 1800, stabbed by a fanatic, and General Menou, who succeeded him, was holding the positions gained by the victory of Heliopolis. Early in 1801, during the min-

isterial crisis, a body of English troops disembarked in Egypt, and a bloody engagement took place near Aboukir. Sir Ralph Abercromby was grievously wounded in it, and died some days afterwards. The French were, however, hard pressed at Alexandria; Cairo was invested, and General Beliard, who occupied it, was obliged to capitulate before the end of June. The English had received reinforcements from India, and on the 27th of August General Menou was compelled to surrender. The French obtained all the honors of war, and retired unconditionally with their arms and baggage. They were to be landed free on the shores of their own country. In London negotiations had already been going on for a month.

Mr. Pitt had taken an active part in these negotiations. Lord Hawkesbury, who was charged with them, was one of his most intimate friends. He himself announced on the 1st of October the signature of preliminaries to Mr. Long, lately a member of his administration: "I have but one moment to tell you the die is at length cast, and the preliminaries are just signed. The terms, though not precisely all that one could wish, are certainly highly creditable, and on the whole very advantageous. I do not expect all our friends to be completely satisfied, but the country at large will, I think, be very much so. I consider the event as fortunate both for the government and for the public."

On the 27th of March, 1802, peace was signed at Amiens, between England on the one hand, and France, Spain, and Holland on the other. All the colonial conquests were restored to France and Holland, with the exception of Trinidad and the Dutch settlements of Ceylon. Malta was restored to the Knights of St. John, and Egypt to the Porte; the French relinquished the kingdom of Naples and the Roman territory; and the fisheries on the coast of New-

WILLIAM PITT — LORD CHATHAM.

"WAIL MINE TO THE MARE."





foundland and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence were restored to the same footing on which they stood before the war. "It is a peace which everybody is glad of," said Sir Philip Francis, "although nobody is proud of it." The transports of public joy imposed on the opposition the necessity of accepting the peace without demur; Fox alone was sufficiently carried away by party passion to rejoice emphatically at the success of France. "Some complain that we have not gained the object of the war," he said: "the object of the war we have not gained most certainly; I like the peace by so much the better." And in a letter to Lord Grey, who reproached him with his imprudence; "The truth is," replied Fox, "I am gone something farther in hate to the English government than you and the rest of my friends, and certainly farther than can with prudence be avowed. The triumph of the French government over the English does in fact afford me a degree of pleasure which it is very difficult to disguise."

The peace which had just been concluded was already breaking up; Bonaparte's encroaching ambition, relying on the lassitude of Europe, increased every day the pretensions of the French government. Crowds of English travellers were on the Continent, charmed to visit the new France, till now closed to their curiosity. Fox was in Paris, often in the society of the First Consul, for whom he had conceived the most lively admiration. Bonaparte was walking one day in the Louvre with his distinguished visitor, and stopped before a terrestrial globe; the First Consul touched with his finger the spot occupied by England. "See what a little place you occupy in the world!" he said to Fox, in one of those sallies of spite in which he often indulged. The Englishman's pride awoke in Fox. "That is true," he said, laying his hand in turn on the globe;

“but with her vessels she encircles it all.” Bonaparte said no more on the subject.

A temporary estrangement arose between Pitt and Addington, for the latter had sometimes failed to defend Pitt when he was violently attacked in the House, and the counsels asked for and given had not always been followed. Efforts were more than once made to bring the late minister back to power, and he now felt he could neither direct nor could he overthrow the cabinet which he had so long supported. He therefore gave up for a time frequenting the House of Commons. “I am more and more persuaded,” he wrote to his friend Mr. Rose, “by all that I see of things and parties, that any part I could take at present if I were in town would be more likely to do harm than good; and that I am therefore, in every point of view, better where I am.” Pitt prolonged his stay at Walmer Castle from February to May, 1803.

The condition of affairs was indeed a cause of anxiety and regret to all considerate minds: the execution of the Treaty of Amiens appeared doubtful; new revolutionary movements agitated Holland; the Cisalpine republic had just been organized under French influence; Bonaparte’s mediation in Swiss affairs assured him an important and lasting influence in that country; Piedmont had been annexed to the French republic; an expedition under Colonel Sebastiani to Egypt caused the English great anxiety. The cabinets of London and Paris exchanged complaints and recriminations on the slowness which both sides showed in giving force to the treaty. “We claim the Treaty of Amiens, the whole Treaty of Amiens, and nothing but the Treaty of Amiens,” said the French. England still retained Malta, under pretext that the Knights were not yet established there, and that Malta was the only guaranty for them of

"SEE WHAT A LITTLE PLACE YOU OCCUPY IN THE WORLD."



the good faith of the French. General Bonaparte expressed himself very angrily on this subject in conversation with Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador in Paris. "I would rather see you in possession of the heights of Montmartre than of Malta," he exclaimed. He then complained of the libels circulated against him in England, and also of the delays which had occurred in the trial of Peltier, a French pamphleteer and refugee, who was, however, at last declared guilty. At the same time the First Consul himself wounded the legitimate pride of England by this arrogant expression in his message to the Corps Législatif: "The government may say with just pride that England is unable at the present time to contend alone against France." Considerable armaments began to be prepared at the same time at several points on the French coasts, provoking, on the part of the English government, similar measures; a message from the king to Parliament announced that these steps had been taken.

The anger of the First Consul exhibited itself further towards the English ambassador on the occasion of a reception at the Tuileries on the 13th of March. "And so you are determined to go to war?" he exclaimed abruptly. "No," replied the ambassador, a high-bred, self-possessed Englishman; "we are too sensible of the advantages of peace." "We have already been at war for the last fifteen years—" "He seemed to be expecting a reply," continues Lord Whitworth, "so I said, 'That is already too long.'" "But," he replied, "you want it for fifteen years longer: you force me to it." He complained of the infractions of the treaty of which he accused England, rapidly turning around the circle, and fixing his angry glance upon the members of the diplomatic body, who were uneasy and

troubled. "Woe to him who respects not treaties!" he said at last as he turned away.

In the presence of this threatening attitude and of all Europe in alarm, England looked, with regret and an ardent desire for his return, to the powerful leader she had lost. "In this awful situation," said Sir Philip Francis in Parliament, "whether I advert to some who are present or to others who are absent, the melancholy and astonishing fact is, that out of the councils and government of the country, at such a moment as this, all the eminent abilities of England are excluded. In fair weather a moderate share of skill may be sufficient; for the storm that seems to be coming, other pilots should be provided. If the ship sinks, we must all go down with it."

Addington at last felt with the country, and made propositions to Pitt through Mr. Dundas, who had recently become Lord Melville. "Dundas was confiding in his knowledge of all Pitt's ways and feelings, and after dinner and port-wine began cautiously to open his proposals," says Wilberforce; "but he saw it would not do and stopped abruptly. 'Really,' said Pitt, with a sly severity, and it was almost the only sharp thing I ever heard him say of any friend, 'I had not the curiosity to ask what I was to be.' " Addington was anxious and sincere; he went further, and proposed to resign his functions as premier: some of Pitt's friends pressed him to accept. But an interview with Lord Grenville at this time seemed to decide Pitt against the concessions Addington asked for; on his side the latter would not admit Lord Grenville and Mr. Wyndham to the new cabinet; the negotiations were broken off, to the extreme regret of the king, who had been tardily and imperfectly informed of the situation. "It is a foolish business from one end to the other," said George III. to Lord

Pelham: "it was begun ill, conducted ill, and terminated ill." "In my own view of the transaction," said the Duke of York to Lord Malmesbury, "both parties were in the wrong. It has been so managed as to put Pitt's return to office, though more necessary than ever, at a greater distance than ever."

The renewal of hostilities was becoming imminent; the First Consul had rejected England's ultimatum, and on the 12th of May Lord Whitworth left Paris. The English ministers had committed some faults of detail in the negotiations, but already the danger of Bonaparte's arrogant and insatiable ambition had begun to appear. The repose and independence of Europe were compromised if Bonaparte should become master of the military and political situation. On the 18th of May, 1803, war was officially declared, and some days later all English subjects who were travelling in France were seized and thrown into prison, to be retained there till peace was re-established.

Notwithstanding his recent affliction in the death of his mother, the Countess of Chatham (April 3, 1803), Mr. Pitt now decided to resume his attendance in Parliament, and, without reference to the ministry, to support the war measures, of whose importance he was deeply convinced. When he rose to speak for the first time, the whole House cried out "Pitt! Pitt!" and cheers drowned the first accents of his voice. Fox himself bore witness to the splendid success of his great rival who had reappeared on the scene. "It is a speech which, if Demosthenes had been present, he must have admired and might have envied."

Pitt cordially approved of preparations for war; he supported, however, against the government, a proposition of Mr. Fox tending to accept the mediation of Russia. "Whether for a season of war or peace," he said, "whether in the

view of giving energy to our arms or security to our repose, whether in the view of preventing war by negotiation or restoring peace after war has broken out, it is the duty of the ministers of this country to avail themselves of the good offices of Powers with whom it must be the interest of this country to be united in alliance."

War was inevitable, however, and the mediation of Russia useless and inefficacious: the outside world distrusted the energy and wisdom of the English cabinet. "If this ministry lasts, Great Britain will *not* last," said Count Woronzow, the Russian ambassador in London. Parliament again rejected the vote of censure indirectly supported by Mr. Pitt; but meanwhile the aid of the great orator was necessary to the cabinet in order to obtain approval for its financial measures, and Mr. Addington accepted the modifications proposed by Mr. Pitt without resistance.

The First Consul had resumed his old project of a descent on England. He had established a camp at Boulogne with workshops for naval constructions; he had visited it frequently, inspecting the work and animating every one with his inexhaustible ardor. More than two thousand flatboats were to transport to England a hundred thousand soldiers, veterans of the great revolutionary struggles. Bonaparte had exacted from Spain a monthly tribute; he disposed of the resources of the Cisalpine republic, as well as of those of Holland and Belgium. "Towards the end of autumn," he said, "I will march on London."

The patriotic ardor of England responded to the gravity of the danger. M. Thiers has said that a shudder of terror ran through all classes of English society. Alarm, however, did not check the national enthusiasm; three hundred thousand volunteers promptly inscribed themselves on the lists which were everywhere opened. As Warden of the Cinque



Ports, Mr. Pitt powerfully contributed to the activity of the preparations. He had the regiment which he formed, and which occupied the most exposed position of the coast, brought into efficiency. His constitution, never robust, was at this time seriously impaired by his exertions. His niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, had charge of his house at this time. She was young, beautiful, and of a somewhat eccentric disposition. Without resources of family or fortune, her uncle had received her into his house, and she had shown him sincere devotion. After his death she left England, and finally established herself in Palestine, where for a long time she led the existence of a desert queen: a strange destiny, and very contrary to the regular habits of Mr. Pitt, who, with the exception of a single journey to France, had never left England.

At the opening of Parliament on the 22d of November, Pitt blamed some of the measures adopted by the government for national defence, but he refused to have anything to do with the systematic attack which Lord Grenville prepared, and for which he had allied himself with Mr. Fox. Lord Malmesbury narrates an interview with Pitt in February, 1804, on which occasion the latter asserted that in all simple and plain questions it was his resolution to support the government, but when government omitted anything he thought the state of the country required to be done, or did it weakly or inefficiently, he then should deliver his sentiments clearly and distinctly; but not even then in a spirit of opposition, since he would never do it till he had ascertained government would persist in what he condemned, and not adopt what he thought essentially necessary.

The king was suffering at this time from a new attack of his malady, never quite disqualifying him, however, for the performance of his kingly functions, but causing much disquiet lest it should increase to such an extent as to dis-

able him entirely; successive defeats had broken up a ministry in the general opinion incompetent to the task which it had inherited, and Mr. Addington resolved to resign. The king accepted his decision with regret; he felt himself up to a certain point master of power while it rested in the hands of Mr. Addington; and he often addressed him with emphasis as "*My* Chancellor of the Exchequer! *my* Chancellor of the Exchequer!" George III., however, consulted Mr. Pitt on the formation of a cabinet. Mr. Pitt, for some time in correspondence with the chancellor, Lord Eldon, immediately proposed an alliance with Mr. Fox. "My opinion is founded," he wrote, "on the strong conviction that the present critical situation of this country, connected with that of Europe in general and with the state of political parties at home, renders it more important and essential than perhaps at any other period that ever existed, to endeavor to give the greatest possible strength and energy to his Majesty's government, by endeavoring to unite in his service as large a proportion as possible of the weight of talents and connections drawn without exception from parties of all descriptions, and without reference to former differences and divisions." The king's refusal was peremptory. He however consented to see Mr. Pitt. "I must congratulate your Majesty," said Pitt, "on your looking better now than on your recovery from your last illness," alluding to the spring of 1801. "That is not to be wondered at," replied the king cordially; "I was then on the point of parting with an old friend; I am now about to regain one."

Fox showed neither astonishment nor ill-temper when he heard of the exclusion the king had pronounced. "I am too old now to care about office," he said to Lord Granville Leveson. "But I have many friends who for years have followed me; I advise them now to join the govern-

ment, and I trust Pitt can give them places." Persistently faithful to their chief, the friends of Fox refused all the minister's propositions. Lord Grenville, piqued at not having succeeded in his attempts at coalition, declared he could not form part of the cabinet. The long friendship which had united him to Mr. Pitt and their family ties made this refusal a serious disappointment to the latter. "I recollect Mr. Pitt's saying with some indignation," says Lord Eldon, "he would teach that proud man that, in the service and with the confidence of the king, he could do without him, though he thought his health such that it might cost him his life." Lord Harrowby had the charge of foreign affairs, and the new cabinet was recruited by Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh. Meanwhile the opposition was stronger than ever, but the condition of the Continent had changed; the execution of the Duke d'Enghien had irritated and outraged the most decided partisans of the First Consul, and had taken away from his admirers all right to consider him as the protector of liberty in Europe. On the 18th of May, 1804, General Bonaparte was proclaimed Emperor of the French, under the name of Napoleon I. The secret discontent of the sovereigns of Europe lent some moral support to England's resistance. Mr. Pitt had no faith in this movement of public opinion, and in spite of the efforts of his adversaries, among whom Mr. Addington had ranged himself, he demanded an increase of the regular forces. The Emperor Napoleon was preparing his great project of invading England, and had confided the command of the fleet to Admiral Latouche-Treville. "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world," he wrote in a private letter to his admiral on the 2d of July. But Latouche-Treville fell ill, and died on the 20th of August, and the great design of Napoleon, frustrated by

a more powerful hand than his own, ended in a few insignificant skirmishes between the English and French ships of war. The emperor relinquished his designs on England and returned to Paris, where, on the 2d of December, he was crowned by Pope Pius VII., who had come from Rome for the purpose of consecrating the new Charlemagne.

In Mr. Pitt's notes on the means of defence and attack which England could then command, is to be found this passage on the Emperor Napoleon, inspired by a patriotic bitterness natural and excusable, but detracting in some measure from that equity of judgment which the great minister always knew how to preserve at home towards his most violent adversaries:

“NAPOLEON.

“I see various and opposite qualities — all the great and all the little passions unfavorable to public tranquillity — united in the breast of one man, and of that man, unhappily, whose personal caprice can scarce fluctuate for an hour without affecting the destiny of Europe. I see the inward workings of fear struggling with pride, in an ardent, enterprising, and tumultuous mind. I see all the captious jealousy of conscious usurpation dreaded, detested, and obeyed, — the giddiness and intoxication of splendid but unmerited success, — the arrogance, the presumption, the self-will of unlimited and idolized power; and, more dreadful than all, in the plenitude of authority, the restless and incessant activity of guilty but unsated ambition.”

The Emperor Napoleon judged more candidly of his irreconcilable adversary. When during the Hundred Days he had granted France a parliamentary constitution, “We don't know here how to conduct an Assembly,” he said to his

ministers. "M. Fouché thinks that in winning over some corrupt old men, or flattering some young enthusiasts, one can govern parliaments, but he is mistaken; that is intrigue, and intrigue does not lead us far. In England, without absolutely neglecting those means, they have greater and more serious ones. Remember Mr. Pitt; and look at Lord Castlereagh to-day! With a movement of his eyebrows Pitt directed the House of Commons, and Lord Castlereagh directs it in the same way now. Ah! if I had such instruments I should not fear assemblies. But have I anything of the sort?"

The ministry had lost the aid of Lord Harrowby, who had been ill in consequence of a fall, and had been obliged to send in his resignation. About this time a reconciliation took place between Pitt and Addington, and the displeasure among some of Pitt's friends was great. Canning had spoken of resigning his post. "I think they are a little hard upon us in finding fault with our making it up again," said Mr. Pitt, "when we have been friends from our childhood, and our fathers were so before us. Yet they say nothing to Grenville for uniting with Fox, though they have been fighting all their lives." Addington passed into the House of Lords with the title of Lord Sidmouth, and the office of President of the Council. The Duke of Portland, who had exercised this function, remained in the cabinet as minister without a portfolio.

The new alliance, as well as a growing feeling of public confidence, had augmented the ministerial majority. After a most animated debate between Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, on the subject of the war which Spain had recently declared against England, the course of the government was approved by a majority of a hundred and forty voices. Mr. Pitt had not thought it prudent to risk at the same moment

the question of the abolition of the slave-trade, although he had constantly remained faithful to it. Wilberforce insisted on presenting his motion: Pitt and Fox gave him their suffrages, but the greater number of their adherents stayed away. "I never felt so much on any parliamentary occasion," wrote Wilberforce in his journal.

A most bitter grief and disappointment was at this time preparing for Mr. Pitt. Persevering in his friendships as well as in his political engagements, he had remained sincerely attached to Lord Melville, in spite of the coldness which had sprung up between them during Mr. Addington's ministry, and upon resuming power he had recalled his friend to the admiralty, of which he had formerly been treasurer. The work of the department had been much neglected by Lord St. Vincent. Melville pushed it on with much zeal, but his spirit of order and care in supervision had not equalled his activity. A paymaster appointed by Lord Melville was convicted of having misappropriated public funds, and very soon his patron was accused of being concerned in these embezzlements. It was impossible, he said, for him to render any account of sums which had passed through his hands, part of which had been devoted to the secret service. Sure of Lord Melville's probity, but not the less uneasy on account of his culpable laxity in the superintendence of his subordinates, and the animosity of the opposition with regard to him, Pitt resolved to defend his colleague at any risk. Among his partisans, and even in the cabinet, dissension was profound and opinions very divided. When Lord Melville's case came before the House, the independent members waited for Mr. Wilberforce's decision. He rose slowly, meeting Pitt's gaze, which was fixed intently on him. "It required no little effort," said Wilberforce afterwards, "to resist the fascination of that

penetrating eye." But he did not waver; "he was strongly impressed," he said, "with the culpable conduct of Lord Melville, and could not refuse to satisfy the moral sense of England."

The House was equally divided; Abbot, the Speaker, in great anxiety and after some minutes of hesitation, gave his vote against the accused. "I sat wedged close to Pitt himself the night when we were 216 to 216," wrote Lord Fitzharris, son of Lord Malmesbury, in his note-book. "The Speaker, Abbot, after looking as white as a sheet, and pausing for ten minutes, gave the casting vote against us. Pitt immediately put on the little cocked hat that he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jammed it deeply over his forehead, and I distinctly saw the tears trickling down his cheeks. We had overheard one or two — such as Colonel Wardle of notorious memory — say they would see 'how Billy looked after it.' A few young ardent followers of Pitt, with myself, locked their arms together and formed a circle, in which he moved, I believe unconsciously, out of the House, and neither the colonel nor his friends could approach him."

Lord Melville resigned his office as First Lord of the Admiralty, but his enemies were not satisfied, and demanded that his name should be struck out of the list of the privy council. The first attitude of Pitt was that of haughty refusal. Melville, however, intervened, as generous and disinterested as he had been imprudent and negligent in the administration of the public money and of his personal fortune. The majority was threatening: Melville begged Pitt to yield to the storm. A sad allusion to the grief of his family alone betrayed the bitterness of his soul. "I will not disguise from you," he said in terminating his letter, "that this opinion is not altogether free from considerations

of a personal nature. I trust I have fortitude sufficient to enable me to bear up against any wrong, but you are enough acquainted with the interior of my family to know how galling it must be to every domestic feeling I have, to witness the unremitting distress and agitation which these debates, so full of personal asperity, must naturally produce on those most nearly connected with me."

When Pitt announced to the Commons the resolution he had taken to advise the erasure of Lord Melville's name from the list of the privy council, he added with the saddest accent these penetrating words: "I confess, sir, and I am not ashamed to confess it, whatever may be my deference to the House of Commons, and however anxious I may be to accede to its wishes, I certainly felt a deep and bitter pang in being compelled to be the instrument of rendering still more severe the punishment of the noble lord." "As Pitt uttered the word 'pang,'" says Lord Macaulay, "his lip quivered; his voice shook; he paused; and his audience thought that he was about to burst into tears. He suppressed his emotion, however, and proceeded with his usual majestic self-possession." When Lord Melville appeared before the House of Lords, that tribunal of the illustrious accused to which Pitt's friendship had admitted him, the great minister was no longer there to support him with his faithful attachment and his generous confidence. At the time of Melville's acquittal Mr. Pitt was dead (1806).

Within the cabinet Lord Sidmouth had shown much animosity against Melville; his ill-humor increased with the appointment of Melville's successor, Sir Charles Middleton. The dissension was for a time allayed by the intervention of mutual friends; but it ended finally in the retirement of Lord Sidmouth and of his faithful partisan, Lord Buckinghamshire. The king had plainly declared for Mr. Pitt.



“The king is much hurt,” he wrote to Pitt, “at the virulence against Lord Melville, which is unbecoming the character of Englishmen, who naturally, when a man is fallen, are too noble to pursue their blows. . . . He thinks it but justice to his own sentiments to declare that, had any disunion arisen, he should have decidedly taken part with Mr. Pitt, as he has every reason to be satisfied with his conduct.” The old king when he wrote these lines was on the point of becoming blind. At the close of the session, on the 12th of July, 1805, one of his eyes had already become quite useless, and the other was daily growing weaker. At the same time, to the profound grief of his friends and family, Mr. Pitt’s health visibly declined. Whatever might be the energy of his spirit, it was no longer possible for him to appear before his parliamentary adversaries “as a giant refreshed.”

But the giant who governed France and terrified Europe seemed to require no repose. Crowned at Milan on the 26th of May, 1805, he had taken the title of King of Italy: this name sounded ill to Austrian ears. The new sovereign had annexed to France the republic of Genoa; and began to furnish appanages to his family by granting Lucca as a fief, or dependent principality, to one of his sisters, the Princess Elisa Baciocchi. These acts of insolent domination served Mr. Pitt’s designs, who was then ardently occupied in forming a new coalition against absolutist and revolutionary France. Russia, Austria, and Sweden acceded to his proposition. Scarcely was the European alliance formed when Napoleon was again in the camp at Boulogne, resolved to strike the coalition to the heart by attacking England. He was confident of the success of his expedition. “The English do not know what is hanging over them,” he wrote to M. Decrès, who was then his minister of the marine.

“If we can but be masters of the Channel for twelve hours, England will have ceased to be.”

The Emperor's plan had been to entice the English ships to the West Indies, and then to return suddenly with all his forces and occupy the Channel. Admiral Villeneuve, charged with the supreme command, was able and brave, but discouraged beforehand by the weight of the responsibility. He had passed the straits of Gibraltar with twenty vessels, when Nelson with ten ships started in pursuit. From Spain to the Antilles, from the Antilles to the Channel, the one squadron pursued the other. Villeneuve had received the order to raise the blockade of Brest, to rally the squadron of Admiral Gantheaume, and to proceed at once towards England. He hesitated, doubted, and disobeyed, returning south towards Cadiz, where he expected to find several other French ships. Nelson heard it, and hastened to pursue him. His master heard it also with an anger he took no pains to hide. The emperor was at Boulogne, on the shore at all hours, scanning the horizon for the sails of his vessels. M. Daru entered his cabinet one morning. He found Napoleon agitated, talking to himself, seeming not to perceive persons who came in. M. Daru, standing in silence, awaited his orders; the emperor came forward to meet him, and addressing him as if he had been informed of all. “Do you know,” he said, “where Villeneuve is now? He is at Cadiz! at Cadiz!” His anger burst forth, and he declared that he had been betrayed. Some hours later he had conceived the plan of his campaign in Germany. By the end of September he was at the Rhine, at the head of his troops, pressing and driving back General Mack and the Austrian army. Ulm was a strong position commanding the Danube, but its approaches were cut off, and communications were impossible. Mack was aban-

done by some of his troops, and surrendered unconditionally on the 20th of October. He marched out of the town, and thirty thousand men laid down their arms.

When this news arrived in London, brought by one of those vague rumors which precede all couriers, Pitt for some time refused to believe it. He was ill, and the weight of public peril for the first time seemed too much for this powerful mind. He had made new efforts to enlarge the basis of his ministry, visiting the king at Weymouth, and urging him to consent to Mr. Fox's entrance to the cabinet; but George III. remained inflexible. The profound anxiety which had filled Mr. Pitt's mind insensibly gained on his friends. "He and Lord Mulgrave came to me with a Dutch newspaper, in which the capitulation of Ulm was inserted at full length," wrote Lord Malmesbury in his *Memoirs*. "I observed but too clearly the effect it had on Pitt, though he did his utmost to conceal it. This was the last time I ever saw him. The visit has left an indelible impression on my mind, as his manner and look were not his own, and gave me, in spite of myself, a foreboding of the loss with which we were threatened."

The sunlight of a great joy was once more to illuminate the dark sky of Mr. Pitt's last days. On the day following the reduction of Ulm, on the 21st of October, the English and French fleets had met in sight of Trafalgar. Nelson and Collingwood commanded the two lines of English ships. Villeneuve and Admiral Gravina had collected thirty-three ships of the line and seven frigates. After prodigies of courage on the part of several of the French ships, the victory remained with the English. Standing on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, Nelson sent out his famous signal to his fleet, breathing the severe English heroism: "England expects every man to do his duty." He wore all

his decorations. "In honor I gained them," he said, "and in honor I will die with them." And in truth he did die, struck by a ball in the shoulder. He fell on his face, and was carried to the cockpit, where he expired three hours later, repeating the words, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

The noblest funeral oration of such men is the public consternation caused by their death. The victory of Trafalgar was greeted in England with shouts of joy and with tears. Lord Fitzharris says in his note-book: "One day in November, 1805, I happened to dine with Pitt, and Trafalgar was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings when roused in the night to read Collingwood's despatches. He observed that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues; but, whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow, and sink into sound sleep again. On this occasion, however, the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts; but at length got up, though it was three in the morning."

England loaded the family of her hero with honors and gifts. She gave to him the most magnificent obsequies, and placed his bust in one of the apartments at Windsor, resting on a pedestal made from a portion of one of the masts of the *Victory*. National gratitude did not stop at the great soldier who had fallen in the splendor of his fame, but addressed itself with the same generous ardor to the great minister who alone resisted the victorious invader of empires and of European rights. At the annual city banquet, on the 9th of November, 1805, the crowd took off the horses to draw his carriage themselves, and the Lord Mayor pro-

DEATH OF NELSON.



posed Mr. Pitt's health as "the savior of England, and therefore of the rest of Europe." Sir Arthur Wellesley was there, already celebrated for his victories in India, himself a hero who, later, under the name of the Duke of Wellington, with sword in hand should take the lead of the European coalition to continue the interrupted but henceforth victorious work of Mr. Pitt. "Mr. Pitt then got up," relates the Duke thirty years after, "disclaimed the compliment as applied to himself, and added, 'England has saved herself by her exertions, and the rest of Europe will be saved by her example.'"

But the safety of Europe seemed more than ever distant and doubtful. On the 2d of December the battle of Austerlitz gave the last blow to the hopes of the allies in Germany. The peace of Presburg, signed on the 25th of December by Austria, surrendered the Tyrol to the Elector of Bavaria, and Venice to the kingdom of Italy; Russia soon gave up the struggle, and thus the third European coalition was destroyed.

Mr. Pitt was at Bath, ill with an attack of gout, but filled with hope by false news of a victory in Moravia; the bitterness of the reality exceeded the measure of his physical strength; when he heard of the battle of Austerlitz, he asked for a chart to be brought him, and requested to be left alone. As he weighed sadly the chances of England's future, his malady slowly invaded his exhausted frame. He was taken back to his country-house at Putney, grown as thin and old in a few days as if many years had passed over him. A map of Europe hung on the wall of the vestibule: as he passed it on his way to his bedroom, he said sadly to his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, "Roll up that map; it will not be wanted these ten years."

The native vigor of the great minister's mind had strug-

gled long against failing health and excessive fatigue, but patriotic grief now broke down the last ramparts of an expiring strength, and he declined every day, bearing in his face traces of his moral suffering. "He has the Austerlitz look," said Wilberforce. In defeating the Austrians on the 2d of December, Napoleon had conquered a still more formidable enemy. Mr. Pitt had but a few days longer to live.

He retained to the last moment his affectionate interest for his friends, and felt a keen pleasure in their society. The Marquis of Wellesley had just arrived from India. He hastened to Putney. "His spirits appeared to be as high as I had ever seen them," wrote Lord Wellesley later, "and his understanding as vigorous and clear. Among other topics he told me with great kindness and feeling that since he had seen me he had been happy to become acquainted with my brother Arthur, of whom he spoke in the warmest terms of commendation. He said, 'I never met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty before he undertakes any service, but none after he has undertaken it.' . . . Notwithstanding Mr. Pitt's kindness and cheerfulness, I saw that the hand of death was fixed upon him. This melancholy truth was not known or believed by either his friends or opponents. . . . I warned Lord Grenville of Mr. Pitt's approaching death. He received the fatal intelligence with the utmost feeling, in an agony of tears, and immediately determined that all hostility in Parliament should be suspended."

Mr. Pitt had fainted towards the end of Lord Wellesley's visit; and from this time he saw his friends but rarely, and even then in spite of the advice of his doctors. The Bishop of Lincoln, his old tutor, warned him of his danger. "How long do you think I have to live?" asked Pitt, turning towards his doctor and friend, Sir Walter



Farquhar. "I cannot tell," replied he; "perhaps you may regain your health." Pitt half smiled, and being left alone with the bishop, the latter desired to pray with him. "I have, as I fear is the case with many others," replied Mr. Pitt, "neglected prayer too much to allow me to hope that it can be very efficacious now. But," rising in bed as he spoke and clasping his hands, he added, "I throw myself entirely upon the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ." The following day he breathed his last (23d of January, 1806).

Mr. Pitt had lived and died poor. Parliament paid his debts, which amounted to forty thousand pounds, and provided for his three nieces; it also bore the expenses of his funeral. Great consternation seized on the nation at the news of his death. In three months England had lost Nelson and Pitt, the hero of its navy and the great pilot of its political government. In the presence of a growing peril and an implacable enemy, she found herself, by the premature death of two men, enfeebled and disarmed: she could not, however, give way to despair. Mr. Pitt had said, with modest grandeur, that it was not for one man alone to save Europe. Between the day of the great statesman's death and the definitive pacification of Europe there still stretched long years of a resistance as persevering and energetic as was the attack.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

GEORGE III. AND THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON. 1806-1815.

LORD GRENVILLE was now Premier, and his alliance with Fox had borne fruit, for the cabinet prided itself on combining "all the talents:" Fox, Grey, Wyndham, Lord Sidmouth, and Lord Henry Petty, the second son of Lord Lansdowne, whose title he was one day to bear and whose renown he was to support. Canning alone had been excluded from it.

Fox had been intrusted with Foreign Affairs; his physical strength, already enfeebled, had nevertheless outlasted the delicate health of his great rival. Some time before, judging them both in their first youth, Lady Holland had said to her husband: "I have been this morning with Lady Hester Pitt, and there is little William Pitt, not eight years old, and really the cleverest child I ever saw; and brought up so strictly, and so proper in his behavior, that, mark my words, that little boy will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives." The thorn had now ceased to irritate Charles Fox. After eighteen years passed in retirement, in alternations of eager struggles and indolent discouragement, he now took the helm again in an hour of national grief and anxiety. His admiration for the Emperor Napoleon, and the sympathy he had constantly felt for France, naturally inclined him towards peace. He made overtures at once: his envoys were moderate in their claims, as well as in the general tone of their intercourse. A

lucky chance afforded the new minister an opportunity for rendering a signal service to the emperor. A wretch had offered to assassinate England's enemy, and Mr. Fox warned M. de Talleyrand immediately. Although their methods were different, both the emperor and his minister were equally adroit in flattery. "Thank Mr. Fox," replied Napoleon, "and tell him that whether the policy of his sovereign may cause us to remain long at war, or whether this quarrel, so useless for humanity, shall have the speedy termination which both nations must desire, I rejoice in the new character the war has already taken, which is the presage of what one may expect from a ministry whose principles, formed on those of Mr. Fox, it gives me pleasure to be able to respect: he is one of those men formed to recognize in all things the beautiful and the truly great."

The conditions of peace proposed by England were moderate; and for the first time those of France seriously indicated the desire for peace; a single stumbling-block endangered the success of the negotiations. England would not treat without Russia, and Napoleon absolutely refused to admit her among the number of the contracting powers. "The obstacle is insurmountable for us," wrote Fox to M. de Talleyrand; "if the emperor could see as I do the real glory that would accrue to him by a moderate and just peace, what happiness would result therefrom for France and for all Europe!"

Negotiations, however, were continued; the emperor had proposed to George III. to restore to him Hanover, which had lately been allotted to Prussia, and also to relinquish to him the Hanseatic towns. He had just seized on the kingdom of Naples and raised his brother Joseph to the throne, and he looked forward to uniting with this kingdom Sicily, still in the hands of the Bourbons

under the protection of the English. A Russian agent, M. d'Oubril, who had arrived in Paris, meanwhile complicated the negotiations. The confidence of Fox began at length to give way. "My desire," he said in the House of Commons,— "the first desire of my heart is peace, but a peace which will maintain on the Continent our influence and our alliances; a peace which will not take from us an atom of our national honor; such a peace and no other." The pretensions of the Emperor Napoleon had a very different tendency. Meanwhile the treaty concluded by M. d'Oubril was not confirmed by the Emperor Alexander. Nearly at the same moment Prussia, offended by the disdain and deliberate insults of Napoleon, formally declared war against him, too late and after too many hesitations for England's good intentions to have any efficacy. On the 14th of October the battle of Jena gave up Prussia to the conqueror, who was to devastate it. Napoleon entered Berlin in triumph, and it was there that he signed his decree of a continental blockade, forbidding the importation of English merchandise in any part of his dominions. The French armies were everywhere to serve as custom-house officers. They commenced by seizing all the English goods in the port of Hamburg. A few months before, they had acted as police-officers in arresting in the most arbitrary manner a bookseller, named Palm, at Nuremberg, who was accused of publishing "seditious writings calculated to inspire insurrections against the French." Judged and condemned by a court-martial, the unfortunate Palm was shot on the 26th of August, 1806.

This flagrant violation of international law, as well as of the most elementary principles of justice, had gone far towards convincing Mr. Fox of the futility of his efforts to assure to Europe and England a durable peace. Mean-

while he had done himself great honor by finally accomplishing the work he had so long carried on in concert with Mr. Pitt, at the instigation of Wilberforce and his Christian friends. A bill passed by both Houses forbade the slave-trade by English ships from the 1st of January, 1807. One of the bas-reliefs of Fox's tomb recalls this noble deed of his life. "Now," writes Wilberforce, "if it please God to spare the health of Fox, and to keep him and Grenville together, I hope we shall next year see the termination of our labors." The health of the great whig minister was at that time seriously affected, and before the battle of Jena had broken down the last barrier opposed to the irresistible tide of French conquest in Germany, Fox died (on the 13th of September) at Chiswick. He had never had any taste for the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and the irregularities of his life had not banished from his soul certain noble aspirations towards a future and better life. "Since God exists, the spirit exists," he said; "why should not the soul exist in another life?" "I die happy," were his last words to his wife. Born ten years before his illustrious rival, he survived him but eight months. Pitt was forty-seven at the time of his death, Fox scarcely fifty-seven.

Extremely popular during the greater portion of his life, admired by those even who did not share his opinions, Mr. Fox has suffered fatally from the influence of time, as the magic of his language and the supreme influence of his eloquence have ceased to act on generations more and more remote. History, however, has registered him as illustrious in Parliament, and a master of political eloquence; an ardent and sincere patriot, when not blinded by hatred or excesses of party feeling; generous and lovable in his private relations and personal intercourse; mediocre in his

views of government, by turns feeble and extravagant; defective as a writer, in spite of his strong taste for letters and the favor he showed to literary men. His death deprived the ministry of much of its authority, and weakened it not only in Parliament, but even in the eyes of Europe, long dazzled by the parliamentary brilliancy of the great orator; it did not, however, change either its direction or attitude, already feeble in hands which were incompetent to struggle against the overpowering successes of the Emperor Napoleon abroad, or at home against the attacks of adversaries and the growing difficulties of the situation.

The negotiations with France had been broken off. Russia had come to the help of Prussia, and both powers counted on subsidies from England; the public finances were grievously embarrassed, and Mr. Pitt's courageous expedients were no longer at hand to replenish the treasury. Canning energetically attacked in Parliament both the meanness of the subsidies granted to the allies, and the small profit which government had drawn from the success the national arms had gained. Sir<sup>e</sup> John Stuart had defeated, at Maida, in Calabria, an army stronger than his own; Admiral Popham had retaken the Cape of Good Hope.

"All the talents" were not sufficient to replace a chief born to govern men, whether in Parliament or at the head of armies, in peace or in war. The ministry tottered on its foundations, and the question of Catholic Emancipation struck it a mortal blow. The increased endowments granted to the College of Maynooth had already excited great opposition. Lord Howick proposed to substitute for the Test Act for the Army and Navy, an oath which would permit the entrance of Irish Catholics. The king's opinions, however, were not modified, and in the House of Commons

a considerable majority agreed with the king. In the preceding year, the cabinet had appealed to the electors, but the dissolution had proved of no use. The ministry fell: and the tory government which replaced it having recourse to the same expedient, an ardently conservative Parliament gathered around the friends and disciples of Mr. Pitt. Mr. Canning was placed in charge of Foreign Affairs; Lord Castlereagh became Minister for War; the Duke of Portland, First Lord of the Treasury; Lord Eldon, Chancellor, and Lord Hawkesbury, Home Secretary.

Moderate in its political principles, but more decided in its ecclesiastical and Protestant tendencies, the new cabinet was in sympathy with the monarch, and Lord Harrowby took early occasion to make known to Parliament the confidence which George III. felt in the counsellors he had just chosen. The naval expeditions planned by the Grenville ministry had not succeeded in South America, nor those against Turkey, while the French victories of Eylau, Dantzic, and Friedland had just resulted in the peace of Tilsit, concluded on the 9th of July between France, Russia, and Prussia. England remained alone, relieved, it is true, from every project of invasion, but substantially shut up in her island by the continental blockade which had been confirmed by the articles signed at Tilsit. The Emperor Alexander, young, ardent, and credulous, had allowed himself to be seduced by the flattering advances and apparent generosity of Napoleon. He had promised to act as mediator between France and England, but engaged, in case the latter should refuse to accede to the conditions offered by the Emperor of the French, that Russia should join her forces to those of France, and at once declare war against Great Britain. Louis Bonaparte was recognized as King of Holland, and the kingdom of Westphalia,

detached from the Prussian provinces, became the appanage of Prince Jerome.

England had not waited for this fatal peace to make a bold stroke. Denmark had remained neutral in the war, but in London was considered hostile to English interests; besides, her weakness placed her at the mercy of her powerful neighbors, Dutch, French, or Russian. Lord Cathcart and Sir Arthur Wellesley were therefore intrusted with the preparation of an attempt against Copenhagen. Some negotiations preceded this armed demonstration, but the crown-prince had smiled bitterly at Mr. Jackson's offers of help. "You offer us your alliance!" he exclaimed. "We know what that is worth. For a year your allies have waited in vain for your assistance; we have learned to estimate at its just price the friendship of the English." The British fleet appeared before Copenhagen on the 17th of August. A proclamation invited the Danes to place themselves under the protection of the English; neutrality was no longer possible, and their arms ran the risk of being turned against their natural allies. The Danish government replied by seizing on the merchantships belonging to the English. The bombardment of the capital commenced on the 2d of September; and on the 7th, all the advanced positions having been occupied by English troops, a capitulation was signed, by which the whole Danish navy fell into the hands of the English. "I have only to observe upon the instrument," writes Sir Arthur Wellesley, "that it contains the absolute and unconditional cession of the fleet and naval stores, and gives us the possession of those military points which are necessary in order to enable us to equip and carry away the vessels. This was all that we wanted, and in everything else I did all in my power to conciliate the Danes." It had been



agreed by one of the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit to place this fleet at the service of Napoleon, and anger was therefore great in Paris; it was soon increased by the news of the commercial reprisals decreed in London on the 11th of November, 1807, by order of the ministry. France, and the territories under her dominion, were in their turn declared to be in a state of blockade, and all ships attempting to continue commercial intercourse with them were declared liable to be made prizes of war. The emperor's decree, dated from Milan on the 17th of December, extended to all the English possessions on the surface of the globe the same imprudently violent measure. Meanwhile the United States of America, the only maritime power which had remained neutral, had placed an embargo on all their ports, and thus henceforth the commerce of the world was suddenly arrested, or condemned to the perilous conditions of piracy. All rights and interests were at once ignored.

It has more than once been to the glory of a weak but courageous people that they only accepted tyranny for a time, and it was thus now with Spain. King Charles IV. had bowed a while under the yoke of revolutionary or absolutist France, but the Spanish nation grew tired of bearing the burdens and fighting the battles of a foreign master under the name of its legitimate sovereign; and on the 17th of May, 1808, while the royal family was preparing to take refuge in America, a popular insurrection dethroned the weak monarch and his servile favorite. Prince Ferdinand, thrown into the opposition by his hatred of the Prince of Peace, was proclaimed king after his father's abdication; but already General Junot's army had occupied Portugal, while Murat had established himself at Burgos as the emperor's lieutenant. He marched thence upon Madrid, which he soon entered as its master, by turns deceiving and taking

advantage of both father and son, the dethroned sovereign and the new monarch. General Savary meanwhile had arrived to second him in his diplomatic mission. His skill and promises drew Ferdinand to Bayonne, where the emperor had arrived some days before. The prince expected to see himself recognized as King of Spain, but found himself instead a prisoner, and strictly detained in the town. Napoleon's propositions were peremptory; it was necessary, he said, for him to be assured of the concurrence of Spain, and in order to effect this he had decided to place a prince of his own blood on the throne. The price of Ferdinand's liberty was the renunciation of his crown. He resisted; the manœuvres of the Prince of Peace, set free from prison by Napoleon's orders, brought the old king, Charles IV., to Bayonne, where he protested against his own abdication and the coronation of his son; at the same time he ceded the crown of Spain and the Indies to his faithful ally the Emperor of the French, to dispose of it at his pleasure, on the sole condition that the same monarch should not reign at once in Paris and in Madrid, and that the Catholic religion should remain the paramount religion of Spain. The domains of Navarre and Chambord, the enjoyment of Compiègne, a civil list for the fallen sovereigns, the retention of their secret treasures, and the company of M. de Talleyrand at Valençay, such were the compensations offered by Napoleon to the princes whom he had betrayed. "What I am doing here is not right, in a certain point of view, I know," he said himself, "but policy will not allow me to leave behind me, and so near Paris, a dynasty inimical to mine."

On the 2d of May there was a great insurrection in the streets of Madrid, resisting the authority of Murat, designated by Charles IV. as his lieutenant. The Spanish Junta

hesitated feebly, troubled by the prospect of war, and ashamed to proclaim the fall of the House of Bourbon. On the 6th of June, however, Joseph Bonaparte was declared King of Spain, to the great discontent of Murat, who was expecting to receive himself the kingdom which he had just secured for Napoleon. The crown of Naples was soon to soften his regret, without, however, quite taking away all its bitterness. On the 20th of July the new sovereign made his entry into Madrid. Meanwhile a national Junta had been convoked at Seville, renewing the oath of allegiance to Ferdinand VII., and declaring war against France; while General Castaños, who commanded an army of twenty thousand men in Andalusia, announced his resolution of remaining faithful to the exiled dynasty. He had entered into diplomatic relations with Sir Hew Dalrymple, the English governor of Gibraltar, and a subscription from English merchants had furnished the necessary funds for the enterprise. A tardy despatch from Lord Castlereagh announced a succor of ten thousand English troops, while Lord Collingwood took the command of the fleet assembled at Cadiz. Some days after Joseph Bonaparte's proclamation, and even before he had set foot in Spain, the Peninsula became the theatre of a war which was to be as bloody as it was furious. Ninety-two thousand Spaniards, of whom thirty thousand were militia, supported the rights of the House of Bourbon and national independence, while a French army of eighty thousand soldiers occupied the territory. Junot was in possession of Portugal with thirty thousand men, and at Bayonne, Drouot, with a reserve of twenty thousand men, held himself in readiness to march. On the 14th of June the first serious engagement took place near Valladolid, between Marshal Bessières and the old General Cuesta, and the Spaniards were beaten. The same day they

avenged themselves at Cadiz by seizing the French fleet in the port. On the 21st of July, General Dupont, blockaded in Andalusia by Spanish forces, was conquered at Baylen; on the 22d he signed a disastrous capitulation in the hope of saving his troops, who were to be sent back to France; but the Spaniards violated the conditions without scruple, and detained the whole division as prisoners. National exultation and hope, now running very high, so frightened Joseph Bonaparte, that he hastened to quit Madrid. Aragon was defended by its people under the command of General Palafox, and the siege of Saragossa, its capital, was commenced by the French on the 15th of June. The city was bombarded for twenty-one days, but nothing could shake the courage of its defenders. On the 4th of August the siege of Saragossa was raised.

In spite of Junot's presence, a movement hostile to France manifested itself in Portugal. Sir Arthur Wellesley had just landed at Oporto with ten thousand men, and Junot advanced to meet him; but the French troops were insufficient, and Junot was defeated at Vimeiro; the convention of Cintra, of the 30th of August, 1808, deciding the French evacuation of Portugal. The unjust aggression on the Peninsula had already borne fruit. King Joseph in desperation wrote to his brother on the 9th of August: "I have every one against me, every one without exception. The upper classes themselves, at first uncertain, finished by following the movement of the lower classes. There is not a single Spaniard remaining who is attached to my cause. As a general my position would be supportable, and even easy, for with a detachment of your old troops I could conquer the Spaniards; but as king my position is untenable, for in order to make my subjects submit, I must first kill part of them. I renounce, therefore, my sovereignty over a people

who do not wish for me. Let me give back Ferdinand VII. to them in your name, and give me my kingdom of Naples again."

Napoleon's will was, however, more tenacious, and his passions stronger than those of his brother; and Joseph was constrained to remain "King of Spain." The convention of Cintra, definitively agreed to after the surrender of Torres Vedras to the English, had not been approved either by Sir Arthur Wellesley or by the English cabinet. The French armies had gained numerous but only partial successes in Spain; Saragossa was again besieged, and after a long campaign Sir John Moore, retreating towards the sea-shore, was intercepted at Corunna. He had gained the victory, but was mortally wounded, and died expressing the hope that his country would do him justice; his troops embarked the same night for England, having scarcely had time to bury him; says the poet Wolfe, "we left him alone with his glory." Marshal Soult occupied the place.

The negotiations opened by Russia between England and France had failed; an interview of the two emperors at Erfurt had strengthened their alliance. Napoleon had now evacuated Prussia, and was using all his efforts against Spain. He arrived there on the 29th of October, 1808, and on the 4th of December was in Madrid, directing the movements of his lieutenants at all points. When he returned to Paris on the 22d of January, 1809, King Joseph had been established with splendor in his capital. Napoleon had given a month's rest to his troops before accomplishing the conquest of Spain. But the threatening commotion which manifested itself in Europe, encouraged by the resistance of the Spaniards, obliged the conqueror to leave to others the task of subjugating enemies who, though constantly defeated, never laid down their arms.

The heroic defence of Saragossa had been a type and sample of the war in Spain. General Palafox was a second time shut up there with his troops, and to the overtures of capitulation he had replied by the laconic message, "War to the knife!" It was indeed such a struggle that approached. The ramparts of the place had been carried after a furious resistance, in which even the women had taken part, but the siege had to be carried on from street to street, from house to house; on each story the doors were barricaded and the families armed. "Never, sire," wrote Marshal Lannes to the emperor, "never have I seen such burning fury as our enemies show in defending this place. I have seen women come down to be killed in the breaches. This siege resembles nothing we have yet had in warfare. It is a business in which one must exercise both great prudence and great vigor. We are obliged to take one after the other, either by mine or assault, every house in succession. In short, sire, it is a frightful war." After twenty-nine days of siege, and twenty-one days spent in conquering one after the other all the streets, Saragossa capitulated finally on the 21st of February, 1809. Out of the hundred thousand inhabitants shut up in the place, fifty-four thousand had perished. Henceforth the name of Saragossa stands among the list of the great besieged cities with Jerusalem and Numantia, Leyden and Londonderry.

Parliament was opened on the 19th of January, not without an attack by the Whigs on the conduct of the war, and gloomy forebodings as to its result. The campaign had added no splendor to the arms of the great belligerent powers; only the patriotic perseverance of the Spaniards encouraged their champions. Mr. Canning had just concluded with the Junta of Seville a strict treaty of alliance, and both military and financial preparations required

**O'CONNELL HARANGUES THE PEOPLE**

**HEROIC DEFENCE OF SARAGOSSA**





great efforts. The command of the troops was confided to Sir Arthur Wellesley. Marshal Soult had again invaded Portugal, and it was towards this point the able general first directed his attacks. Landing at Lisbon on the 22d of April, he quitted the capital on the 28th for Coimbra. All his forces were concentrated there, and on the 11th of May he found himself on the banks of the rapid Douro; the river was crossed in broad daylight, in sight of the French army; and on the 12th Oporto was carried. Scarcely had Marshal Soult taken the road to Spain by way of Tras-os-Montes, than the English general published a proclamation in favor of the French captives who had remained in the place. The Spaniards had often given proof of barbarism towards their vanquished enemies. "I make an appeal to the mercy of the inhabitants of Oporto on behalf of the wounded and prisoners!" said Sir Arthur Wellesley. "By the laws of warfare they have a right to my protection, and I am resolved to grant it them." On the 2d of July the English set foot on Spanish territory at Placencia, and on the 28th the victory of Talavera gave Wellesley a post strong no doubt, but without any resources of provisions or ammunition. "It is positively a fact," wrote Sir Arthur, "that during the last seven days the British army have not received one third of their provisions; that at this moment there are nearly four thousand wounded soldiers dying in the hospital in this town from want of common assistance and necessaries which any other country in the world would have given even to its enemies, and that I can get no assistance of any description from the country. I cannot prevail upon them even to bury the dead." Without help on the part of the Spaniards, who were secretly hostile to the English, the general, who had now been raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Douro of Wellesley and

Viscount Wellesley of Talavera, was obliged to fall back upon Portugal. "We have at the present moment a whole cohort of French marshals in Estremadura," wrote Wellington; "Soult, Ney, Mortier, Kellermann, Victor, and Sebastiani, without counting King Joseph and Suchet's five thousand men." Wellington fixed his headquarters at Badajoz. The Spanish generals had been beaten at all points by the French army. Wellington writes thus to Mr. Huskisson: "I wish that the eyes of the people of England were open to the real state of affairs in Spain as mine now are; and I only hope, if they should not be so now, that they will not purchase the experience by the loss of an army. We have gained a great and glorious victory over more than double our numbers, which has proved to the French that they are not the first military nation in the world. But the want of common management in the Spaniards, and of the common assistance which every country gives most plentifully to the French, have deprived us of all the fruits of it. The Spaniards have neither numbers, efficiency, discipline, bravery, nor arrangement to carry on the war."

Austria had just recommenced hostilities; a great English expedition had been directed against the Scheldt; the fleet had invested and taken Flushing; and the troops had occupied the island of Walcheren without serious results or practical utility, with much suffering and a frightful mortality. In the south of Italy an English expedition was equally without results. Sir John Stuart meanwhile seized on the Ionian Islands. Napoleon continued his victories in Germany, more keenly disputed, however, and more dearly bought. M. de Talleyrand had been disgraced in Paris, and the most violent councils prevailed. "It appears," Napoleon had said to M. de Metternich, the ambassador at his court, "that the waters of Lethe, and not those of the Danube, flow past Vienna. They

must have fresh lessons taught them, and terrible ones, I answer for it. Austria saved the English in 1805, at the moment when I was about to cross the Straits of Calais: she saved them again at the moment when I was about to pursue them to Corunna; and she shall pay dear for this new diversion. I wish to draw my sword only in Spain and only against the English; but if Austria persists, the struggle shall be immediate and decisive, and such that England will in future have no allies on the Continent."

In this great duel between the independence of the European nations and an insatiable conqueror at the head of an heroic people whom he had intoxicated with his glory, the successive defeats of the Austrians delivered up Vienna to the Emperor Napoleon. The battle of Esling lasted two days, and was more bloody and furious than any which had preceded it. Shut up with forty thousand men in the island of Lobau, in the middle of the Danube, General Mouton had for six hours endured the fire of the Archduke Charles's batteries, without giving way, himself always on horseback between the batteries and his troops, and giving no other word of command than the sinister words, as the files of soldiers fell beneath the fire, "Close up the ranks!" Massena had sent reply to Napoleon, who asked him if he could defend the position at Aspern, "Go and tell the emperor that I will hold out two hours, six, twenty-four if it is necessary — as long as is required for the safety of the army;" and in the council of war held on the evening of the first day, when Napoleon, on the brink of destruction, had developed the plan which was to result in the victory of Wagram, this same Massena, often jealous and always morose, had exclaimed with enthusiastic admiration for the superior genius he recognized in spite of his own wishes, "Sire, you are a great man, and worthy to

command men like myself." The battle of Wagram had brought the peace of Vienna, signed on the 14th of October, 1809.

Already had Pope Pius VII. protested against the occupation of his States by French troops; he had shut himself up in the Quirinal, when the emperor cut short the question, as was his habit, by quietly annexing the Roman States to the empire. As successor to Charlemagne he withdrew the endowment which the great conqueror had bestowed upon the Holy See. A papal excommunication was the answer to this violence. Upon this, Pius VII. was at once carried off by force from Rome, and transported to Grenoble. Napoleon's acute judgment was not long deceived as to the fatal effects of this insult to the religious sentiments of Catholic Europe. "I am sorry the Pope has been arrested," he wrote on the 18th of July, 1809, from Schönbrunn. "It is great folly; they should have arrested Cardinal Pacca, and left the Pope tranquilly at Rome. However, there is no remedy, for what is done is done. I will have no Pope in France, but if his madness comes to an end I shall not oppose his being sent back to Rome." A few days later new projects had surged up in this brain, constantly in a whirl under the delirium of absolute power. The Pope, who had been taken as far as Grenoble, was carried to Savona, according to the emperor's own directions. He was to spend three years in exile patient and indomitable. "You did not understand my intention," wrote the emperor on the 15th of September to the minister of the police. "The movement from Grenoble to Savona has been fatal, like all retrograde steps: that is what has given this fanatic reasons for his hopes. You see he will wish us to reform the Code Napoléon, to take away our liberty, and the like. No one can be more irrational than he is.

“I have already given directions that all the generals of orders, and the cardinals who have no bishoprics or are non-residents, whether Italians, Tuscans, or Piedmontese, shall come to Paris, and probably I shall conclude everything by making the Pope come himself, and I shall then install him somewhere in the neighborhood of Paris. It is right he should be at the head of Christendom; it will be a novelty for the first few months, but it will soon wear off.”

Napoleon wished to have children to inherit his power; and he had just had his marriage with the Empress Josephine dissolved by a “*senatus-consultum*.” After an unsuccessful negotiation with the Emperor Alexander on the subject of a union with the Grand-duchess Anne, the peace of Vienna was sealed by a contract of marriage signed on the 7th of February, 1810, between the Emperor Napoleon and the Archduchess Marie-Louise of Austria. The triumphant conqueror took sovereign families by assault as well as their states, but he could conquer neither the Pope’s conscience, nor the passionate resistance of the Spaniards, supported by the policy and calm resolution of England.

Important changes had taken place in the government of Great Britain; a dissension on the subject of the conduct of the war had brought about a duel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning; the latter had been wounded and had at once retired from the cabinet, taking with him Mr. Huskisson. Mr. Perceval and Lord Liverpool (lately Lord Hawkesbury) had called to their aid the Marquis of Wellesley. Lord Palmerston now for the first time took part in public affairs, being Under-Secretary of State during the war. The Spanish possessions at St. Domingo had been given up to the English, who had at the same time seized on the French colonies in Senegal and Guadaloupe. Worn out by his fatigues and patriotic efforts, Admiral Colling-

wood died at sea on the 7th of March, 1810. He had previously asked to retire from service. "I have not done this until I am past service," he wrote to Lord Mulgrave. He was on his flag-ship, the *Ville de Paris*, some weeks after the day on which his lieutenants had dispersed the French fleet at Toulon, commanded by Vice-Admiral Baudin; his flag-captain feared bad weather, which would be distressing for the sick man. "I am in a state in which nothing in this world will trouble me more," he said; "I am dying." He was not quite sixty years of age, and from his boyhood had given the English navy a most noble example of courage and virtue.

All eyes and thoughts in England were now turned towards Spain; the old king, George III., had just succumbed for the last time to the terrible influence of insanity: the grief caused him by the death of one of his daughters, the Princess Amelia, had brought on this last decisive relapse which his physicians declared to be incurable. The Prince of Wales accepted the regency on the conditions established in 1788, under Mr. Pitt's ministry. In spite of the constant opposition of Mr. Perceval and his friends to the desires of the regent, the latter decided to retain the tory cabinet, without any of his counsellors or whig partisans having a place in it. The haughtiness of tone of Lords Grenville and Grey towards him had, it was said, made the prince decide on taking this step, which was generally popular. Resolved like all the royal family to pursue the war, but without military ardor or personal initiative, the regent exercised no influence on the national movement which supported the terrible weight of the great European struggle, each day more violently directed against England. A decree of the emperor, dated on the 27th of August, 1810, ordered English merchandise to be burned

in all the ports, whither as contraband it had been brought since the declaration of the Continental blockade. Meanwhile Sweden, the last maritime power which had remained neutral in Europe, after a revolution which had dethroned the half insane king, Gustavus IV., had formed an alliance with Russia and France, and the Swedish ports were henceforth closed to the English.

The King of Holland, Louis Bonaparte, speedily wearied of a throne which he had unwillingly accepted, had abdicated without giving notice to the emperor, and had taken refuge in Germany. Napoleon replied by a decree uniting the Low Countries to France; the Hanseatic towns suffered the same fate. The emperor had just intrusted Massena with the general command of the French armies in Spain, and the old marshal had accepted the task with some discontent; that of his lieutenants was even greater than his own. Wellington had fixed on Torres Vedras in Portugal as the station he would fortify to secure Lisbon and form an impregnable position for refuge, defence, or starting-point; and he proceeded to establish these lines without allowing himself to be turned from his project by the insults of the enemy, or by the inconsiderate ardor of his officers who wished to march immediately against the French. The first meeting took place at Alcoba, on the 27th of September, without any brilliant success on either side. Massena at once recognized the impossibility of forcing the intrenchments of the English, and demanded reinforcements. The Emperor Napoleon was already preparing for his fatal Russian campaign: he had no army-corps to spare, and his own forces were coming in only slowly and reluctantly. Soult, moreover, refused to succor Massena, who was thus reduced to extreme distress. "They have no other resource but pillage," wrote Wellington;

“they receive scarcely any money from France, and very few contributions levied in Spain.” On the 4th of March, 1811, General Massena slowly commenced his retreat, and on the 10th of May the French had once more evacuated Portugal. Marmont replaced Massena at the head of the French armies in Spain. The campaigns of 1810 and 1811 had ended in this sad result for France, that the victories were scarcely enough to preserve past conquests, while national resistance had lost nothing of its determination, and Wellington had not fallen back a step in the Peninsula. In the Asiatic seas the Isle of France had fallen into the hands of the English.

The campaign of 1812 was to be more active, and more disastrous still for France. Before the Emperor Napoleon entered Russia, and as early as the month of January, Wellington had left his intrenchments, and boldly taken the offensive. On the 17th he stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, six months before taken under his eyes by Massena's troops, and on the 7th of April he had wrenched from Marshal Soult his conquest of Badajoz. On the 22d of July he defeated Marmont at the battle of Arapiles before Salamanca, the marshal himself being so severely wounded that they thought him dying. On the 12th of August the English entered Madrid, without, however, being able to remain there long, and, after having failed in the siege of Burgos, the English forces concentrated themselves before Salamanca. By the time that the three French armies had gathered to pursue and crush him, Wellington was out of reach, and was effecting his retreat to Ciudad Rodrigo without difficulty.

While the prudent and far-sighted English general continued his work slowly in Spain, the Emperor Napoleon had risked, and lost his great game against Russia. Moscow



had been set on fire by an individual resolution as patriotic as it was cruel. From victory to victory, the French army, destroyed by the climate, by the long marches, by fatigue, and sufferings of every kind, melted away in the snow, abandoned by the emperor, who had on the 5th of December secretly taken the road to Paris. A few lines in the *Moniteur* announced his intended return, saying that he had assembled his generals at Smorgoni, delegated the command to King Murat, until warmer weather should permit the resumption of military operations, and that he would himself shortly arrive in Paris to take in hand the affairs of the empire. Some months later he again entered Germany, where the national movement, encouraged by the disasters of the Russian campaign, became each day more ardent against him. The King of Prussia had finally taken up arms. Everywhere the Emperor Alexander was proclaimed the liberator of Germany; but the terrible battles of Lutzen and Bautzen moderated the zeal of the allies. The mediation of Austria had obtained an armistice more useful to the allies than to Napoleon. He rejected all the conditions proposed by the Emperor Joseph, and the terrible battles of Dresden and Leipzig were the last efforts of the dying lion.

England had seen her prime minister, Mr. Perceval, a moderate and sensible man, resolute but not brilliant, assassinated by an insane man in the lobby of the House of Commons, and Lord Liverpool now bore all the weight of the nation's affairs, complicated a few months before by a declaration of war from the United States. The English government had not been wise enough to revoke in time those "Orders in Council," offences against international law, and especially impolitic with regard to America ever since Napoleon had raised, with regard to that country, the continental blockade.

When at last the English had withdrawn their prohibitions it was too late, and hostilities were already beginning both by sea and land. An American army had invaded Canada, and between English and American vessels several furious naval engagements had taken place. Nevertheless, the serious warlike effort and deep national anxiety did not lie in that direction, for in 1813 the progress of Wellington in Spain was absorbing all the thoughts and hopes of England.

For a moment Marshal Jourdan had resumed the command-in-chief as King Joseph's major-general, but on the 21st of June they were defeated by the English at Vittoria, and Joseph himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Marshal Soult was again intrusted with the direction of affairs, and in his manifesto to his army he attributed the recent disasters to the cowardice and incapacity of those who had preceded him in the command,—a miserable presumption which was soon to suffer its punishment. The combats in the valley of Roncesvalles, on the 28th and 31st of July, forced the marshal to fall back on the Bidassoa, without even being able to make an effort to deliver St. Sebastian, which was besieged by the English, and taken on the 8th of September. On the 7th of October, Wellington crossed the Bidassoa in his turn. Pampeluna surrendered on the 31st of October to the Anglo-Spanish forces, and Marshal Soult was forced in his lines at St. Jean-de-Luz. French territory was now invaded, given up in advance to the anger of the enemy in cruel reprisals of which France has not yet borne all the burden or paid all the price. Already Napoleon was fortifying Champagne and Lorraine, rallying round him the Spanish troops as well as the remains of the German army, and reproaching Marshal Augereau who delayed in rejoining him,—a master more than ever imperious, but indomitable still, and inexhaustible

in the fertility of his genius. "The minister of war has placed before me the letter you wrote to him on the 16th," he wrote to his old comrade of the French Revolution. "This letter has pained me greatly. What! six hours after receiving the first troops which came from Spain you were not yet in the field! Six hours of repose were sufficient for them. I gained the battle of Nangis with the brigade of dragoons just arrived from Spain, who since their departure from Bayonne had not drawn bridle. The six battalions from Nîmes, you tell me, want clothes and equipments, and are undisciplined. What a wretched reason is this that you give me, Augereau! I have destroyed eighty thousand enemies with battalions entirely composed of conscripts, having no cartridge-boxes, and almost without clothes. There is no money, you continue. And where do you expect to find money? You cannot hope to have any till we have torn our territory from the enemy's hands. You require transportation? Take it everywhere. You have no magazines? This is really too ridiculous. I order you to take the field within twelve hours after the receipt of this letter. If you are still Augereau de Castiglione, retain the command; if your sixty years lie too heavy upon you, resign it, and offer it to the oldest of your general officers. The country is threatened and is in danger; she can only be saved by audacity and good will, and not by vain temporizing. You should have a nucleus of more than six thousand men of choice troops. I have not as many, and yet I have destroyed three armies, made forty thousand prisoners, taken two hundred pieces of cannon, and three times saved the capital. The enemy is gathering at Troyes from all quarters. Be the first under fire. It is no time for acting as you have done recently; you must resume your top-boots and your resolution of '93. When the French see

your plume in the van, and yourself exposed first to the fire of the enemy, you can do anything you please with them."

The efforts of despair, however heroic, cannot destroy the consequences of a long series of faults and fatal errors; the empire succumbed under the efforts of exasperated Europe, resolved at length to shake off a yoke which England alone had never endured. In the month of February, 1814, the forces of Marshal Soult and those of Wellington were almost equal; a series of petty combats obliged the marshal to quit his intrenched camp under the walls of Bayonne. On the 27th of February the battle of Orthez was lost by the French army, General Foy being wounded; Soult was obliged to beat a retreat. The population of Bordeaux at once proclaimed the Bourbons. Soult now covered Toulouse. It was there that took place on the 10th of April the last pitched battle of the war, which had already lasted more than twenty years. The fame of the marshal was increased by it, but the disaster which threatened France was in no degree lessened. Before Wellington's troops overtook near Toulouse their old adversaries from Spain, the Emperor Napoleon had abdicated the throne at Fontainebleau, on the 11th of April, 1814.

The Duke of Wellington had returned to Spain to bid farewell to his faithful army, and re-entered France in the month of August as English ambassador to King Louis XVIII. A few months passed, and the throne of the Bourbons, but just restored, had been again overthrown, and all Europe was in arms, for Napoleon, secretly quitting the island of Elba, reappeared in France. At sight of him the army forgot its oath; a storm of ecstatic enthusiasm swept over many hearts. Napoleon did not deceive himself as to the real importance and ultimate result of his enterprise: in alighting from his carriage at the foot of the staircase

WATERLOO



of the Tuileries he said to the young Count Molé, formerly a great favorite with him: "Well! I have played them a fine trick!"

Meanwhile the allies were gathering their forces, all nations uniting against the insatiable ambition of the man who a second time staked the fate of the world upon the fortunes of his brilliant destiny. The Duke of Wellington was at Brussels assembling his forces and awaiting those of the allies; he had been placed by general consent at the head of the allied armies; prudent and moderate, he was careful to avoid violence of feeling and rashness in resolution; well disposed to the Bourbons, but without ill-will towards France, or even towards the Emperor Napoleon. This wise attitude, which he imposed upon England by the ascendancy of his authority and character, was not that of all the powers: the Prussians especially broke out into bitter insults, and in truth they had a long succession of injuries to avenge.

Napoleon marched into Belgium. There was a ball at Brussels at the residence of the Duchess of Richmond, on the evening of the 15th of June: the officers, notified one after the other, silently left the ball-room, as Frederick the Great had once done on a similar occasion, and placed themselves at the head of their troops. On the 16th the two combats of Ligny and Qartre Bras, fought by Blucher, the Prussian general, and the Duke of Wellington, cost the allies more than twenty-five hundred men; and on the 18th, at the battle of Waterloo, the British and Hanoverian armies alone left nearly twelve thousand dead on the battlefield. The Emperor Napoleon had lost his crown, and France all the conquests which she had unjustly and unwisely acquired, — conquests which had caused her so much suffering and so much bloodshed.

And now again, after a hundred days of agitation and distress, the French nation, tossed from one master to another, uncertain and fickle, wounded, however, to the heart by their disasters, and sad in spite of their deliverance, saw the lately fugitive king re-enter his palace, while Napoleon rendered to England, his persevering enemy, the involuntary homage of asking an asylum within her territory. Accompanied by General Becker as far as Rochefort, he entered into negotiations with Captain Maitland, commanding the *Bellerophon*. The latter received him on board, refusing to make any engagement with him in the name of the English government, but resolved not to allow his illustrious guest to escape. As early as May, 1814, the Congress of Vienna had decided in secret session, that if Napoleon should escape from Elba, and be recaptured by the allies, a safer residence should be assigned him in some remote island, probably St. Helena, or St. Lucia. A fortnight later he was accordingly sent to St. Helena, where he passed the remainder of his life, a period of about six years. Meanwhile England, represented by the Duke of Wellington, was assisting with wise and moderate counsels the re-establishment of peace in Europe, and the conciliation of jarring interests and widely different schemes.



## CHAPTER XL

GEORGE IV., REGENT AND KING. 1815-1830.

PEACE was restored in Europe, but it had cost France many a pang and many a wound. The Duke de Richelieu, who had represented France, and whose personal influence over the Emperor Alexander had powerfully contributed to soften the conditions of the treaty, expressed the feeling of every Frenchman when he wrote to his sister, Madame de Montcalm: "All is determined! I have affixed, more dead than alive, my signature to this fatal treaty. I had vowed not to do it, and I had told the king so. The unfortunate prince, melting into tears, conjured me not to abandon him. I no longer hesitated. I confidently believe that no one else could have obtained so much. France, expiring beneath the weight of the calamities which overwhelm her, imperatively demanded prompt deliverance."

England breathed again, triumphant but exhausted by her long efforts. The state of the public finances and the monetary crisis occupied the minds of all, and served as a theme for the attacks of the opposition against Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh. A certain uneasiness was manifested, also, on the subject of the secret conditions of the peace. Mr. Henry Brougham, a young lawyer of great talent, now coming into notice, asked for complete information as to the contents of the treaty, half mystical, half autocratic, known as the Holy Alliance, signed at Paris on the 20th of November, 1815, by the emperors of Russia and Aus-

tria, and the King of Prussia. "The treaty in question is signed by the sovereigns themselves, instead of their ministers, and the forms of this country do not admit of such a procedure," said Lord Castlereagh. "I therefore oppose the production of the document itself, on the ground that Great Britain is not a party to it, and that it is contrary to parliamentary usage to call for the production of treaties to which this country has not acceded." The Houses entered heartily upon the noble work of recompensing the valor of their generals and their armies. Monuments were voted to the memory of those who had perished in the war, and the pensions formerly granted to the Duke of Wellington were now doubled. He received from the well-earned gratitude of his country half a million sterling. It is to the honor of the English nation that no absolute monarch was ever more liberal to his favorites than England has been to her great servants.

England as well as all Europe had founded great hopes on the re-establishment of peace. She had sought to secure her commerce in the Mediterranean by an expedition against the Dey of Algiers, the nominal sovereign of the hordes of pirates constantly scouring the seas, to the great peril of merchant-ships. Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers, destroyed the vessels of the pirates, and obtained the freedom of all Christian slaves. But this new exploit was not sufficient to revive commerce weakened by continued losses. The harvest had been a bad one, and to actual and pressing evils was added the bitterness of ill-founded hopes cruelly deceived. Popular outbreaks occurred at several points, and the regent was insulted as he left Westminster, after opening the session of Parliament (29th of January, 1817). Government received information of a vast conspiracy which threatened to set all Great Britain in a blaze; but ener-

getic measures were adopted. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and a new law imposed very severe penalties upon seditious assemblies; while, after several temporary expedients to suppress guilty attempts, the forces destined to maintain internal order were permanently augmented by ten thousand men. The nation was still agitated and unsettled after the long trial of a war sustained with such spirit for twenty years, but painful and burdensome still even after victory had been finally secured. Until the softening influences of peace have calmed men's minds and cheered them, until their spirits have shaken off the habit of suffering and of hardening themselves against suffering, it is always an effort for nations, as it is for individuals, to learn to taste the charms of repose.

An unforeseen catastrophe had awakened national feeling; the Princess Charlotte, heiress to the throne, loved and respected by all, on whom centred those loyal sympathies which her father had so justly forfeited, died at Claremont on the 6th of November, 1817, at the birth of her first child. All England shared the grief of her young husband, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, destined later to ascend the throne of Belgium as its first king, and in that position to be supported by the family relations he contracted in France, as well as by the popularity he left behind him in England, — a man of ability in using both for the good of the young country he undertook to govern, as well as for the maintenance of a useful influence in the political councils of Europe. In less than two years after the death of the Princess Charlotte, on the 24th of May, 1819, the hopes of England turned towards a cradle; the Princess Victoria Alexandrina, daughter of the Duke of Kent, was born in London. Some months later the old king, George III., expired (on the 29th of January, 1820). For ten years he had been

both blind and insane, yet patient and cheerful in his insanity and retaining in the hearts of his people a respectful and sympathetic regard which burst forth at the news of his death. Honest but obstinate, seriously and sincerely religious, conscientious in the discharge of his duties, both as man and king, in the measure of his intelligence and strength, he had often served well, though also he had sometimes frustrated the policy and government of his country. He had always loved England devotedly, and thought himself obliged to consecrate his life and strength to her affairs, even at the sacrifice of his own tastes and personal desires. For ten years all anger had ceased towards him, and all bitter feeling had been extinguished; in the long silence of his sad isolation, the nation remembered only his simple, honest virtues, his indomitable courage and disinterested patriotism. No illusion was possible as to the merits or faults of his successor, since for ten years George IV. had already virtually occupied the throne when he was formally proclaimed king on the 31st of January, 1820.

The fruits of evil are bitter even to those who themselves have planted them. Unfortunately married, as he deserved to be considering the irregularities of his private life, the new monarch had long felt towards his wife an aversion mingled with rancor. He addressed the most severe reproaches to her. At the time of his accession to the throne the princess was on the Continent. Orders were given to erase her name from the liturgy of the Established Church, and not to pray publicly for the queen, whom her husband had decided no longer to recognize as his wife. The natural courage of the princess, and the indignation of the woman whose honor was thus outraged, soon brought Queen Caroline to England, proudly resolute to have her cause tried by public opinion. "I have written

*George IV*

GEORGE IV



to Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh, demanding to have my name inserted in the liturgy of the Church of England," declared the queen, "and that orders be given to all the ambassadors, ministers, and consuls that I should be acknowledged and received as Queen of England; and after the speech made by Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons in answer to Mr. Brougham, I do not expect to receive further insults. I have also demanded that a palace should be prepared for my reception. England is my real home, to which I shall immediately fly."

All the generous feelings of the English nation, together with its contempt for the character and conduct of its sovereign, burst forth in the ardently sympathetic reception which saluted the arrival of Queen Caroline on the 6th of June, 1820. "They have erased her name from the liturgy," said her faithful and honest counsellor, Mr. Denman; "but the whole of England prays for her in praying for those who are 'desolate and oppressed.'" In her popular triumph all proposals for compromise were rejected by the queen, in spite of the advice of her advocates, Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman. The king asked for a divorce, but his ministers for a long time refused to propose it. Meanwhile, public excitement went on increasing, and at one time even some infantry regiments appeared wavering in their loyalty. Political intrigues increased the agitation, for the leaders of the radical opposition had taken up the queen's cause. The latter addressed to the House of Lords a petition demanding authority for defending herself. Government finally took the initiative, with reluctance, and constrained to do so only by the violence of royal and popular passions. On the 4th of July, 1820, Lord Liverpool presented to Parliament his Bill of Pains and Penalties, formally ac-

cusing Queen Caroline of conjugal infidelity, and asking for a divorce in the name of King George IV.

- Lord Eldon, with sagacity and sound foresight, had said before the arrival of the princess: "Our queen threatens to approach England; if she comes, she is the most courageous lady I ever heard of. The mischief, if she does come, will be infinite. At first she will have extensive popularity with the multitude; in a few short weeks, or months, she will be ruined in the opinion of all the world."

The spectacle of a sovereign publicly arraigning his wife before the supreme tribunal, as well as before the public opinion of his country, was equally disgraceful and unheard of. An immense crowd besieged the environs of Westminster, insulting the ministers and peers whom they knew to be opposed to the accused princess, and saluting her defenders with acclamations. Popular feeling had indeed decided in respect to the doubts and uncertainty which hung over the principal facts and precise accusations, and willingly closed its eyes to the license of life and language which witnesses, for the most part foreigners, and often corrupt and contradictory, revealed with regret. The glowing eloquence and skilful management of Brougham had wrought the public excitement to the highest pitch. He exclaimed, in summing up the evidence: "Such, my lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of this measure — evidence inadequate to prove a debt, impotent to deprive of a civil right, ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence, scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows, — monstrous to ruin the honor, to blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say then if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defence-



less woman? My lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing on the brink of a precipice — then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe — save yourselves from this peril — rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree! Save that country that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown which is in jeopardy, — the aristocracy which is shaken; save the altar which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my lords, you have willed — the church and the king have willed — that the queen should be deprived of that solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.”

So much eloquence and oratorical passion, such vivid conviction on the part of the public, was calculated to affect, and indeed did affect, the opinion of the House of Lords. The majority, at first considerable in favor of the bill, decreased every day. At the third reading it consisted of nine votes only, and as this slender majority left no hope of carrying it in the House of Commons, on the 10th of November, 1820, the bill was withdrawn, amid the wildest enthusiasm of the multitude. Caroline of Brunswick had

gained her cause; she remained the wife of George IV. and the Queen of England.

It was one of those triumphs which cost the victors dear, and soon precipitate their fall. In passing through the crowded streets in the neighborhood of Westminster, the Duke of Wellington was surrounded by a multitude who insisted upon his saying, "Long live the queen!" For some time he rode slowly forward, paying no attention to the mob, but at last turned sharply upon them: "Well, yes," he said, "long live the queen! and may all your wives be like her!" Something of this bitter sarcasm began slowly to penetrate the public mind, drawn at first by hasty but natural impulse to the defence of a woman wronged by him who had constantly set her the most wretched example. The resolution of which the ministers had given proofs in the accomplishment of their painful task, and the perils they had braved, brought on a sincere reaction in their favor. A miserable plot, called the Cato Street Conspiracy from the name of the street where its principal instigator, Arthur Thistlewood, was living, threatened the lives of all the members of the Cabinet, who were to be assassinated at once, at a dinner party at the house of Lord Harrowby, in Grosvenor Square. The project was discovered, and the guilty persons suffered the penalty of their crime on the 1st of May, 1820, about the same time that serious disorders began to break out in Scotland and in the north of England. The energy of the repression equalled the violence of the attack. All respectable men arose with one accord against the wretches or the dupes who threatened social order. "Among those here present," said Sir Walter Scott at a public meeting in Edinburgh, "are some who, by combining their influence, could raise an army of fifty thousand men."

In spite of the defeat which the government had suffered together with the sovereign, it had finally gained the day in the minds of the public. The majority that supported it in Parliament became every day more resolute and compact. "In six months the king will be the most popular man in his dominions," Lord Castlereagh had said, with a sound but contemptuous appreciation of the violence of the popular reaction. When on the 19th of June, 1821, Queen Caroline made an attempt to vindicate her right to share her husband's coronation, she appeared in vain at the door of Westminster Abbey in an open carriage drawn by six horses, claiming admission, which was respectfully refused her. The ministry had feared a revival of the passions formerly excited in her favor, and the display of military force was great. But there was hardly a cheer from the people to greet her. She withdrew, mortally wounded in her pride and feelings. A fortnight afterwards she expired, ordering that her body should be taken back to her native country, and deposited in the tomb of her ancestors, with this inscription: "Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the murdered Queen of England!"

For one moment only public feeling revived in the queen's favor. The funeral procession which accompanied the coffin to the port of embarkation had received orders to avoid the streets of London, but a mob had determined to force its passage through the city; a conflict ensued, and two men were killed. A distinguished officer, Sir Robert Wilson, reproached the soldiers with warmth for having fired when ordered by their superiors; he was cashiered; the magistrate who had yielded to the injunctions of the crowd in changing the direction of his march was likewise dismissed, and Queen Caroline was forgotten. Meanwhile her royal husband was in Ireland, receiving the enthusiastic homage

of a people for a long time unaccustomed to receive the gracious visit of its sovereign. "My heart has always been Irish," said George IV., addressing himself to the crowd which pressed round the viceroy's palace; "from the day it first beat I have loved Ireland. This day has shown me that I am beloved by my Irish subjects. Rank, station, honors are nothing; but to feel that I live in the hearts of my Irish subjects is to me the most exalted happiness." A similar reception awaited George IV. in his electorate of Hanover.

In the midst of the triumphs of their party, more entirely and more rigidly tory than Mr. Pitt had ever been, the ministers still felt the necessity for assuring themselves of energetic and efficacious support. Since his return to office, Lord Sidmouth had ably and wisely directed home affairs. But he was now old and feeble, and Mr. Peel, who had been secretary for Ireland since 1812, became his brilliant successor. A considerable number of moderate Whigs allied themselves with the government without materially changing its attitude and tone. Superficial minds have been astonished at the long power of the Tories. Peace and pacific governments were re-established in Europe; the internal and external perils by which England had seen herself threatened no longer existed, the causes which had induced her to strengthen the springs of authority had disappeared or were greatly modified; it would seem that authority might have been relaxed; but effects long survive their causes, and if the tory rule was no longer to the same degree indispensable, the tory party was none the less the victorious and dominant party, everywhere in possession of the majority, and powerfully organized to preserve it. Besides this, England was closely allied with the absolute monarchies of the Continent; her ministers had formed with theirs, dur-

ing the perilous times of the alliance, that union of thoughts, interests, and habits which common struggles and common success create; her foreign policy weighed upon her home policy, and Lord Castlereagh was more inclined to resemble Prince Metternich than to differ from him. Unfortunately for the spirit of dawning liberty, the revolutionary spirit was also dawning, spreading its poison among institutions as well as in men's minds, and keeping governments everywhere on the alert. During the first twelve years of peace, the government of England was more anxious, more obstinate, and more inaccessible to all reform and every liberal innovation, than had been the case during the height of the war, at the epoch of her greatest efforts and her greatest perils.

The struggle had already commenced between the government and the whig opposition, who were on principle, as well as by political ambition, ardent partisans of reform, skilful in forestalling or serving popular desires and wants. A famine in Ireland, and the deplorable scenes which accompanied the sufferings of the population, had drawn attention to the condition of violence existing there in the relations of the Catholics and Protestants. In vain the Marquis of Wellesley, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had ruled with energetic and far-sighted impartiality; he had alienated the Orangemen without rallying the patriots. Mr. Canning presented to the House a scheme for the admission of Roman Catholic peers to Parliament. "Last year," he said, "for the first time for upwards of one hundred and thirty years, were Catholic peers summoned to attend a coronation — an august and awful ceremony, not to be viewed as an unmeaning pomp, a mere gorgeous pageant, but as a public ratification, by the sovereign of a free people, of the compact which binds together all the orders of the realm. . . . Did it occur to the representatives of Europe, when contemplating

this animating spectacle, that the moment this ceremony was over, the Duke of Norfolk would become disseised of the exercise of his privileges among his fellow-peers? — that his robes of ceremony were to be laid aside and hung up until the distant (be it a very distant!) day when the coronation of a successor to his present most gracious sovereign might again call him forth to assist in a similar solemnization? — that, after being thus exhibited to the eyes of the peers and people of England and to the representatives of the princes and nations of the world, the Duke of Norfolk, highest in rank among the peers, the Lord Clifford, and others like him representing a long line of illustrious ancestry, as if called forth and furnished for the occasion, like the lustres and banners that flamed and glittered in the scene, were to be like them thrown by, as useless and trumpery formalities? — that they might bend the knee and kiss the hand, that they might bear the train or rear the canopy, might discharge the offices assigned by Roman pride to their barbarian ancestors — ‘*Purpurea tollunt aulæa Britanni* ;’ but that, with the pageantry of the hour, their importance faded away ; that as their distinction vanished their humiliation returned ; and that he who headed the procession of peers to-day could not sit among them as their equal to-morrow ?”

For some time Mr. Peel had devoted himself to the task of fighting against the emancipation of the Catholics ; he had done this with a moderation for which one of the most eloquent and ardent partisans of the measure, Lord Plunkett, thanked him in flattering terms. “No statesman, I know,” he said, “will probably have more influence on this question, and there is no man whose adhesion to what I should call superstitious prejudices can do my country more harm.” In spite of the lively opposition of Peel, Mr. Canning’s proposition was adopted by the House of Commons. The

cabinet was divided; Lord Castlereagh, who had become Marquis of Londonderry by the death of his father, had remained favorable to liberal measures in favor of the Catholics. The House of Lords rejected the motion, not, however, without leaving to its partisans fair hopes of the speedy success of their just cause. A first attempt of Lord John Russell in favor of parliamentary reform, opposed with spirit by Mr. Canning, was rejected by the House of Commons by a weaker majority and after a more favorable discussion than the ardent promoters of the measure had dared to hope for. The last words of Mr. Canning's speech already presaged the success of the enterprise he feared. "While I conjure the House to pause," he said, "before it consents to adopt the proposition of the noble lord, I cannot help conjuring the noble lord himself to pause before he again presses it upon the country. If, however, he shall persevere, and if his perseverance shall be successful, and if the result of that success shall be such as I cannot help apprehending — his be the triumph to have precipitated those results; be mine the consolation that to the utmost and the latest of my power, I have opposed them."

King George IV. had just returned from Edinburgh: he had been making a progress in Scotland from castle to castle, delighting everywhere, by the grace of his manners and the charms of his conversation, those who did not expect from him either political courage or private virtues; he was suddenly recalled to London by a tragic event. As Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr. Whitbread had done some years before, Lord Londonderry had just succumbed beneath the weight of a burden too heavy for the stability of his reason, and had cut his throat on the 12th of August; coldly resolute to the last, as firm in maintaining peace

as he had been in pursuing war, too weak, however, to resist the new embarrassments which he foresaw in the state of agitation in which he beheld Europe, he was precipitated by the keenness of his patriotic feelings into an attack of insanity. Mr. Pitt was heart-broken by the battle of Austerlitz; Lord Londonderry, after having victoriously concluded peace, and maintained order in England while all the thrones on the Continent were shaken, went mad.

Mr. Canning succeeded him in office, not without a struggle and opposition in Parliament. He brought with him Mr. Huskisson, an able and upright minister of finance, as liberal as Mr. Canning, and disposed like him to put himself at the head of the popular movement which they had neither the power nor the desire to repress. The first sign of this new attitude of the government was the recognition by England of the republics of South America, originally Spanish colonies which had revolted from the yoke of the mother-country. Successive shocks had agitated Spain; the Bourbons had been overthrown and replaced by a provisional government. Recalled to the throne by a royalist insurrection, Ferdinand VII. had been supported by France; the Duke of Angoulême, the eldest son of King Louis XVIII., at the head of an army had re-established the monarchy in Spain, while Austria, in her turn, had interfered in the affairs of the kingdom of Naples, which were as confused and disturbed as those of Spain. Under Mr. Canning, as under Lord Londonderry, England remained faithful to the principle of non-intervention, without, however, any good will towards the sovereigns attacked or sympathy with their defenders.

While Mr. Canning pursued abroad a policy boldly independent of the powers and the common interests of Europe,



he remained anxious and sad. He had arrived at the summit of power, admired and respected by all, still young, and successful by the natural force of his personal merit, but he had arrived at power alone, bringing with him almost none of the friends by whose side he had fought at the beginning of his career, separated from them by the position he had taken at the head of the liberals, separated from the liberals, 'whom he ostensibly led, by the resistance he opposed to parliamentary reform. His health was good, but the nervous state into which the anxieties and trials of his political life threw him, slowly undermined the strength which he sought in vain to repair by the pleasures and charms of society. On the 8th of August, 1827, he expired at Chiswick, in the Duke of Devonshire's beautiful mansion, and in the same room in which Fox had breathed his last. One after another, young or old, death carried off all the great actors of the long struggle so courageously maintained by England against anarchical passions or autocratic ambition abroad, and against the contagion of these fatal evils at home. It was but a few months after Mr. Canning's death that Lord Liverpool, who had been virtually dead since an attack of apoplexy six months before, followed him to the tomb. It was necessary to provide for the conduct of government. A coalition ministry failed in the hands of Lord Goderich. The Duke of Wellington had victoriously directed the affairs of England in time of war, and the king now proposed to the great general to take charge of the political direction of the government. The duke did not hesitate, accustomed to obey the call of duty wherever he heard it, simply confiding in the power of good sense and of upright authority. The Whigs retired, and the liberal Tories, with Mr. Peel at their head, closed their ranks round the new chief whom

fortune had sent them. Here appeared for the first time in the internal government of his country the Earl of Aberdeen, a man still young, who had already taken a share in the most important diplomatic negotiations by the side of Lord Castlereagh, already loved and honored by all, as he continued to be throughout his life, both in England and on the Continent. The ministry had from the first to confront a difficult and long-contested question, and was to find itself constrained to lend its aid to a measure it had ardently combated. More than ever did the situation of Ireland occupy men's minds, more than ever did the emancipation of the Catholics become, in the eyes of some, the evident remedy for all evils; in those of others, a matter for great uneasiness and profound repugnance.

Trade had sprung up in Ireland, and industry had increased its exports; the ministers who were hostile to the measures demanded as a means for ameliorating the miseries of a dependent and neighboring kingdom, cited with pride the figures of the statistical returns; but wealth was concentrated in the hands of a few, and the proprietors of the soil were, for the most part, strangers to Ireland — absentees, and indifferent to the sufferings of the country. The lower orders devoted themselves entirely to agriculture, and to the rudest form of this primitive art, without other care than that of obtaining from the ground, with the least possible effort, the food necessary for each day. The introduction of the potato, by supplying for the peasantry a cheaper article than corn, had increased their idleness, their improvidence, and their destitution. Without money, without resources, without instruction, habitually separated from the upper classes by the difference of religion, the Irish laborers lived in a state verging on barbarism. "The state of the lower orders in Ireland," said in 1822 Daniel O'Con-

nell, — Ireland's most famous champion, whose eloquence was often most useful, yet sometimes was most dangerous to her cause, — “is such that it is astonishing to me how they preserve health, and, above all, how they retain cheerfulness, under the total privation of anything like comfort, and the existence of a state of things that the inferior animals would scarcely endure, and which they do not endure in this country. Their houses are not even called houses, and they ought not to be; they are called cabins: they are built of mud, and covered partly with thatch, and partly with a surface which they call ‘scraws,’ but which is utterly insufficient to keep out the rain. In these abodes there is nothing that can be called furniture; it is a luxury to have a box to put anything into; it is a luxury to have what they call a dresser for laying a plate upon. . . . The entire family sleep in the same apartment, — they call it a room; . . . they seldom have any bedsteads, and as to covering for their beds, they have nothing but straw, and very few blankets in the mountain districts. . . . The ordinary rate of wages is fourpence a day; . . . yet even at this low rate of wages there is no possibility of finding constant employment for the people. The consequence is that every man cultivates potatoes, which is the food of his own family, and thus land becomes absolutely necessary for every Irish peasant.”

Sufferings like these, so long endured without effectual alleviation, in a condition of affairs which seemed without hope of change, either from individual effort or parliamentary reforms, had brought about a state of violent agitation, incessantly fermented by political and religious passions. The Test Act had been abolished, and in lieu of the obligation to receive the sacrament according to the Anglican rite, a simple formula of oath had been substituted com-

patible with all religious tenets. This was a step towards Catholic emancipation, and all felt it, even the Protestant dissenters, whose rights had been much talked of in the discussion, without their having personally and actively demanded a measure useful rather to their traditional enemies than to themselves. Outside of Parliament the opposition was both violent and well organized. Under Mr. Canning the Irish Catholics had made no disturbance, relying upon him, and being careful not to embarrass by public alarm the good intentions of the government; but as soon as they saw the power fall back into the hands of the Tories, they again eagerly resumed the struggle. The Catholic Association recommenced its popular assemblies, its harangues, addresses, pamphlets, and subscriptions, all its ardent and subtle work in Ireland, now to arouse and instruct the English mind, now to recruit and encourage its partisans at home. Two men of very different ability, but each very able in his own sphere of action, O'Connell and Moore, led this crusade for the emancipation of their faith and race: O'Connell, a bold and muscular political athlete, a clever and crafty lawyer, inexhaustible in his eloquence, which was by turns brilliant and vulgar, persuasive and amusing, — a man devoted with unscrupulous zeal to the cause which made at the same time his fortune and his glory; Moore, a patriotic and fashionable poet, pathetic and satirical, as popular in London drawing-rooms as O'Connell in Irish meetings, singing his melodies while O'Connell breathed out his invectives; both constant in their common yet separate efforts, rallying, in the service of the same design, the lower orders and the highest society, violent passions and elevated ideas, men's ambition and women's sympathy, Celtic peasantry and Saxon aristocrats, Catholic priests and philosophical Whigs. The grandeur of the effect answered to the

ardor of the effort. O'Connell was elected from the county of Clare to that House of Commons whose law denied him admission. Ireland arose in agitation or subsided at his voice, at one moment precipitating itself to the utmost limits of legal order, at the next prompt and docile to keep well within them. In England, in all classes of secular society, and even in the bosom of the Anglican Church, feelings and misgivings favorable towards the Catholics gained ground every day. As persistent in its anxieties as it was sincere in its faith, Protestant Toryism continued the struggle even though consciously and visibly growing weaker. The assemblies of Orangemen in Ireland feebly maintained the combat against the meetings of the Catholic Association, and in the House of Peers Lord Eldon himself lost confidence. "We shall fight respectably and honorably," he wrote to a friend, "but we shall be in a wretched minority. But what is most calamitous of all is, that the archbishops and several bishops are against us."

Not any more sincere than Lord Eldon, the bishops favorable to Catholic emancipation had judged more rightly than he of their duties as Christian prelates, and of the true interests of their religious faith; the government felt as they did that the measure had become necessary. The Duke of Wellington was the first to yield to evidence; accustomed to look the truth in the face, however painful it might appear to him, he felt that the present condition of affairs could not be prolonged in Ireland, and that it was necessary to take away from the agitators all show of right and legitimate pretext for their proceedings. Religious liberty was not really in question; thanks to the progress of public good sense in the midst of Christian civilization, the free enjoyment of dissenting faith and worship, Protestant or Catholic, was no longer a matter under discussion; it was the equality of

political rights, the complete separation of the civil and the religious organizations, that was demanded; and it was in the midst of a society whose entire political establishment, royalty, Parliament, and legislation were exclusively Protestant, that this declaration was to burst forth and become law. But it was in the name of urgent necessity, and not of the general principles of truth and justice, that the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel decided to present to Parliament a measure which they could no longer evade, and for which they had great difficulty in obtaining the king's authority.

It was not from principle that George IV. resisted the demands of his ministers. Protestantism was a tradition of his House, and he considered it the basis of his throne; he wished, moreover, to be thought forced to give his consent. He affected to be desirous to form another cabinet. "What can I do?" said he to Lord Eldon; "my position is a miserable one: if I do give my assent I shall go to the baths abroad, and from thence to Hanover. I'll never return to England; the people shall see that I did not wish this." To secure themselves against betrayal or weakness, the ministers required of him a written authorization, and on the 5th of March, 1829, Mr. Peel proposed to the House of Commons the abolition of the political and civil disabilities weighing upon Roman Catholic subjects. Violently attacked, and taunted with cowardice in renouncing the opinions of his entire life under the influence of ignoble terror, "In my opinion," said the minister, "no motive can be more justly branded as ignominious than that which is usually termed cowardice. But there is a temper of mind much more dangerous than this, though it may not be so base, — I mean the fear of being thought to be afraid. Base as a coward is, the man who abandons himself to the fear of being

thought a coward displays little more fortitude. His Majesty's ministers are not, and have not been afraid of the Catholic Association. Their attempts were not matters to strike his Majesty's ministers with fear. . . . But fear is by no means inconsistent with the character *constantis viri*; there are many subjects which it might be impossible for him to contemplate without dread; there are many views from which he may be justified in shrinking. And I would tell my honorable friends that the disorganization and disaffection which exist in Ireland cannot be looked upon without fear, and that to affect not to fear them would be to affect insensibility to the welfare of the country."

It was with the same spirit of patriotic anxiety that the Duke of Wellington said in the House of Lords: "It has been my fortune to have seen much of war — more than most men. I have been constantly engaged in the active duties of the military profession from boyhood until I have grown gray. My life has been passed in familiarity with scenes of death and human suffering. Circumstances have placed me in countries where the war was internal, — between opposite parties in the same nation; and rather than a country I loved should be visited with the calamities I have seen, with the unutterable horrors of civil war, I would run any risk, I would make any sacrifice, I would freely lay down my life. There is nothing which destroys property and prosperity, and demoralizes character, to the extent that civil war does."

The Catholic emancipation had not borne all the fruits of pacification and conciliation which were expected; it allowed many seeds of bitterness to remain, which have more than once produced painful disturbances, but it was nevertheless legitimate, necessary, and honorable both to the government that proposed it and to the Parliament in which

it was carried by an immense majority. Truth and justice are powerful in the souls of men, whatever may be the passions which animate them, and the prejudices which blind them. It was with the serene consciousness of a duty nobly performed that Mr. Peel said in the House of Commons, some months later: "Deeply as I regret the loss of the confidence which a portion of the members of this House have withdrawn from his Majesty's government, and clearly as I foresee the possible consequences which the combination of parties may lead to, I yet cannot purchase their confidence by expressing a regret for what has occurred. I say this with no feeling of hostility or asperity. I had at the outset a perfect knowledge of the painful consequences which might arise to me individually and in my public capacity, from proposing the measure of Catholic emancipation; but if the business were to be transacted over again, with still greater deliberation and determination, and with increased preparation to make any personal sacrifice that might be necessary,—I would this very night give notice of a motion for the introduction of such a measure."

A few months after the ratification of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, which he would sanction only by commission, King George IV. died at Windsor (26th of June, 1830). Events of the greatest importance both at home and abroad had occurred during his regency and reign. Peace had been restored to Europe after the last efforts of a most desperate struggle; the long injustice of centuries towards Roman Catholics in Great Britain had ceased by the free action of all the Protestant strength of the country, both out of Parliament and in it. This honor belonged to others than the king; he had allowed the Duke of Wellington to conquer at Waterloo, but he had so often related the part he had taken in the combat, that he finished by forgetting that he



had never at that period left English soil. He allowed the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel to bear alone all the weight of a measure to which he remained opposed by habit of mind and personal repugnance, but not from any scruple of conscience. Agreeable in conversation, polite and well-informed, he diffused around him in the intimacy of his court circle a disastrous influence, corrupt and corrupting, which the sufferings caused by foreign war and the great combats of parliamentary policy alone prevented from bearing all its fruit for the demoralization and lasting injury of his country.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## WILLIAM IV.—PARLIAMENTARY REFORM. 1830–1837.

**I**T is a grand and cheering spectacle to see, through all the course of English history, the men of highest rank and most extensive possessions, owners of the nation's territory and of her wealth, ever foremost in political contests as well as on the battlefield, even more truly the country's natural leaders at home than abroad, in Parliament than at the head of armies. The English barons wrenched Magna Charta from John Lackland; in the cabinet which was to accomplish a parliamentary reform, in some ways useful and legitimate, hazardous and bold in others, thirteen members of the House of Lords, or destined by hereditary right to sit there, ranged themselves at the head of the public and popular movement, resolved bravely to bear the flag of a reform fatal to their own influence and their prescriptive superiority. Courageously faithful to its duty of moderating the nation's inconsiderate ardor, the English aristocracy has never abdicated its right to be the first to brave all dangers, and the first to attempt all forms of progress; it has kept back the invasion of the rising flood of democracy, it has opened its ranks to all brilliant merit, it has given up its children to the common life and the common work, active in bearing the burden of national destinies in every career, eager to maintain England in her glorious post of advanced guard of the army of constitutional liberty, which she has occupied with honor in Europe for so many centuries. Im-

CONFIDENTIAL

SECRET

WILLIAM IV



mediately after the emancipation of the Catholics, the parliamentary reform, proposed and supported by Lord John Russell and by Lord Grey, was a fresh and brilliant example of this courage.

In a perplexed way, and without fully recognizing the whole scope of what they were doing and striving for, the Whigs understood that a new spirit was beginning to animate the world, and that the breath of the French Revolution had not passed in vain over a generation now slowly disappearing, bequeathing to its successors the work it had commenced. It was again from France that the agitation and excitement of popular passions came. The revolution of July, 1830, had substituted on the throne the younger branch of the House of Bourbon for the elder, which had been betrayed by disastrous counsels to the violation of its pledges towards the nation. Soon after the first rumor of the ordinances of Charles X., some one asked the Duke of Wellington what he thought would be the result. "It is a new dynasty," replied the Duke. "And what course shall you take?" "First, a long silence, and then we will concert with our allies what we shall say." The national sympathy of England did not, however, permit the Duke of Wellington to exercise so much prudence and reserve, and in the month of August he solemnly recognized the king, Louis Philippe, in the name of the new sovereign of England. William IV., lately Duke of Clarence, had succeeded his brother George IV. Brought up for the navy, he had never achieved much success in his profession; he was a well-meaning prince of moderate abilities, without any surviving children by his wife, Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, a virtuous and amiable princess, who exercised over her husband an influence often exaggerated by public report.

The new Parliament which assembled on the 2d of November, 1830, had been elected in the midst of extreme agitation; risings and disturbances had in many places followed upon the electoral excitement; the ministry was weakened from the very first day of the session. The day after the speech from the throne, the reformers threw down the gauntlet to the cabinet. Lord Grey formally announced his views and the object he pursued, able and sensible even in his boldness, and fixing beforehand the limits from which he had resolved not to depart: "I certainly do not wish to agitate measures of this kind unnecessarily or at an inopportune moment. I have been a friend to reform during my whole political life, because I have felt it to be a measure which, if not resorted to, would one day lead to the destruction of the confidence of the people — perhaps to that of the constitution itself. I am convinced, therefore, that a measure of temperate reform must sooner or later be adopted by Parliament, and I sincerely trust it may not be put off as Catholic emancipation was put off, until the country is threatened with internal strife and commotion. . . . In my younger days I pressed the matter of reform further than I now might be disposed to do. . . . But at the same time I must say that I never urged it on the principle of abstract right, which it is so much the fashion to put forward — nor with a view to universal suffrage which, in my opinion, would not improve the condition of the representation of the country to such an extent as I think it might be improved."

Wise maxims, ignored or misunderstood in France by popular passion or autocratic egotism, and too often forgotten even in England by reformers more adventurous and less enlightened than Lord Grey. The door that he wished to open, the road that he traced for the future destiny

of his country, excited even then serious uneasiness in the Duke of Wellington's mind; he replied without hesitation to Lord Grey: "I am fully convinced that the country possesses a legislature which answers all the good purposes of legislation, and this to a greater degree than any legislature ever has done in any country whatever. I will go further and say that the legislature and the system of representation possess, and deservedly possess, the full and entire confidence of the country. I will go still further, and say, that if, at the present moment, the duty were imposed on me of forming a legislature for any country, and particularly for a country like this, in possession of great property of various descriptions, I do not mean to assert that I could form such a legislature as we now possess,—for the nature of man is incapable of reaching such excellence at once,—but my great endeavor would be to form some description of legislature which would produce the same results. . . . Under these circumstances, I am not only not prepared to bring forward any measure of the description alluded to by the noble lord, but I will at once declare that, as far as I am concerned, as long as I hold any station in the government of this country, I shall always feel it my duty to resist such measures when proposed by others."

The refusal was more peremptory than the public and even some members of the cabinet had foreseen; external agitation became so great that the king could not cross the City to go to the Lord Mayor's banquet. Seditious movements were feared; a proposal of the chancellor of the exchequer with regard to the civil list was rejected on the 15th of November, and on the 16th the ministry resigned, Mr. Peel as well as the Duke of Wellington. Lord Grey and his friends, Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Althorp, came

into power. From the first day they openly raised the flag of reform. "What out of office I have promised," said Lord Grey, "I am now, in office, about to perform. I promise that a proposal for the reform of our representative system shall be introduced immediately for the consideration of Parliament."

Popular agitation was extreme; the counties which surrounded London were in a state of open insurrection. According to Lord Grey's own declaration, the situation of Ireland was still more alarming: the harvest had been a bad one, and the suffering of the population was excessive. O'Connell and his friends, deprived of their arms by the emancipation of the Catholics, had again sought to call in question the union of the two kingdoms, and now explicitly demanded its abrogation. O'Connell traversed county after county, haranguing popular meetings, exciting the religious and political passions of his audience; careful to recommend that order which he constantly sought to disturb, himself frequently violating the law, while the government, needing his aid for the success of its great enterprise, dared not to support against him prosecutions legally instituted. A single anxiety absorbed the thoughts of the ministers: defeated in Parliament on the budget, they called to their aid all shades of liberals, modifying, to assure themselves of the victory, the first tenor of their intentions. "The first disposition of my mind," said Lord Grey to the House of Lords on the 28th of March, 1831, "was to limit the reform within a much narrower compass; but after full consideration, and after having discussed the subject with my colleagues, I was convinced that nothing short of the present measure was likely to lead to the satisfactory result of fulfilling the wishes of all classes, and of giving to the government security and respect."



Two questions occupied the attention of the reformers, and they pursued a double aim: the suppression of existing abuses, and the legitimate extension of political suffrage. "The main evil," says May, in his "Constitutional History," "has been the number of nomination or rotten boroughs enjoying the franchise. Fifty-six of these — having less than two thousand inhabitants, and returning one hundred and eleven members — were swept away. Thirty boroughs — having less than four thousand inhabitants — lost each a member. Weymouth and Melcombe-Regis lost two. This disfranchisement extended to one hundred and forty-three members. The next evil had been that large populations were unrepresented, and this was now redressed. Twenty-two large towns, including metropolitan districts, received the privilege of returning two members; and twenty more of returning one. The large county populations were also regarded in the distribution of seats, — the number of county members being increased from ninety-four to one hundred and fifty-nine. The larger counties were divided, and the number of members adjusted with reference to the importance of the constituencies.

"Another evil was the restricted and unequal franchise. This too was corrected. All narrow rights of election were set aside in boroughs, and a ten-pound household franchise was established. The freemen of corporate towns were the only class of electors whose rights were reserved; but residence within the borough was attached as a condition to their right of voting. . . .

"The county constituency was enlarged by the addition of copyholders and leaseholders for terms of years, and of tenants-at-will, paying a rent of fifty pounds a year. . . .

"It was a measure at once bold, comprehensive, moderate, and constitutional. Popular, but not democratic, it extended

liberty without hazarding revolution. Two years before, Parliament had refused to enfranchise a single unrepresented town, and now the wide redistribution of the franchise had been accomplished; that it was theoretically complete, and left nothing for future statesmen to effect, its authors never affirmed; but it was a masterly settlement of a perilous question."

The secret of the government resolutions had been strictly guarded: the delight and surprise of the reformers equalled the anger of the "Conservatives," a name recently adopted by the Tories, in presence of the attacks made by their adversaries upon the constitution. The uneasiness, however, was not less than the astonishment and the anger. A bold resolution of the Conservatives might at first have stopped the bill and overthrown the cabinet. The ministers were not in ignorance of this. "We had often talked over and guessed at the probable course of the opposition," said Lord Brougham, the chancellor, at a later period; "and I always said, were I in Peel's place, I would not condescend to argue the point, but would, as soon as Lord John Russell sat down, get up and declare that I would not debate so revolutionary, so mad a proposal, and would insist upon dividing the House at once. If he does this, I used to say, we are dead beat; but if he allows himself to be drawn into a discussion, we shall succeed. When the bulletin at length came which was to tell us the course of the opposition, I opened the note, and seeing the first line, which was, 'Peel (should have been *Inglis*) has been up twenty minutes,' I flourished the note round my head, exclaiming, 'Hurrah! hurrah! Victory! victory! Peel has been speaking twenty minutes!'"

The instinct of the able chiefs of the reform party had not deceived them. However serious and reasonable the discussion might be, however pressing the arguments against

a reform even more radical in its principles than in its practical applications, the delay and debates were necessarily favorable to a cause which became more and more popular, in spite of the displeasure and anxiety of a great part of the nation. Mr. Peel, who had become Sir Robert by his father's death, had judged less correctly in respect to the passions which blindly agitated the masses. "Reform is proposed," he said, "whilst the events of the last year in Paris and Brussels are bewildering the judgments of many, and provoking a restless, unquiet disposition, unfit for the calm consideration of such a question. Granted that the resistance to authority in those countries was just, but look at the effects—on the national property, on industry, on individual happiness—even of just resistance. . . . Do not rely upon this temporary excitement; do not allow it to be your only guide. All I ask is time for deliberation upon a question of such vital importance. . . . When the steady good sense and reason of the people of England shall return, they will be the first to reproach us with the baseness of having sacrificed the constitution in the vain hope of conciliating the favor of a temporary burst of popular feeling. . . . It is not making an addition to an existing structure to accommodate an increasing family, but uprooting all the foundations of an ancient edifice and attempting to construct a new one. . . . I give my conscientious opposition to this bill, because it does not fulfil the conditions recommended from the throne—because it is not founded on the acknowledged principles of the constitution—because it does not give security to the acknowledged prerogatives of the crown—because it does not guarantee the legitimate rights, influences, and privileges of both Houses of Parliament—because it is not calculated to render secure and permanent the happiness and prosperity of the people, and, above all,

because it subverts a system of government which has combined security to personal liberty and protection of property, with vigor in the executive power of the state, in a more permanent degree than ever existed in any age, or in any other country in the world. If the bill proposed by the ministers is carried, it will introduce the very worst and vilest species of despotism, the despotism of demagogues, the despotism of journalism, — that despotism which has brought neighboring countries, once happy and flourishing, to the very brink of ruin and despair.”

The good sense of the English nation, its wise respect for traditions, and that political instinct which has always warned it on the eve of extreme peril, have until now guarded England from the last and worst consequences foreseen in 1831 by Sir Robert Peel, as the inevitable results of the Reform Bill. He had however put his hand upon the wound, and rightly indicated the effect of the measure; the balance of power was changed, it was in future the will of the House of Commons which was the heaviest in the balance to rule the affairs and dispose of the destiny of England at home and abroad.

The second reading of the bill passed by the majority of a single voice; and an amendment of General Gascoigne's against the reduction of the total number of the members of the House of Commons was voted by a majority of eight. The cabinet felt its project threatened; it was decided to dissolve Parliament and make an appeal to the electors. The chancellor took upon himself to gain the king's consent. He went with Lord Grey to the palace; William IV. resisted, exclaiming with wonder and displeasure: “How is it possible, my lords, that I can after this fashion repay the kindness of Parliament to the queen and myself? They have just granted me a most liberal civil list, and

the queen a splendid annuity in case she survive me?" The chancellor admitted that as regards his Majesty, Parliament had acted with wisdom and liberality, but still urged its dissolution as absolutely essential to the country's safety. "But, my lords," said the king, "nothing is prepared; the great officers of state are not summoned." "Pardon me," said the chancellor, "we have taken the great liberty of giving them to understand that your Majesty commanded their attendance at the proper hour." "But, my lords," the king objected, "the crown, the robes, and other things needed are not prepared." "I again entreat your Majesty's pardon for my boldness," rejoined the chancellor; "they are all prepared and ready, the proper officers being desired to attend in proper form and time." "But, my lords, you know the thing is impossible; the guards, the troops have had no orders, and cannot be ready in time. . . . ." "Pardon me, sir; I know how bold the step is; but, presuming on your Majesty's great goodness, and your anxious desire for the safety of your kingdom, and the happiness of your people, I have given the order, and the troops are ready." At this the king lost all patience; he reddened violently, and exclaimed, "What, my lords! have you dared to act thus? Such a thing was never heard of. You, my lord-chancellor, ought to know that such an act is high-treason, — high-treason, my lord!" "Yes, sir," said the chancellor, "I do know it; and nothing but my thorough knowledge of your Majesty's great goodness, of your paternal anxiety for the good of your people, and my own solemn belief that the good of the state depends upon this day's proceedings, could have emboldened me to the performance of so unusual, and, in ordinary circumstances, improper a proceeding. I am ready in my own person to bear all the blame, and receive all the punishment which

your Majesty may deem meet; but I again entreat your Majesty to listen to us, and follow our counsel."

Some hours later, after a violent excitement in the two Houses had preceded his coming, William IV. read to the assembled Parliament the speech which Lord Brougham had prepared beforehand. The monarch's voice was drowned by murmurs; only the first words were heard: "My Lords and Gentlemen: I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution."

Thus introduced, the elections could not but bring, and did bring, scenes of disorder which were sad and grievous; the reformers, intoxicated with triumph and hope, went to excesses such as their wiser friends could not prevent. The city of London was illuminated on the day of the dissolution of Parliament; at Edinburgh, all the windows left unlighted were broken. The tory candidates were grossly insulted in many places, and sometimes were in danger of their lives. The populace of Jedburgh hooted the dying Sir Walter Scott. "*Troja fuit!*" he wrote the same day in his journal. The popular illusions and ignorance alarmed the more enlightened partisans of the measure. "In March and April, 1831," writes Miss Harriet Martineau, the author of "Letters on Political Economy," and actively engaged all her life in the radical cause, "the great middle class, by whose intelligence the bill must be carried, believed that occasions might arise for their refusing to pay taxes, and for their marching upon London to support the king, the administration, and the bulk of the nation, against a small knot of unyielding and interested persons. The political unions made known the numbers they could muster, — the chairman of the Birmingham Union declaring that they could send forth two armies each fully worth that which had won

Waterloo. On the coast of Sussex ten thousand men declared themselves ready to march at any moment; Yorkshire was up and awake; and, in short, it might be said the nation was ready to go to London if wanted. . . . The anti-reformers observed with a shudder that the towns were at the mercy of these mobs. The cry was vehement that the measure was to be carried by intimidation, and this was true."

The reformers were anxious as well as their adversaries: at the opening of the new Parliament on the 21st of June, 1831, the king called the attention of the Houses to the disorders which had taken place in the kingdom, and also to the distress which existed in Ireland, asking from the legislature energetic remedies for these evils. The Reform Bill was again brought in with a few alterations, and at the second reading passed in the House of Commons by a majority of a hundred and nine voices. It was carried the following day (September 22) by Lord John Russell to the House of Lords. The debate lasted until the 8th of October, — a momentous and solemn discussion, carried on by men who knew their influence in the state was threatened, and yet were more solicitous for the safety of their country than for their own personal authority. "Brave I know your lordships to be," said Lord Grey, in proposing the second reading, "and angrily susceptible when approached with a menace. I fling aside all ideas of menace and intimidation; but I conjure you, as you value your rights and dignities, and as you wish to transmit them unimpaired to your posterity, to lend a willing ear to the representations of the people. Do not take up a position which will show that you will not attend to the voice of nine-tenths of the people, who call upon you in a tone too loud not to be heard, and too decisive to be misunderstood. . . .

And although I do not say, as the noble Duke (Wellington) did on another occasion, that the rejection of this measure will lead to civil war, — I trust it will not produce any such effect, — yet I see such consequences likely to arise from it as make me tremble for the security of this House and of the country. Upon your lordships, then, as you value the tranquillity and prosperity of the country, I earnestly call to consider well before you reject this measure.”

For a moment the event seemed to justify the gloomy forebodings of the Duke of Wellington at the time of the discussion of the Catholic emancipation. After the rejection of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords by a majority of forty-five voices, civil war seemed on the point of breaking out. At Derby, Nottingham, and especially at Bristol, violent outbreaks had occurred, at once repressed, however, but with no great energy on the part of the government, and constantly fomented by political associations, only at last ended by the reaction which great disorders always bring about, and by the severe punishment of the leaders, three of whom suffered capital punishment in the month of December, 1831.

On the 12th of December a new reform bill was introduced in the House of Commons by Lord John Russell. Some reasonable modifications had been made in it, and the number of members of the House was not to be reduced. The great battle lasted till the 19th of March, when the bill passed by a majority of a hundred and sixteen, in a House of five hundred and ninety-four. The occasion was again regarded as one of the most serious that had ever arisen in the parliamentary history of England. “With respect to the expectations of government,” said Lord John Russell, “I will say that, in proposing this measure, they have not acted lightly; but, after much consideration, they



were induced to think, a year ago, that a measure of this kind was necessary if they would stand between the abuses they wished to correct and the convulsions they desired to avoid. I am convinced that if Parliament should refuse to entertain a measure of this nature, they would place in collision that party which, on the one hand, opposed all reform in the Commons House of Parliament, and that which, on the other, desired a reform extending to universal suffrage. The consequence of this would be that much blood would be shed in the struggle between the contending parties; and I am perfectly convinced that the British constitution would perish in the conflict. I move, sir, that this bill do now pass."

Secret negotiations took place in the House of Lords: the ministry had asked for the creation of new peers with the object of reducing the hostile majority; but the king had hesitated for a long time, convinced of the necessity of a reform, but seriously opposed to the means his ministers proposed to him. When he had finally consented to use his prerogative, the cabinet resolved to attempt the adventure once more. The second reading was carried by a majority of nine voices, for some hostile peers had abstained from voting, and seventeen who had voted against the previous bill now voted for this. The greater part of the bishops had voted for the bill; but an amendment by Lord Lyndhurst came to disturb the triumph of the reformers. He proposed, and the House of Peers voted with a majority of thirty-five voices, that the new privileges granted to towns and counties should be put in practice before the abrogation of the old rights of the boroughs. On this decision, which seriously modified the law, and on the king's refusal to create at once sixty peers, the whole ministry tendered its resignation.

It is in vain that timid wisdom attempts to struggle against the powerful tide of popular will and passion; those who had excited it would themselves have failed to restrain it. The king sent for the Duke of Wellington, who was always ready to brave danger. "I should be ashamed to show my face in the street," he said, "if I had refused to assist my sovereign in the distressing circumstances in which he was placed." All the efforts of the illustrious soldier failed, however, before the impossibility of forming a cabinet. Sir Robert Peel refused to take a place in it. William IV. asked his new councillors themselves to present a bill more in accordance with his desires, and with the opinions of a great number of conservatives, than that of Lord John Russell. "What is the situation in which I stand with respect to reform?" said Peel; "I have given it the most strenuous opposition continued to the latest moment; and having done that, how could I stand in this place as minister, in order to recommend the adoption of that bill of which I had been the chief opponent? . . . . No authority or example of any man or any number of men could shake my resolution not to accept office under existing circumstances." An address of the House of Commons called the king's attention to the critical state in which affairs were, and William IV. yielded with bitter regret, wounded and irritated. He yielded, however, and recalled the Whig ministry, authorizing it in writing to create the necessary number of peers to assure the triumph of the Reform Bill. It was unnecessary, however, to employ this extreme expedient. The Duke of Wellington perceived that the day had come for the House of Lords to yield, like the king, to external pressure, and William IV. wrote to his friends to ask them to abstain from voting. At the renewal of the discussion, the Duke rose, followed by a hundred peers, and

---

WELLINGTON IN THE MOB.



did not reappear in the House till the day when the bill had been passed. "If the lords of the opposition had held firm," said Lord Grey later on, as also Lord Brougham, "we should probably have been beaten, and the bill would have fallen through, for we should not have exacted the accomplishment of the king's promise." In yielding to the violence of public opinion, William IV. and his intimate advisers had judged better of the irresistible force of the current let loose by the reformers: the time for resistance, like that of moderation, had passed by. The new elections soon proved this, as well as popular movements, inconsiderate and disgracefully violent, which broke out in all parts of the kingdom against the adversaries of the triumphant reform. In London, the Duke of Wellington, traversing the streets on the 18th of June, 1832, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, was assailed by an angry mob, who covered him with mud and insults. He was proceeding on his way tranquilly, at a foot's pace, when a ruffian seized the bridle, and sought to drag him from his saddle. He finally escaped from the crowd by entering the New Square of Lincoln's Inn, where the gate was shut behind him, while the mob remained howling and shouting without. The next day the king was seriously hurt by a stone at Ascot. His coolness and courage equalled the calmness of the duke, as imperturbable by the fury of the populace, as indifferent to its applause. The windows of Apsley House having been broken in a moment of popular agitation, Wellington would not allow those on the second story to be repaired, and caused iron shutters to be put up guarding every window liable to be assailed either from Piccadilly or Hyde Park. On the next return of public favor, as the crowd followed the duke with acclamations, he proceeded without turning round, or showing a sign of consciousness, to the

door of his house. There he dismounted from his horse, indicated with his finger to his noisy admirers the still broken panes of glass, and went into his house with a shrug of his shoulders, and without proffering a single word.

The state of the finances was serious; a monetary crisis had long weighed on commerce, frightened and weakened by the political agitation. To counterbalance the diminution of the public revenue, the ministry carried out important reductions in the budget of the navy and the army, measures always favorably received by the people, who see in them a guaranty of peace without considering that they may be fatal to peace and also to the power of the nation. Ireland was in a state of more violent commotion than ever; the Roman Catholics, established in their political and civil rights, now claimed by the voice of their agitators the abolition of the tithes with which they were burdened for the support of the Anglican Church. The first care of the Irish leaders was to advise the peasantry to refuse the payment of tithes; scenes of disorder recommenced everywhere, and crimes against the person had increased tenfold during the last few years. Scarcely had the reformed Parliament met than it was called upon to vote for Ireland a Coercion Bill, of energetic and practical character, which for a time moderated the outrages. At the same time, and to give satisfaction to the Irish Catholic party which had everywhere allied itself to the radicals, Lord Althorp presented a bill to alter and amend the laws relative to the Church Establishment in Ireland, a feeble precursor of the work which we have seen accomplished in our own days, but at that time so vehemently opposed by the conservatives, that the ministry was obliged to mitigate its tenor to obtain a majority in the House of Lords. At the same time Parliament was forced to sanction an issue of bonds from the

exchequer in favor of the clergy in Ireland, ruined by the refusal of tithes, chargeable really to the Protestant landowners, who deducted them from their rents, but paid in kind by the Catholic peasantry. The excitement and irritation in Ireland appeared for a moment appeased; but already from all parts of the kingdom arose a cry of anger and disappointed hope. Reform was to provide a panacea for all evils; the reformed Parliament was to relieve all miseries. "What is the good of having a reformed Parliament," asked Mr. Attwood on the 21st of March, 1833, "if they do not apply a remedy to the existing distress? And what will the people think of a reformed Parliament having sat so many weeks without attempting any one measure in behalf of the distressed? Distress, general, extreme, unnatural, is greater than in any former period of our history. In agriculture, one half have more labor than they can bear, while the other half have nothing to do; and yet the laborer can produce four times more than is required for the subsistence of himself and his family. . . . Labor is badly paid; manufactures scarcely carried on with a profit, in some cases with a loss; commerce is declining in the same proportion; and such is the distress of the shipping interest that two thirds of the shipping in the Thames are under mortgage, which is not foreclosed only because it is not considered worth the redemption. . . . There are a hundred thousand men walking about London in search of employment."

It is to the honor of the whig cabinet that at this period, and in this disturbed and difficult situation, it did not allow itself to be carried away either by the uneasiness or discontent of its partisans, or by its own ardor in the direction of reforms; it was also to the honor of the few Tories, who had been returned to the new House, that they

maintained there a perfectly firm, resolute, and frank attitude, without ever descending to dangerous alliances with the radicals. At the beginning of the session, Sir Robert Peel had said, with proud sincerity: "When I see the government disposed to maintain the rights of property, the authority of law, and, in a qualified sense, the established order of things against rash innovation, I shall, without regard to party feeling, deem it my duty to range myself on their side. . . . . When I say this, I do not admit the justice of those taunts which represent the party with whom I have the honor to act as adverse to all reform. I opposed your plan of parliamentary reform because I had a strong confidence in the disposition of the House as constituted at that time, to consider all useful and safe reforms in our institutions; but I utterly deny that I have been at any time an enemy to gradual and safe reforms. . . . . I will freely own that I fear the tendency of this House is to presume too much that everything established is wrong. I do not doubt the intentions of the majority of this House; but I am apprehensive that they have taken their seats under the impression that the institutions under which they have hitherto lived are grievances that must be abated, and that they entertain too strong a presumption on behalf of our own means of curing them. . . . . Three months, I believe, will not pass away without the disappointments of their expectations; it is utterly impossible that they can be fulfilled. . . . . But I have heard with satisfaction from his Majesty's government, that, although they are determined to redress real grievances, they are also resolved to stand by the constitution of the House of Commons as it now exists, and to resist any experiment which can tend to unsettle the public mind. In this resolve I am determined to support them."



It was not only actual and pressing questions which the reformed Parliament had to discuss and resolve — financial measures, the covenant with the Bank of England, and modifications of the system of government in the East and West Indies, — but there were large questions of humanity and policy, the abolition of slavery, and the repeal of the union with Ireland, pressing and burning also, and ardently supported or rejected by the interested of either party.

The resistance of the Colonies to the measure projected in favor of the negroes had become violent; a natural fear had seized on the slave-owners, anxious at the probabilities of insurrection, daily increasing, among the negroes, and thus threatened by a ruin they feared would be complete. Already the colonial legislatures had refused to accede to the orders of the council relative to the treatment of the slaves; and now the parliamentary reform had imparted a new ardor to the generous zeal of the abolitionists. The government took the question in hand boldly, weighing in a just balance the interest of the Colonies, and the legitimate eagerness of the faithful advocates of the blacks. It was an effort of courage and equity to present to a Parliament ardently favorable to the abolition of slavery, and at a moment, too, of great financial embarrassment, a measure proposing the ransom of the slaves by an indemnity of twenty millions sterling granted to the planters. West Indian commerce had been much impaired, the value of property had diminished, and the colonists accepted this new and considerable reduction of their fortunes not without profound regret, but without any violence or revolt. The abolitionists protested against the liberality of the government; but national equity recognized the wisdom and justice which had inspired the report presented by Mr. Stanley, and the ratification of the transaction was voted by an

enormous majority. Slavery was thus abolished practically as well as in principle, and England gained the honor of having first, without political urgency, without revolutionary disturbance, but simply in the name of the most elevated feelings of Christian philanthropy, given liberty to eight hundred thousand slaves, thus setting a great example of justice and virtue to all Christian nations.

The abolition of slavery had been a long and difficult task, pursued with perseverance amid painful disappointments and serious obstacles; it was at last, however, fully accomplished, and the joy of its promoters was without alloy. The sincere and sensible friends of Ireland were meanwhile a prey to a profound discouragement before the problem growing daily graver, and seemingly insoluble, of the repose and prosperity of this unfortunate country, again convulsed by agitators. A first motion for the repeal of the union was presented to Parliament on the 23d of April, 1834, by Mr. O'Connell. It was opposed by Mr. Spring Rice, and rejected by five hundred and twenty-three votes against thirty-eight in the House of Commons, and unanimously by the Lords. But the ecclesiastical question was immediately raised; Mr. Ward proposed a new reduction of the legalized establishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland. The cabinet was divided on the question, and the more conservative members of the ministry, "Mr. Canning's leaven," Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and Earl Ripon, offered their resignation. The Irish bishops addressed an appeal to the king; they were ready, they said, to co-operate for the redress of all serious abuses, but they demanded that hands should not be rashly laid on the discipline and services of the Church. William's reply was emphatically Protestant and Anglican, and betrayed more and more profoundly the schism which existed between the

monarch and his government. The ministry had lost much ground in public opinion, and a disagreement which broke out between Lords Grey and Althorp, on the subject of renewing the Coercion Bill for Ireland, soon deprived the cabinet of its head. Lord Grey offered his resignation, himself announcing it to the House of Lords with an emotion which twice broke his voice. "My lords," he said, "I feel quite ashamed of the sort of weakness I show on this occasion, a weakness which arises from my deep sense of the personal kindness which during my having been in his service I have received from my sovereign. However, my lords, I have a duty to perform, which, painful as it may be, I must discharge; and in rising to propose to your lordships to agree to the report which has just been read, I have to state that I no longer do so as a minister of the crown, but as an individual member of Parliament."

The efforts of the ministry, thus reduced, to re-form itself efficaciously and to govern with vigor were ineffectual. The bill proposed by Lord Melbourne on the constitution of the Irish Church was rejected by the House of Lords. The violence of the attacks in the press redoubled, while disorder increased in Ireland. The king declared frankly to Lord Melbourne that he had no confidence in his cabinet, and it was his intention to recall the Duke of Wellington (November, 1834).

It was beneath the weight of its own efforts, and of the impulse it had itself given to the nation, that the great whig ministry, ably and wisely directed by Lord Grey, succumbed. It had opened a career to endless hopes and illusions, without being able to satisfy or to moderate them; and it was carried away by a rising flood which it had vainly attempted to stem. It was to Lord Grey's honor and lasting glory to have made use of the immense power,

still novel and undefined, which parliamentary reform had placed in his hands, prudently and courageously, without going beyond the limits he had imposed on himself. His measures were moderate and wise, and his resistance to the irrational desires and mad passions of the masses was honest and firm. Lord Grey remained in office after his ministry had fallen.

Internal questions had been of such importance, and the interests engaged so pressing, that the external policy of the cabinet had occupied only an inferior place in parliamentary discussions and in the public mind. It had, however, been concerned with matters important and weighty for the repose of Europe, such as the relations of England with the French government after the revolution of 1830, the formation of the kingdom of Belgium, and the Spanish question. These latter European complications had put to the test the good understanding which had been established between the French and English governments, finally serving to confirm and strengthen the alliance of the two nations. The recognition of King Louis Philippe by England had been prompt and cordial, very different from the ill-temper and repugnance of Prussia and Russia: it had had for its origin a national feeling spontaneous and sincere, the sympathy of England with that policy, at once liberal and conservative, which had followed in France the revolutionary movement. The new union and the good understanding which naturally resulted from this attitude of England, contributed powerfully to the happy issue of the Belgian question. The long dissension which had existed through centuries between the Flemish and Dutch Low Countries had finally broken out; the union was abruptly dissolved. At the birth of the new Belgian state, Louis Philippe, who had himself only just ascended the throne,

was asked to give one of his sons as its king, but he refused. "The Low Countries have always been the stumbling-block to the peace of Europe," he said to M. Guizot; "no one of the great powers can without uneasiness and jealousy see them in the hands of another. Let them be by general consent an independent and neutral state: that state will become the keystone of European tranquillity." It was in this tone of wise and disinterested policy that the English and French cabinets were agreed. Louis Philippe sent M. de Talleyrand to London, and Lord Granville was England's ambassador in Paris; both well suited, though by different and unequal merits, to the work which they had earnestly undertaken, the effectual union of France and England for the maintenance of peace in Europe.

The first results of their efforts had been the accession to the throne of Belgium of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Formerly the beloved husband of the Princess Charlotte of England, and retaining his popularity in his adopted country, the new sovereign united himself with France by marrying the Princess Louise, the eldest daughter of King Louis Philippe. The two powers showed him their material good will by delivering his territory from the presence of the Dutch troops. In accordance with an agreement signed at London on the 22d of October, 1832, not without a certain distrust on the part of Lord Palmerston, minister of foreign affairs in the cabinet of Lord Grey, the Belgian fortresses still occupied by the troops of the King of Holland were given up, and a French army, under the command of Marshal Gérard, accompanied by the young Duke of Orleans, laid siege to Antwerp. This place, the object of so many bloody struggles and so many diplomatic negotiations through centuries, was reduced to capitulate on the 23d of December, 1832. The kingdom of Belgium

was definitively constituted, destined to prosper rapidly under its wise and fortunate monarch, skilful in maintaining around him that equilibrium and that European peace indispensable for the development, and even for the security of his little kingdom.

Spain had been for some time the object of anxiety to far-sighted European statesmen. King Ferdinand VII. died in September, 1833, leaving the succession to the throne contested, in spite of the explicit act sanctioned by the Cortes which had assured the crown to his eldest daughter, Isabella. For a long time wavering between his own family affections and the autocratic tendencies which had banished to France all the intelligent Spanish liberals, the monarch who had just breathed his last had sown the seeds of the Carlist insurrection which broke out directly after his death. A numerous and determined party supported the rights to the throne of the Infant Don Carlos, brother of the late king, on the strength of the Salic law established in Spain by the Pragmatic sanction of Philip V., and at one time recognized by Ferdinand himself. The English and French cabinets did not hesitate; with common accord they recognized the title of the young queen Isabella II. as conformable to the old Spanish law accepted by the nation. Civil war was already going on in Spain; it had commenced in Portugal, where the usurper Don Miguel supported in the name of the same principles the exclusion of the young queen, Donna Maria, and already the two new sovereigns had claimed the help of the great constitutional and liberal powers. On the 15th of April, 1834, a treaty of triple alliance was concluded in London between England, Spain, and Portugal. A month later, and with the protest of the French government against Lord Palmerston's exclusive care for English interests, France in turn

gave her adhesion to the treaty, already recognized and powerful in Europe, without any armed intervention having seconded the popular movement on the scene of the struggle. Civil war did not cease in Spain; it was destined to last a long time, breaking out again and again at irregular intervals, ardent and determined; but Don Carlos embarked for England, while Don Miguel definitively relinquished Portugal and retired to Italy. Everywhere the English and French decisions had been given in the service of a sound policy as moderate as it was firm, and everywhere it had borne fruit.

Tired of the yoke which the Whigs had made heavy on him, and of the violence they had done to his ideas and inclinations, the king had sent for the Duke of Wellington. The latter for the first time refused the service which his master expected from him. "It is not to me," he said to the king, "but to Sir Robert Peel that your Majesty must apply to form a cabinet; and to him it belongs to direct it. The difficulty and the predominance are in the House of Commons; but the leader of that House must be at the head of the government. I will serve under him, in any post which your Majesty may please to intrust to me." Sir Robert Peel was in Italy, as Mr. Fox had formerly been at the time of Mr. Pitt's fall. While waiting his return, and in concert with Lord Lyndhurst, appointed chancellor, the Duke of Wellington conducted affairs alone, proving himself equal to the direction of three ministerial departments at once, without other anxiety than the prompt expedition of the business of the hour, and taking little account of the protests which arose against this irregular administration. Sir Robert Peel accepted the burden imposed upon him and his more immediate friends without any reinforcement or support from other political sections;

Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham refused to form part of the cabinet, and the Tories found themselves alone to confront a House of Commons deeply hostile to them. Parliament was dissolved immediately.

Sir Robert Peel had explained his principles in a letter to his electors at Tamworth: "With respect to the Reform Bill, I will repeat now the declaration which I made when I entered the House of Commons as a member of the reformed Parliament, that I consider the Reform Bill a final and irrevocable settlement of a great constitutional question — a settlement which no friend to the peace and welfare of this country would attempt to disturb either by direct or insidious means. Then, as to the spirit of the Reform Bill, and the willingness to adopt and enforce it as a rule of government; if, by adopting the spirit of the Reform Bill, it be meant that we are to live in a perpetual vortex of agitation; that public men can only support themselves in public estimation by adopting every popular impression of the day, — by promising the instant redress of anything that anybody may call an abuse, — by abandoning altogether that great aid of government, more powerful than either law or reason, the respect for ancient rights, and the deference to prescriptive authority; if this be the spirit of the Reform Bill, I will not undertake to adopt it. But if the spirit of the Reform Bill implies merely a careful review of institutions civil and ecclesiastical, undertaken in a friendly temper, combining with the firm maintenance of established rights the correction of proved abuses and the redress of real grievances, — in that case I can, for myself and colleagues, undertake to act in such a spirit and with such intentions." And some weeks later, after his first defeat in the new Parliament on the subject of the election of a Speaker: "I make you great offers which



should not be lightly rejected. I offer you the prospect of continued peace, the restored confidence of powerful states that are willing to seize the opportunity of reducing great armies and thus diminishing the chances of hostile collision. I offer you reduced estimates, improvements in civil jurisprudence, reform of ecclesiastical law, the settlement of the tithe question in Ireland, the commutation of tithe in England, the removal of any real abuse in the Church, the redress of those grievances of which the dissenters have any just ground to complain. . . . I offer also the best chance that these things can be effected in willing concert with the other authorities of the state; thus restoring harmony insuring the maintenance but not excluding the reform (where reform is really necessary) of ancient institutions. You may reject my offers, you may refuse to entertain them, you may prefer to do the same things by violent means; but if you do, the time is not far distant when you will find that the popular feeling on which you relied has deserted you, and that you will have no alternative but either again to invoke our aid, to replace the government in the hands from which you would now forcibly withdraw it, or to resort to that pressure from without, to those measures of compulsion and violence which, at the same time that they render your reforms useless and inoperative, will seal the fate of the British constitution."

Passion, however, was too violent, and rancor too bitter, in the newly elected House, for it to listen to this wise and patriotic language. O'Connell had sold the aid of the Irish Catholics to the Whigs at the price of their support for the repeal of the union. "I am still for the Repeal," he said to the electors; "sink or swim, live or die, I am for the Repeal. And here I proclaim by everything sacred, to those who are most opposed to me, that I am ready to

concur with them, and make with them the transition not only free from danger, but perfectly safe." The county members were for the most part conservative, but the cities and boroughs gave a majority to the Whigs. Sir Robert Peel accepted several defeats without shrinking from the encounter, without ceasing for a single day to propose to Parliament the measures he thought useful for the public service, determined to defy the opposition so long as it did not touch the points he considered vital. Lord John Russell was not slow in replying to the defiance. On the 30th of March, 1835, he recommenced the attack formerly directed against the Irish Church. He described it as a Missionary Church, instituted with the aim of bringing the Irish population to the Protestant faith, adapted to future wants which had been prophesied, but which had never manifested themselves. He proposed therefore to revise the ecclesiastical establishment, and to apply to public instruction grants and endowments which were not necessary for the religious maintenance of the clergy and their flocks.

This was for Sir Robert Peel a question of conscience as well as of absolute conviction. Seconded by Lord Stanley, he maintained that the ecclesiastical property had accrued from donations made to the Church, and belonged rightfully to it, and that no one had a right to divert its endowments from their original and religious object. The motion of Lord John Russell was however adopted by three hundred and twenty-two votes against two hundred and eighty-nine. The majority rested in the hands of the Irish Catholics. Sir Robert Peel and his friends resolved to resign. They had, however, augmented their reputation by the struggle which they had so courageously maintained for four months. Their adversaries felt it as well as the whole country, and therefore hastened to seize on power. "I do

feel that no indifference to public life, no disgust at the labor it imposes, no personal gratification, no discordance of private feeling, would sanction a public man on light grounds in withdrawing from the post in which the favor of his sovereign has placed him," said Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons on the 8th of April; "but at the same time there is an evil in exhibiting to the country a want, on the part of the government, of that support in the House of Commons, which will enable it satisfactorily to conduct the business of the nation, and to exercise a legitimate and necessary control over the proceedings of this House,—a control conferred by the possession of the confidence of the House. I say that there is an evil in that exhibition of weakness to which limits must be placed; and, reviewing all that has occurred since the commencement of the session, . . . . in my opinion the time has arrived in which it is incumbent upon us to withdraw from the responsibility which office imposes." For six years, with alternations of languor and vigor, Lord Melbourne's cabinet was to govern England; master of the House of Commons, and for a long time powerful in the country, exhausting, however, little by little, its popularity as well as its resources, and slowly conquered by that adversary who had lately foretold its fall.

Lord Grey had forever renounced power. Sensitive and proud, with a mind more elevated than clear-sighted, he was unskilled in defending himself against the petty intrigue which he himself was incapable of employing. He was exhausted, besides, by a long life entirely devoted to politics, sad in his honored retirement in spite of the affection of his wife and of his numerous children, and in spite of the profound respect which those who had served beneath his flag retained for him. Neither Lord Althorp who had become Earl Spencer, nor Lord Brougham, took part in the

new cabinet. Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, all, in different degrees, able men, undertook to continue the work of reform, victoriously commenced, but more difficult to accomplish with prudent moderation than its ardent champions had at first foreseen. Many changes, lately emphatically called for, were silently abandoned. Government compromised the Irish Church question on the conditions set forth by Sir Robert Peel; the reform of municipal corporations alone was carried to complete accomplishment, slowly and with difficulty in Ireland, a useful reform, however, and accepted everywhere. The struggle was maintained with ardor, and bold hands were laid upon the very foundations of the English constitution, the hereditary character and authority of the House of Lords. But at the same time that the audacity of reformers, who were in fact revolutionaries, increased, a spirit of resistance, an intelligent and moderate reaction, sprang up, firmly resolved to defend those powerful institutions which had made the greatness as well as the security of England. It was to rally round the national flag that Sir Robert Peel invited (the 11th of January, 1836) his friends and partisans assembled at Glasgow, the university of which city had just elected him rector. A large number of those present had formerly declared ardently for reform. "I want not," he said, "to taunt you with reaction or conversion; but, I say, if you adhere to the sentiments which you professed in 1830, it is here you should come. You consented to a reform to which you were invited in a speech by your sovereign, expressly on the condition that it should be according to the acknowledged principles of the constitution. I see the necessity of widening the foundations on which the defence of our constitution and our religious establishments must rest. But let us come to the main point,

for I do not wish to conciliate your confidence by hoisting false colors. I mean to support the national establishments which connect Protestantism with the state in the three countries. I mean to support in its full integrity the House of Lords as an essential and indispensable condition to the maintenance of the constitution under which we live. Do you also concur in that expression of opinion? And if you do, it is a timely declaration. The hour has arrived when, if these are our feelings, we must be prepared to act upon them. The disturbing influence of foreign example has diminished, the dazzling illusion of the glorious days has passed away; the affections of the people are visibly gravitating again to their old centre, full of respect for property, a love of rational freedom, and an attachment to long established institutions. From these walls, I trust, a spirit will go forth to animate the desponding and to encourage the timid. I look abroad from the spot on which I stand, to the moral influence of that opinion which constitutes 'the cheap defence of nations.' I look to it for the maintenance of that system of government which protects the rich from spoliation and the poor from oppression. I look to that spirit which will range itself under no tawdry banner of revolution, but unfurl and rally round the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze! Yes! I feel not a shadow of doubt that it will continue to float in triumph, and that the constitution, tried as it has been in the storms of adversity, will come forth purified and fortified in the rooted convictions, the feelings, the affections, of a religious, a moral, and a patriotic people!"

It was without any personal bias, and merely by conforming to the principles of the constitutional rule which he sincerely accepted and upon which he acted faithfully, that King William IV. successively sanctioned the impor-

tant reforms which had been accomplished during his reign; his royal task was soon to terminate. From day to day his health grew more and more feeble, and on the 20th of June, 1837, he expired at Windsor, leaving the supreme power in the hands of his young niece, the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent. She was proclaimed queen the same day at Kensington. The new sovereign of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, whose laws extended to so many distant colonies and such diverse peoples, had just attained her eighteenth year.

THE END.









